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The present Number of **THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW**
is the first of a new Direction.

THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Les Confessions de J. J. Rousseau, nouvelle Edition, précédée d'une Notice par GEORGE SAND.* (New Edition of Rousseau's Confessions, preceded by a Notice by G. SAND.) Paris: Charpentier. 1841.

IN France, in the middle of the last century, when the artificial in society was at its height—when *bienséance* was the professed substitute for virtue—when there was no belief in a higher morality than that which could be deduced from mere selfishness—when the admission of a cold materialism was considered the perfection of civilization—there arose a man who declared that he was dissatisfied with all this. He could not repose on a materialism which seemed to rob man of his dignity; he could not bear to find all high emotions reduced to the love of self; he fancied that there was an inner worth of man more valuable than obedience to the external forms of politeness; he even considered that there might be a higher sphere of action than the *petits soupers* over which some witty lady presided, and that excellent as was the glance of approval from feminine eyes, there was no such great nobility in flippant explanations of physical science to *femmes savantes*.

The man was not a learned man, but he had read his Plutarch; and when he contemplated the pictures of antique greatness, he discovered the possibility of a different sort of people from the courtiers, and the wits, and the poetasters, and the musicians, and the *philosophes* of Louis XV. He had read his Tacitus; and he had found therein reflections on a corrupt age, which, without any great exertion, he could apply to his own. It was explained to him that these ancient pictures were but so many exaggerations; that the virtues of self-denial and patriotism, which were so prominent among the Greeks and Romans, were in themselves impossible; and the demonstration founded on a knowledge of the world was by no means difficult. Yet was the strange man not

convinced, but answered, ' True, I see that from the men of this day, you cannot construct a patriot or a legislator of the antique school; but how am I sure that the ancient man was not the true man, and that these are not the mere creatures of degeneracy.' And he set to work, and he tore down, and he abstracted, and he sifted, and he declaimed: and the result of his doctrines was that artificial convention was not all, but that man was a real something beneath it. He would not admit that when the periwig, and the snuff-box, and the smart saying, and the flippant gallantry, and taste, and ' philosophy,' were taken away, nothing was left; but declared that there was still man—a natural man, capable of joy and sorrow—aye, capable of great achievements—greater, mayhap, than were often dreamed of in the select parties. The little word ' MAN,' in the mouth of this innovating thinker, began to acquire a new significance, and the frequenters of the *petits soupers* were startled at the phenomenon. The strange personage who had thought so oddly, and who uttered such startling doctrines, and so terribly scared poor convention, was JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, citizen of Geneva.

But this same Rousseau did not stop at the declaration, that man was something beyond a mere empty *substratum*, existing to sustain the decorations of civilization, but he went further, and declared that these so-called decorations were only disfigurements,—so many negative quantities, each of which taken away, would cause man to rise in the scale of being. The fine arts, he thought, were miserable things, for they took up time that might be better employed; science he detested, seeing in it nothing more than a laborious occupation with trifles; the advantages of machinery he scorned, for he believed that the use of these wheels and levers had deprived man of confidence in his own arms and legs: all that renders humanity honourable in the eyes of modern Europe he abhorred, and the value of mental qualifications he settled in one sentence, ' The man who meditates is a depraved animal.' Therefore to him was a Chippewa Indian infinitely more respectable than an astronomer, or a poet, or a philosopher. And thus did our Rousseau, instead of being a teacher of sound doctrines, which he might have been had he reconciled the idea of humanity with the idea of progress, become an utterer of much that was useless; and, being a free man, advocated a reign of darkness, and a bigotry. He could not see in his age an imperfect stage of progress to a better state of things; he could not take the good with the bad, and therefore he hated all together. The additions made to man since he had left the savage state were all deformed eccentricities, which, if they were not cut away, were only to be left and lamented over, because they had taken

so deep a root. No intolerant admirer of feudal government or priestly influence ever preached against enlightenment with more warmth than the Genevese Republican.

And what sort of man was he that spoke the strong word? He was, as Mr. Carlyle says in his lectures on 'Hero-worship,' not a strong man. Great was the speech that was uttered, small was the speaker. The age was vain; it was distinguished by an empty love of praise from small people; yet none were vainer, none had a more girlish fondness for laudation, than Jean Jacques Rousseau. The age liked, as we have said, to deduce virtue from selfishness, and Rousseau hated that deduction: yet where was creature more morbidly selfish? If egotism was the *ignis fatuus* that misled his contemporaries, with him it was more: it was the disease that fed upon his vitals, that forbad him to have one healthy feeling. Nay, striking as were the truths which he uttered amid a maze of fallacy, so much does he exhibit of that egotism, that vanity, that love of notoriety, that we can hardly tell where the real thinker begins, and the lover of self-display leaves off. He is a difficult person to unravel, this Jean Jacques Rousseau. He has left us a book of Confessions, which seems to surpass in candour all the books that were ever published, and in which he seems most liberal in the proclamation of his transgressions, decent and indecent; and yet we have a kind of uneasy notion that we have not quite got at the truth, and that we know a deal more about many people who have not been half so frank, than we do about that confessing Genevese. He tells us at the very commencement, "Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I will present myself before the sovereign Judge, with this book in my hand, and I will say aloud, 'Here is what I did, what I thought, and what I was.'" This sounds imposing: we ought to be awe-struck, but we confess that we are not all-believing: no, not even when Madame Dudevant tells us that he is a father of the church to come. We cannot help thinking of an ugly old maxim of Rochfaucauld, to the effect, that we prefer talking of our faults to not talking of ourselves at all; and when we look at these faults of Rousseau—wretched, disagreeable faults as they are—in short, just those sort of faults that, above all others, we should keep to ourselves—we feel that they are somehow very dexterously tinselled over, and that if the enormity be great, there is a good measure of accounting cause and interesting repentance to overbalance its effect. We set aside all the statements let loose by the professed enemies of Rousseau, all the hostile histories; we take him as he shows himself, and we consent to disbelieve every other authority; but still we say, he is the most puzzling creature. What can we be-

lieve him to be? Shall we suppose him sincere? A host of little meannesses, and vanities, and timidities, a strange mixture of braggadocio and flinching, are at hand to shake our faith. Shall we believe him a mere vain man, whose only desire was for notoriety, who snarled at the world to make it frown upon him, and who ran away from it simply because he hoped it would follow him? If we turn to certain hostile anecdotes, we shall find reason for such belief: but then the earnestness, the truthfulness of 'Emile' rise in a sort of majesty before us, and will not allow us to think that all was a trick. Shall we believe, to account for his eccentricities, that he received some unlucky hurt in his infancy, which affected his brain? If we would foster such belief, there are accounts to support us: but there is abundance of quiet, calm, unenthusiastic sense to refute us: there is the 'Contrât Sociale,' which, unpleasant as its doctrines may be to some, is a fine specimen of logical deduction from assumed premises. Nay, in his entire works there is a sort of consistency, as if the thinker never changed, though the man might occasionally waver: and yet—and yet there come the signs of weakness, of the being 'not strong,' that make us hesitate. Perhaps after all it is we ourselves who are unjust to this Genevese, in wishing to pin him to some well-defined category. Perhaps it is on account of the great quantity of accurate information concerning him, that we think we know so little. Maybe we know too much. The artistical biographer may remove this deformity, and heighten that perfection, and we shall have a very conceivable sort of personage. But when the very man is revealed, may he not always seem inexplicable, and may we not ascribe to his want of candour, what is our own dimness of perception? May not all present the same want of harmony between theory and practice, between thoughts and actions, as poor Jean Jacques?—Reader, if thou be a writer also, think within thyself if this is not possible.

To the new edition of Rousseau's 'Confessions,' which forms the head of this article, Madame Dudevant (George Sand) has written a very pleasant and ingenious preface, with only the fault of soaring a little too far into the regions of mysterious signification. Thus, having settled that Jean Jacques is to be a saint of the future, she bids us observe how completely the work more immediately before us, is one of primitive Christianity—namely, the publication of a confession. A truly agreeable and good-natured turn to give to an act in which disappointment, and vanity, and egotism had so large a share! George Sand is willing to admit the many faults of the Saint, but he may take his place by the 'publican Matthew' and the 'persecutor Paul!' Nay, the time is not far distant when 'Saint Rousseau' shall be no more

tried at the bar of opinion than Saint Augustin. All this is meant to sound wonderfully fine, but nevertheless, the words 'Saint Rousseau' will not ring musically in our ears.

To assign to Jean Jacques a place more definite than that of mere saintship, Madame Dudevant with much acuteness divides the eminent men of an age into two classes, the 'strong men' (*les hommes forts*) and the 'great men' (*les hommes grands*). The former men are those who belong to the present, and who act in the present. Their feet are set firmly on stable ground, and they can strike out with vigour. They include the great warriors, the great statesmen, even the great manufacturers, men who do brilliant deeds, and have brilliant successes. Voltaire, Diderot, and the *negative* philosophers of the last century, with whom Rousseau could never amalgamate, but whom he approached only to fly off again, leaving a feeling of contempt on one side, and loathing on the other, belong to the class of 'hommes forts.' They sapped the foundations of established things, they shook creeds, they disorganized society, but they had no view of the far distant. It was because they were of the present, that they could attack it so vigorously. These 'hommes forts' are, according to George Sand, the sappers and miners of the moving phalanx of humanity; they clear the road, they break down rocks, they penetrate forests. The 'hommes grands,' on the other hand, are not versed in the science of present facts; they find themselves in a strange region—too strange to allow of their acting, and they therefore occupy their minds with uneasy meditations. A pure ideal is before them, with which nothing that surrounds them will accord. Hating the present, they may seek their ideal in the past or the future; they may look forward to the time when man shall have reached his perfection, or they may sigh over a golden age. Rousseau, who belongs to this category of 'hommes grands,' not having faith in the future, was one of the sighers over the past; though, nevertheless, he had an instinctive feeling of progress, as he showed by writing 'Emile' and the 'Contrât Sociale.' These two classes of the 'forts' and the 'grands' are perpetually at war with each other, although they are more really allied than they think, and are both equally necessary to the advancement of mankind. The 'forts' working by corrupt means in a corrupt region, become necessarily corrupted, and hence they do not satisfy the purity of the 'grands.' The latter, contemplating their ideal, have too exalted notions to admit of their acting with force on the bad men of their age. They are therefore despised by the 'forts' as mere dreamers—empty theorists, who have no genius for practice, but who pass a life completely useless to themselves and others. Nevertheless, these 'grands' are the 'creators,' the

originators of all actions, although they seem but mere dreamers in their lifetime. For the meditators of one age strike out thoughts which are realized by the 'forts' in the next, these thoughts having now become a solid basis for practice. The circumstance that the 'grands' can only create without acting, while the 'forts' can only act without creating, of itself explains their mutual utility and their mutual dislike. When a better age than the present shall come, the distinction between the 'forts' and the 'grands' will vanish: as, mankind having become purer, there will be no longer any need of a semi-vicious agent to carry out good thoughts, but the 'grands' will see their plans accepted by society, and the 'forts,' not being so completely involved in a fierce struggle, will have room for meditation. Till then the 'homme grand' must consent to be a sort of martyr.

Such is George Sand's classification of the 'hommes grands' and the 'hommes forts.' There is a great deal of truth in this division, considered in the abstract; but whether it is quite right to place Jean Jacques in the category of the 'grands,' as distinguished from the 'forts,' is another matter. He had indeed that restless dislike of the present, the longing after something distant—he scarcely knew what, and therefore placed it in primitive America—which are the marks of the 'grands;' but certainly he acted immediately, both in and on the present, and therefore though not a strong man in an English sense of the word, he was most assuredly a 'homme fort' in the Dudevant phraseology. Let us turn over the whole works of Voltaire, with all their scoffs and wicked pleasantries, and we doubt whether we shall find a harder hit at existing creeds than the 'Profession of faith of the *Vicaire* of Savoy,' though the latter is written by Rousseau with all the show of diffidence, and a pretended veneration for every description of church. True, our Genevese did not take his mace in his hand, and thunder away at all institutions like the Robber Moor: true, he rather whined than bawled his sentiments: but he was an eminently practical man in his way notwithstanding.

Let us look at him a little closer. Jean Jacques is more alluded to in general terms than surveyed minutely now-a-days, and it will be not altogether lost time to follow (briefly, of course) the career of a man who made so great a noise in his epoch, and whose influence is likely to be more permanent than most of his contemporaries. Rousseau had a *positive* side; he had a constructive as well as a destructive theory; and therefore does he rightly belong to the Dudevant category of 'grand,' as an originator, although we would not, on that account, exclude him from the predicament of 'fort.'

Jean Jacques Rousseau, citizen of Geneva, born in the year 1712, was in his youth one of those persons, whom godfathers and godmothers do not highly esteem. He was a shuffling, unsatisfactory sort of a boy, who seemed destined not to thrive. Bind him to one trade, and he would fancy another, with a still greater predilection for doing nothing at all: these amiable propensities being accompanied by a most unlucky taste for petty larceny. Money, it is true, he did not love to steal, there was something too commercial and business-like in having to lay it out. He liked immediate enjoyment. Spartan in contrivance, epicurean in luxury, the ripe fruit, the glittering bauble, were for him the tempting baits. He had every 'sneaking' vice, with little of ill-nature or malice: and these characteristics of his juvenile years, however he might afterwards affect the bearish misanthrope, seem to have cleaved to him pretty firmly during nearly the whole of his life. His mother died at his birth: he was the idol of his father, a Geneva clockmaker, and of the neighbours, who looked upon him as an infant prodigy. With reading of all sorts, ecclesiastical history, Plutarch, La Bruyère, and the old ponderous romances, did the youthful republican store his mind, and his parent gazed on him with admiring horror when he saw him put his hand over a chaffing-dish to imitate Mutius Scævola.

Happy were the first years of Jean Jacques Rousseau, when all caressed, and none opposed, and when the dreams of futurity, nurtured by a warm imagination, only gave an additional zest to the enjoyment of the present. He tells us himself, he was 'idolized' by all around, yet never 'spoiled.'—Is not this a distinction without a difference, Jean Jacques? And were you not in infancy nurtured in all that love of having your own way, in all that waywardness, in all that effeminate sensitiveness, which were so conspicuous in your future career, and which, perhaps, were the origin of all your—greatness? Well,—thus did childhood pass pleasantly; but directly it was gone, and there was a necessity for the youth adopting some means of getting a living, then came the disagreeables of life. This business would not suit, and that master was too cross; and, one night, stopping out beyond the walls after the gate was shut, and dreading harsh treatment from the engraver to whom he was apprentice, he ran away altogether. His father, having got into a scrape, had been obliged to leave Geneva long before, and poor Jean Jacques, at the age of sixteen, set out on a long walk from his native town, without any visible means of finding a place of rest. Fortunately there is no evil in the world without a corresponding portion of good, and religious dissensions, which have been the greatest scourges ever known to the world, proved of great utility to Jean Jacques. There were

catholics, hovering about in the vicinity, anxious to draw Swiss heretics into the pale of the church; and the young vagabond from Geneva, willing to go to any place—excepting only his home—or to do any thing whatever, provided a comfortable meal was the result, was a *bonne bouche* not to be obtained every day. He had been brought up in the tenets of old wicked John Calvin, and the members of the only true church hoped to turn the wants of his body to the benefit of his soul. He was soon secured by a *curé* of Savoy, who transmitted him to Madame de Warens: a widow and a new convert, afterwards a very important personage in the life of our hero, who transmitted him in her turn to an institution at Turin, formed for the purpose of giving instruction in the Roman faith.

Far be it from our purpose to stop with Jean Jacques any length of time at the filthy sojourn at Turin. The ‘hospice,’ according to his account, was the scene of the most bestial vice, and he was but too fortunate in escaping the contagion. Turning catholic for the sole purpose of promoting his wordly interests,—when his conversion was complete, he had the mortification of seeing himself outside the doors of the ‘hospice,’ without a single prospect of a livelihood. He managed to enjoy himself a short time at Turin, and after spending the little money he had in such dainties as suited his palate,—for he was a great epicure in all delicacies, in which milk or cream formed a component, and which are included in French under the general name of ‘laitage,’—and solacing himself with one of those Platonic amours, which he describes so delightfully, he was at last obliged to accept the situation of valet in the house of the Countess de Vercellis. The poor lady died shortly afterwards, and it was amid the confusion which followed her decease, that the boy Rousseau committed one of those frightful acts which no penitence can atone for in the eyes of mankind, and which leave a deeper stain than we suspect the ‘confessing’ Genevese ever thought. We allude to his celebrated theft of a ribbon, and his base accusation of a young girl, his fellow-servant, when he was discovered. In vain does he tell his reader how, even at the time he writes his ‘Confessions,’ his soul is torn by remorse,—in vain he tells him how the desire to get rid of the burning secret chiefly induced him to write that book,—in vain he attempts to comfort himself by saying that poor Marion has had avengers enough, in those who persecuted him, when he was innocent, during forty years,—the reader cannot feel satisfied. What is even worse, the act is not quite isolated, but the motives that led to it still seem strong in after life.

Both he and the object of his accusation were sent out of the house together, and the youth again saw the world open before

him. However, his acquaintance with a Savoyard Abbé, named Gaime, whom he had met at the house of Madame Vercellis, and whom he afterwards immortalized as the '*Vicaire of Savoy*,' led to an introduction to the house of the Count de Gouvon, who engaged him as a servant. In this respectable family fortune seemed to dawn upon him; his superiority to the station which he held was at once discerned, and he was treated accordingly; the Abbé de Gouvon, a younger son of the family, who had a great taste for literature, giving him instructions in the Latin and Italian languages. But it was impossible for Jean Jacques to pursue a career steadily; sometimes ill-fortune seemed to assist his own wrong-headedness in working his ruin, but on this occasion his do-no-good disposition operated quite alone. He took a violent fancy to a lubberly fellow named Bâcle, who just had coarse wit enough to amuse him, and who was about to set off for Geneva. Nothing would suit him but to accompany this Bâcle, and he had the ingratitude to quarrel with his benefactors on purpose to get out of the house. The project he had for obtaining a comfortable living, both for himself and his friend, was a beautiful specimen of the art of building castles in the air. The Abbé Gouvon had given him one of those hydraulic toys called '*Hiero's fountains*,' and it was by showing this to the inhabitants of the villages through which they would pass that the two wiseacres hoped to live in luxury. At every inn they could exhibit the hydraulic wonder, and of course no innkeeper who saw it in full action could think of charging for food and lodging. Their anticipations as to the interest their fountain would create were in some measure realized, but not their hopes of profit. The hosts and hostesses were amused enough, but they never failed to make a regular charge. The unlucky fountain at last was broken, and the two adventurers, tired of carrying it, were heartily delighted at the misfortune. This *trait* of levity at the downfall of the air-built castle is delicious.

Rousseau's only resource now was to return to the house of Madame de Warens, at Annecy, trusting in the kindness which he believed she entertained for him, and feeling for her something of the fondness of a child, and the passion of a lover. He was well received, was lodged in her house, and was afterwards placed by her with the music master of the cathedral, that he might study under him. This professor having involved himself in a quarrel with his chapter fled to France, and Rousseau was deputed to accompany him. They had proceeded as far as Lyons, when the poor master fell down in a fit, a crowd collected, and Rousseau—left the helpless musician, and scampered back to Annecy, which, he found to his horror, Madame de Warens had left.

It is painful to go through such a number of meannesses com-

mitted by a man so distinguished. In all that regards character he seems to have been the very reverse of great. Excitable in the most morbid degree from his very childhood, he did not know what self-denial was. No matter how trifling the temptation, how frivolous the whim, that stirred him for the moment, there was no duty so sacred, no obligation so binding, that he would not break them through, without the slightest compunction. That he had no deliberate malice in his composition, that he would not have done any act deliberately wicked, may readily be admitted, but at the same time, there was no deed so base that it might not have resulted from his weakness. With a feverish anxiety for present enjoyment, with the most cowardly dread of present ill, he had constantly two weighty reasons for committing any crime whatever. The detestable act of false accusation, his ingratitude to the Gouvon family, this miserable desertion of the old musician, all proceeded from the want of determined character. Strange is the anomaly when the hero is no hero, when the battle is fought by the weak and pusillanimous.

The vagabond life recommenced after Rousseau's desertion of the professor: and to the interesting characteristics which had already distinguished him, he began to add those of a *charlatan*. At Lausanne, making an anagram of his name, and calling himself 'Vaussore' instead of 'Rousseau,' he set up for a singing master, though he scarcely knew any thing about music, having profited little under the auspices of his late preceptor. But the masterpiece of impudence was his composing a cantata for a full orchestra, when he could not note down the most trifling vaudeville. He copied out the different parts, he distributed them with the utmost assurance to the musicians who were to play at the private concert of a Lausanne amateur: indeed, that nothing might be wanted to complete the 'swindle,' the concluding piece was a tune commonly sung about the streets, which he boldly proclaimed to be his own. The concert must have been a brilliant scene. The 'composer' attended and was most erudite in explaining the style and character of his piece. Gravely did he beat time with a fine roll of paper. A pause, and the grand crash began. 'Never,' says Jean Jacques himself, 'was such a *charivari* heard.' Then, when the noble work had been played to the end, came the ironical compliments, the assurances of a lasting immortality. The boldest impostor that ever lived or was ever imagined—the august Don Raphael himself could not exceed the cool effrontery of our modest friend in this instance. Years afterwards Jean Jacques looked back and marvelled at his own audacity. He can only account for it as a temporary delirium. Shall we accept this explanation? It will be charitable at any rate.

The notable achievement rendered Lausanne too hot to hold. Rousseau was glad enough to go elsewhere. He taught music at Neufchâtel, and learned while teaching: visited Paris, where he was disgusted at the aspect of the city, from the circumstance of entering it at the wrong end,—just as a stranger to England might be displeased on entering London by Whitechapel: and after enduring great privations, returned once more to Madame Warens, who was at Chamberi and invited him to join her.

Hitherto his connexion with Madame Warens had been purely of an innocent character, and the lady and her *protégé* conducted themselves in perfect conformity to the names they gave each other of *Maman* and *Petit*. When first he saw her on the way to Turin, she was twenty-eight years of age, and he describes her as having a tender air, a soft glance, an angelic smile, a *mouth the measure of his own*, and beautiful hair. She was short in stature and thickset, though without detriment to her figure. A more beautiful head, more beautiful hands, more beautiful arms, than those of Madame de Warens, were not to be imagined. About six years had now elapsed since the time of that first interview, but the only change, at least in the eyes of Jean Jacques, was that her figure had become rounder. Otherwise the charms which had at first made such an impression on him, and which had constantly flowed before his mind as a beautiful object at an unapproachable distance, were the same as ever, and above all, the voice, the ‘silvery voice of youth,’ was unaltered.

Madame de Warens was *mentally* the chastest person in the world; the ‘icicle on Diana’s temple’ was not more cold; yet, strange to say, she allowed herself aberrations, from which a lady with less of the Vestal disposition would have shrunk. In her youth she had been seduced by her *maître de philosophie*, and from that time she always seems to have had a *liaison* of some sort or other. During her widowhood she had her favourite resident with her, as constantly as an old empress of Russia. When Rousseau first knew her, Claude Anet, her servant, was the happy man; and on this last visit, Rousseau himself was raised to the exalted position,—simply to keep him out of mischief. He was not the *successor* of Claude: both were retained together. The worthy Claude, far from feeling any petty jealousy, looked upon his mistress and her younger lover with the indulgence he would have bestowed on two children; for though he was not older than Madame de Warens, there was something grave and steady about him. A highly respectable man was this Claude Anet! The lady herself riveted the friendship of her two lovers. Often with tears did she make them embrace, saying that both were necessary to the happiness of her life. Interesting confession!

We thus find our hero, who was in some instances almost a puritan in his notions, and in some a sensualist of the lowest kind, sunk into the deepest state of degradation. The life with Madame de Warens, though Rousseau has shown himself an artist in describing it, colouring it so as to make it *almost* beautiful, reveals itself, on a moment's reflection, as one of the most detestable states of existence that can be conceived. Jean Jacques may exhaust his stores of eloquence to make us think that Madame de Warens was a Lucretia in soul,—alas! we cannot consider the lady, who was always keeping some young man out of mischief, and who, when Claude was dead and Rousseau was absent, instantly supplied the place of the latter with a third, otherwise than as a Messalina on a small scale, whose only virtue was a sort of muddling good-nature. As for the two favourites, Claude Anet and himself, he may heighten the respectability of the former, and render his own peculiar person as interesting as he will, he still leaves us the question unanswered: 'If one of two lovers kept simultaneously by a lady of small fortune (for we give all the circumstances) is not in a degraded position, who is?' Rather should we have been pleased with him, had he boldly taken up the question, and thundered forth a justification. But this glossing over the disgusting, this forcing forward the amiable, this pretended deference for old world morality, with a real worship of the lowest vice, this is the worst part of the affair. Call good good, and evil evil, or evil good, and good evil, or give events just as they were, and we shall know what you mean, Jean Jacques: but this morality, which raises its voice so high, and yet allows the gratification of every possible desire, generates nothing but false positions. Mr. Carlyle has well said, that in these books of Rousseau there is 'not white sunlight: something operatic, a kind of rose pink, artificial be-dizenment.'

Those who censure Rousseau are very indignant at the selfish feeling he displayed after the death of the respectable Claude. The first thing that struck him was, that he inherited the clothes of the deceased, particularly a fine black suit. He himself calls the thought vile and unworthy, but to us it is the honestest thought connected with the affair: the one scintillation of truth, which reveals the rottenness of the foundation on which the whole edifice stood. Amid the mass of falsity, the one truth has been found offensive. When the shutter of the ball-room in which rouged beauties have been dancing all night is thrown open, it is the sunbeam that is blamed, and not the dissipation and the red paint. The friendship that Jean Jacques felt for Claude must have been the hollowest thing imaginable: nothing could be more natural

than that he should see him die without a pang. The loss of a rival, and the gain of the fine black suit: the exchange was not so very grievous. People have begun at the wrong end in blaming Jean Jacques, he having set them the example.

Madame de Warens, who with all her frailties was a good-natured soul, was constantly getting into difficulties through the unbusiness-like character of her mind, and her great easiness to all sorts of *charlatans*. Poor Claude therefore was a valuable person in the *ménage*; he had habits of economy, and was a steady man of business; qualities which were by no means conspicuous in the young Genevese. The latter continued to lead a sauntering sort of life, half studious, half lazy, and quite unsatisfactory, under the protection of his 'mamma:' sometimes improving his knowledge of music, sometimes learning Latin, and occasionally dabbling in astronomy. Among other fancies, the youth had a short fit of uneasiness as to his fate in a future life; and he resolved the weightiest of all questions, by a method which is not recognised by any church, but the principle of which many a superstitious clerk or apprentice applies in divining matters relating to his worldly prosperity. Jean Jacques placed himself opposite a tree, and taking up a stone, said: 'If I hit—sign of salvation; if I miss—sign of damnation.' And he did hit, for he had chosen a tree which was very large and very near. From that time, quoth Rousseau at an advanced period of his life, I never had a doubt of my salvation. Happy Rousseau, so soon to solve all doubts! Strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, which appears at every step of this interesting biography. There is a consistency of inconsistency in all that relates to this remarkable man.

The most unwholesome study in the world is that of medical books by one who does not adopt medicine as a profession. What nervous man, who has turned over the leaves of his Buchan with trembling hand, has not felt by turns the symptoms of every disease? What mind more likely than that of Rousseau to imbibe poison at such a source? Yet he must study a little anatomy: and the result was, that he fancied he had a polypus in his heart. Another whim, to waft from the place of quiet the most restless creature that ever skimmed the earth. The whim of taking a fancy to that which did not belong to him,—the whim of friendship,—had already blown him about: we now find him under the influence of the whim of hypochondria. Poor 'mamma' is obliged to let 'petit' go to Montpellier, the only place in the world where his extraordinary disease can be cured. An amour with a Madame Larnage, whom he met on the road, drove his uneasiness out of his head, and when he arrived at Montpellier, though he found the fidgets return, he found no physicians willing to believe

in his complaint. So back again he went to Chamberi and 'mamma,' with half a mind to desert this first love and go to the residence of Madame Larnage. When he arrived at the house of Madame de Warens, lo! he found he had a successor: a fair, flat-faced, well-made, lubberly sort of personage, by profession a barber, was the presiding genius of the establishment. He could not have believed the footing on which the intruder stood had not the ever-candid 'mamma' explained the delicate little affair with her own lips, at the same time making him understand, that his own position was by no means compromised. This he could not tolerate, and in his 'Confessions' he makes an immense merit of his delicacy on the occasion. The *liaison* with 'mamma' was thus readily broken off, and with it terminates what Jean Jacques terms the period of his youth: a period by no means reputable, but on the whole tolerably happy: a period, by no means indicative of any distinguished futurity, but nevertheless one the effects of which may clearly be traced in his after life. This first period is the most interesting in the biography of the *man*. Afterwards we are more concerned with the progress of the *writer*.

Madame de Warens was still willing to protect him, but the new lover made her residence unpleasant, and moreover her fortune was getting worse and worse. Accordingly he set off for Paris, where he arrived in the autumn of 1741, with sanguine hopes of making his fortune. We have seen him when almost a boy, possessed of a 'Hiero's fountain,' believing that in that toy he had the means of travelling all over Europe free of expense. The hopes that he now entertained of making a certain fortune at Paris were not a whit less extravagant, although he had nearly attained the age of thirty. He had discovered a new system of musical notation: which was to effect an entire revolution, and to strike the whole world with surprise and wonder. Never did an inventor's vanity so much induce him to overrate the work invented. There is some ingenuity in his scheme, and it presents some advantages; but as it is accompanied by corresponding disadvantages, it has never been adopted. The principle is the substitution of a row of figures, for the dots and lines employed in the received system of notation. The key-note is always signified by number one; and the other figures, as high as seven, readily express the different intervals; while a dot, over or under the figure, marks an octave above or below. The advantage of the plan, independently of its saving the expense of musical engraving, and allowing music to be printed in mere common type—an advantage urged by Rousseau—is that it saves all trouble in transposition. The singer or player has only to vary the signification of number one, and all the other figures will adapt themselves to the new key

without the expenditure of a thought. The great disadvantage is, that the figures being written in a straight line, the notion of ascending and descending passages is not conveyed at once to the eye, as by the received system. Hence, although it might be employed in slow or very simple melodies, its use in a series of rapid passages would be found exceedingly embarrassing. Even if the plan had been free from this fatal objection, there was no such great wonder in the invention, nothing which might not be hit on by any clever young man, who dabbled in a subject, and had a taste for innovation. He succeeded in obtaining a hearing by the Academy; and three *savans*, who knew (says Rousseau) every thing but music, were appointed to examine the new system. The result of their report to the Academy was a certificate directed to Rousseau to the effect that his plan was neither new nor useful. The charge of want of novelty was owing to a discovery that a monk named Souhaitti had years before conceived a gamut written in figures. Rousseau vows that he never heard of this monk or his discovery; and as his system is so easy of invention that a thousand people might have conceived it without communication, there is no reason to doubt the truth either of the charge or the defence. The celebrated Rameau with whom he had an interview made the really solid objection to the use of figures, and that was the objection we have already named.

The visit to Paris did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, but at any rate it procured him some influential friends, through whose exertions he became secretary to M. Montaigu, the French ambassador at Venice. The services he rendered while in this situation to the French monarchy, he represents, in his 'Confessions,' as being of the most important kind, and he regards the conduct of the ambassador as one continuous effort to keep his merits in the background. There are accounts which are unfavourable to the belief of Rousseau's importance in his situation at Venice, but whatever his exaggerations may have been, this much is certain, that there is a healthiness in the part of his memoirs relating to this short period of his life, which we do not find elsewhere. Occupation seems to have suited him; he seems in active life to have attained a degree of happiness which he did not know at any other period; he met with a wholesome interruption to his habits of indulging in feverish hopes, or still more morbid dependency. However, as every situation which promised comfort and steady occupation to Jean Jacques was destined to endure but a short time, this was lost by a quarrel with M. Montaigu, and Rousseau was once more in Paris. Then he made acquaintance with Diderot and Grimm, and became *almost* one of the clique of the *philosophes*. About

the same time he formed a *liaison* with the well-known Thérèse Levasseur, whom he met in the capacity of servant to a kind of tavern, who lived with him as his mistress till, when quite an old man, he married her, and who bore him the children whom, immediately after birth, he despatched to the foundling hospital. Like the unlucky story of the ribbon, this foundling affair is one of those indelible blots on the character of Jean Jacques which no sentimentality can erase, and which no sophistry can justify. Arduous as was the battle in which he afterwards engaged, there he stands constantly before us, as one who had not the least hardihood in conquering a propensity, or in enduring even an inconvenience. Having put five successive children in an asylum, which prevented even recognition, he has the still greater meanness of endeavouring to excuse himself, by the plea that he thus placed them in the road to become honest artisans, rather than adventurers and miserable *litterati*. Plato, with his sheep-pens for new-born infants, erected in his imaginary republic for the purpose of preventing the recognition of children by parents, is at least tolerable, however disagreeable his doctrine; but Jean Jacques, the great champion of natural affection, the assertor of the extreme doctrine that none but a parent ought to superintend the education of a child, becomes absolutely disgusting, when he attempts to apologize for his miserable act. Would that we could find an excuse by believing that the desertion having preceded his vigorous advocacy of natural affection, he had at the time of that advocacy become an altered man. Alas! when years afterwards Madame de Luxembourg endeavoured to find his children, he was not sorry at the ill success of the attempt: so much would he have been annoyed if any child had been brought home, by the suspicion that after all it might be another's. A touch of delicacy—a well-turned sentiment—any thing, that he might but escape from the application of his own broad principles.

The influence that Thérèse Levasseur had over his mind must have been most remarkable. She is more striking from what he does *not* say of her, than from what he communicates. Throughout the remainder of his life does she appear as a kind of adjunct to his existence, and yet she never appears as a heroine of the story. Sometimes we forget her altogether: we see him consumed by a passion for another, and the image of Thérèse fades from our mind. But the object of adoration passes away—the feeling of devotion was but transient—and the eternal *gouvernante*—as Thérèse aptly enough was called—is again before us. He tells us that he never loved her; he says she was so stupid he never could hammer a notion into her head; her mother who preyed upon him, and whom he believed to be involved in the

'conspiracy' against him, he perfectly detested; yet was that Thérèse ever with him; no where could he go, without her as a companion. The fickle, wayward Rousseau, who was always dissatisfied with what he possessed, and thirsting for what he had not, was ruled by that same stupid woman, as mistress and wife, to the day of his death: shortly after which, herself being old, she married a stable-boy.

There are few literary men who have made their *début* in that character so late in life as Rousseau. If we except his papers on the new system of notation, it was not till he was about thirty-eight years of age, that he appeared before the public as an author. The Academy of Dijon had offered a prize for the best discourse in answer to the question—'Has the progress of arts and sciences contributed to the corruption or to the purification of morals?' Rousseau's discourse, written on account of this offer, and deciding that the arts and sciences had had a corrupting effect, gained the prize, and had a most important effect on the career of its author. Looking at it now, one is astonished at the noise it occasioned at its time. It is clever certainly, but the cleverness is precisely that of a smart youth in his teens, who aptly brings forward his reasons in support of a thesis he has chosen, and uses for his purpose the little learning he has at his command. Nothing, it would seem now, could be more easy than to take up a Cato-the-Censor sort of position; to declaim in high-sounding terms about abstract virtue; and to protest against literature and science, as effeminating the mind and occupying the time which might be more properly devoted to the service of the republic. There were the early Romans, with their barbarous victories, to be exalted; there was the good word in honour of Lycurgus and the old Spartans; and a due share of reproach against the Athenians. There was also reflection on the dangers of philosophy in shaking the credence in existing institutions. This was a trick eminently Rousseau-ish: whenever the Genevese begun his work of destruction, he always threw out a hook or two, in the hope of catching one or two of what we may call the 'conservative' party. And at the end of the essay there was a trick even more Rousseau-ish. After proving, in his fashion, that mankind had necessarily deteriorated as the arts advanced, the author argues that the mischief being once done, the arts are to be encouraged to fill up the time of the corrupt beings who inhabit the earth, and prevent them from doing further mischief. The meaning of this is, that Rousseau wanted to look like a Roman of the earliest ages, and, at the same time, to write his operas for the French public. All his virtuous orations, his tirades against corruption and effeminacy, were to be set down to his own account; his deviations

from his own path were to be ascribed to the perverseness of the age. A doctrine more convenient—more admirably calculated to let a man do what he pleased, with a dazzling appearance of austerity—could not have been devised. His contemporaries saw clearly enough through the stratagem, and he did not forgive them.

Lightly as we may think of the discourse now, the sensation it made at the time was enormous. Rousseau, like Lord Byron, woke and found himself famous. Great men and little men felt themselves called upon to defend the cause of civilization against the daring aggressor. Answers poured in on all sides: the invader was to be repelled, to be bullied, complimented, flattered out of his position. Many of these answers to the essay are not to be met with, nor are they worth the trouble of seeking; but the answer of Stanislas, king of Poland, being easily accessible, and bound up in the complete editions of Rousseau's works, we advise every reader to peruse. Nothing can be more smart, more civil, more redolent of the eighteenth century, than the worthy monarch's contribution to the cause of civilization. The very first reason he advances is really beautiful. He observes that the tone of the discourse proves that the author is a man of the most virtuous sentiments, and that the allusions prove him a man of erudition. Ergo, virtue and learning are compatible. *Probatum est*, and the philosopher of Geneva has got a compliment into the bargain. Unluckily, the enlightened monarch was not satisfied with defending erudition in general, but he must try to exhibit his own in particular, and therefore, in answer to a remark of Rousseau's, that Socrates had despised science, he profoundly declared, with a slight oblivion of chronology, that the objections of Socrates could only apply to the philosophers of his time—such, for instance, as the Epicureans and the Stoics. The Genevese, republican as he was, was mightily pleased at this very civil attack from a crowned head. He answered the king, and he answered him exceedingly well: having been flattered as a virtuous and erudite personage, he, in return, put in his compliment to the enlightened sovereign. With respect to the point about Socrates, Rousseau candidly confessed that he did not exactly see how the son of Sophroniscus could exactly have had in view the Stoics and the Epicureans, seeing that these same Stoics and Epicureans did not exist till after he had quaffed the hemlock.

The effect which this first literary essay produced on the contemporaries of Rousseau—on persons whose names are now recollected only in connexion with his own—is comparatively of small importance: much more so is the effect which the work, and the victory which it gained, had on its author—a man whose

name is certainly imperishable. It has been said that it was merely in accordance with the advice of Diderot, who thought a paradox would be striking, that he took the side he did. The hypothesis, we are aware, is more than doubtful; but in the principle of the hypothesis, although it may be historically false, we can see a great appearance of truth. It is highly questionable whether, when the prize was proposed, Rousseau had any decided ideas on the subject; whether he did not take his peculiar ground as being that on which he would meet the fewest competitors. But the discourse once written, and the prize once awarded, he found himself in a new position, and one by no means dissonant to his feelings. The utter annihilation of the hopes he had fostered on entering Paris; the small impression he had made on the Academy as a musical genius; had a natural tendency to give a misanthropical turn to his mind, and especially to imbitter him against the men of learning. The brilliant effect of his discourse rendered him notorious as an enemy to the decorative qualities of civilized mankind; and this character he willingly supported through life. Thus was this work—indifferent as it was—the first appearance of that powerful advocacy of the natural man against the man of society, which has rendered immortal the name of the *citoyen*. The seed was perhaps scattered at random, but it fell on soil remarkably fertile.

He now became a professed despiser of all the elegances of life. He reformed his dress; clapped a peculiarly unfashionable wig on his head; ceased to wear a watch; and—thought that he looked wise, a noble image of consistency. The fine ladies of his acquaintance petted him in his eccentricities, and called him their ‘bear.’ He looked very fierce, no doubt, but there was not much ferocity in the heart of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was a bear like the one in ‘She stoops to conquer,’ which danced to the gentlest of tunes. At the same time, to be independent of all persons, he resolved to have a mechanical occupation by which he might obtain a subsistence, and became a copier of music. As might have been expected, the rule was more stern than the conduct of the eccentric genius was consistent. A former opera, ‘Les Muses galantes’ had failed, but he soon composed ‘Le Devin de Village.’ This was played with great success before Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour, at Fontainebleau, but he never derived any benefit from it: being deterred by a sort of *mauvaise honte* from appearing before the king, notwithstanding Louis had expressed his wish to see him. A juvenile comedy called ‘Narcisse’ was produced at the Français and damned. These theatrical labours caused the wits of the day to laugh aloud at Rousseau,—the declaimer against the arts: but as we have already seen, he had

left himself a loophole to creep out of, and with respect to his 'Narcisse' he had a particular excuse. Having experienced the situation of his mind in literary success,—he tells us in the preface to that comedy,—it was necessary for him to feel the sensation of a failure, in order to complete his course of self-knowledge. The force of vanity and conscious perversion of the truth, could no further go.

Another offer of a prize by the academy of Dijon, the subject on this occasion (1753) being the 'Origin of inequality among men,' caused Rousseau to pursue still further in another discourse the career he had begun in declaiming against the arts and sciences. The purport of the essay is much the same as the former one, though the principle of opposition to civilization is carried out with greater violence. The life of the savage, the happy indolence of one who merely has to provide for the necessities of life without a thought inspired by ambition or avarice, are advantageously contrasted with man as he appears in polished society; and the first person who invented the 'meum' and 'tuum' is proclaimed the first grand enemy of his species. This work, which did not get the prize, is more impressive than its predecessor, but it is founded on similar fallacies: the author unwarrantably exalting the supposed virtues of savage life, and keeping its barbarities in obscurity, while he exhibits in its worst light the effect of modern civilization. As a French writer has neatly remarked, he made the romance of nature, and the satire of society. The dedication of this essay, which is to the republic of Geneva, is a monstrous specimen of national flattery. The magistrates, the pastors, the women, all come in for their share of extravagant eulogy, and the manner in which he exalts them in succession, reminds of a series of speeches after a public dinner. The best of the joke was, that the republic, which Rousseau had been so anxious to flatter, received the essay rather coolly. He paid a visit to his native city, formally abjured Catholicism, and received the title of *citoyen*, but he was soon glad to return once more to France.

The acquaintance with the two well-known ladies, Madame d'Epinaï and her sister-in-law the Countess d'Houdetot, which he had formed some time before, now began to have an influence on his life. The former built on purpose for him, on her estate at Montmorency, the small house so celebrated under the name of the 'Hermitage.' Here he took his two *gouvernantes*, that is to say, Thérèse and her mother; here he might copy music, meditate, and write *tirades* against society: in short do what he pleased, without being annoyed by the bustle of Paris, and without—an important consideration—being lost sight of by that

metropolis. Here was a delightful country, an abode that he had longed for when he had no immediate prospect of obtaining it, and if happiness was to be found on earth, here it seemed might Jean Jacques have been happy precisely in his own way. But contentment and Rousseau were destined never to be constant companions. The history he has given to us of his life at the Hermitage is the darkest, gloomiest spot in his whole biography, and at the same time most unsatisfactory and almost unintelligible. Falling violently in love with Madame d’Houdetot, he contrived to displease Madame d’Epinay and M. Lambert, who, although Madame d’Houdetot was a married woman, was her professed *amant*, in accordance with the usage of that virtuous period. Consumed by this passion, the most ardent that ever fired his ardent temperament, and annoyed by its consequences, Rousseau now looked upon almost every living creature as a secret enemy, and raised around him a perfect atmosphere of hostility. Madame d’Epinay, the Baron d’Holbach, Grimm, Diderot, of whom the last two had been his most intimate acquaintance—all, in his belief, were engaged in a conspiracy to make mischief out of his innocent love for Madame d’Houdetot; to damage his reputation; to hold him up to public scorn; and the mother of Thérèse was the spy in their service. Rousseau, with his enemies grinning at him from every side, reminds us of one of the heroes of Hoffman, scared by a door-post and insulted by a knocker, with this difference, that the horrors of Hoffman are always entertaining, while the horrors at the Hermitage are weary and tiresome to the last degree. Why the *coterie Holbachique* should take all the trouble, which is represented, to demolish the reputation and disturb the peace of one poor man, expending an equal amount of labour to that required for a state conspiracy, we never learn from the ‘Confessions.’ Rousseau had some kind of notion that he, the solitary lover of truth, and hater of faction, existing apart from the corruption of the world, was a sort of living reproach to the fashionable men of letters who ruled the day, and shone in the eyes of all Paris. To account for the natural antipathy between the ‘hommes grands’ and the ‘hommes forts,’ set forth by Madame Dudevant, this surmise would seem well enough; indeed, by reducing it to an abstract form, she probably obtained her theory. But a serious belief that this antipathy would manifest itself in such a very practical manner; would give rise to such an unwearying system of persecution as that to which Rousseau believed himself exposed; denotes a mind in a state, we would almost say, of voluntary unhealthiness. There is no occasion to read the justifications written on the other side. The cloudy charge which Rousseau brings against his foes, carries with it its

own refutation. The wounded vanity of a man who was not revered quite so much as he hoped—a kind of necessity of appearing fretful, in accordance with the character of misanthrope which he had assumed—and also a love of being persecuted, like Mawworm's—were the real originators of the conspiracy that existed in—the mind of the *citoyen*.

But if the residence at the 'Hermitage' gives us the most repulsive part of Rousseau's biography, we are indebted to it for two of his most celebrated works. The worshippers of Jean Jacques will doubtless think that we have not treated their idol with sufficient respect, that we have shown too little charity in questioning his motives, too little leniency in dwelling on the foibles which he himself made public. Let us endeavour to make peace with these by an acknowledgment that whatever was the organ, the thought itself, when spoken, was a wholesome one. Probably a caprice had given it birth in the essay on the arts and sciences, a desire to remain consistent with that caprice had nurtured it through the discourse on inequality. The reasons that supported his views were, as we have said, fallacious; and that to a degree that any person with the most moderate knowledge of the world could detect the weak points; but still the views were well-timed. It was good that in an age, when all was artifice; when the monstrosities of fashion had destroyed the external form of nature, when the soft poison of *bienséance* had lulled to rest the internal voice of nature; that a man should come forward and assert the cause of the natural man. The principle was carried too far—it is the very nature of reaction to go too far—the man's words might have been dictated by mere vanity: but still, whatever might have been the originating cause, it was good that the word was spoken. False, we know, was the exclusive praise of the Chippewa Indian, with his bow, and his dog, and his simple life; but it was good that the powdered *savant* was taught to gaze on him, and was told that he also was a man, and not merely a heathen man to exalt at the expense of Christianity—for many of the *philosophes* would have been glad to praise a savage so far—but a man who was happy without learning, science, or *doubt*: chiefly happy because he was not a philosopher.

One great work that Rousseau planned in this solitude he intended to carry to considerable length, under the title of 'Political Institutions.' As a whole it never appeared, but it furnished the materials to a book that afterwards became almost the bible of modern republicans: the 'Social Contract.' In his earlier essays the author had taken a position, but he had taken it like a schoolboy; he had shown acuteness, but it was the acuteness of plausible argumentation, not that which displays itself in com-

pletely scientific deduction. But whatever be the politics of the man who for the first time takes up the '*Contrât Sociale*,' however he may detest the application of the principles there laid down, he cannot, if he will consent for a moment to forget his prejudices, refuse to acknowledge that it is a wonderful emanation of intellect. The author is no more the clever declaimer, who seeks for commonplaces in his Plutarch; he is no fretful misanthrope that rails; but he is a severe and consistent reasoner, who, casting all passion aside, lays down his premises, and carefully and steadily follows out their consequences. Historically his work may be valueless; the '*Social Contract*' by which people originally living in a nomadic state agreed to become citizens may be chimerical: we will go further and say that we believe it is chimerical. But Rousseau keeps his adversaries at bay, when he defies them to show any other legitimate source of government than that of the common consent of the governed. Let not the jurists talk to him about the right of conquest, he knows of no such right, the words are to him an unmeaning jargon. Conquest was the possession of a superior force by a certain party at a certain time: but if the other party, the conquered, shall in their turn acquire the force and vanquish their rulers, the former conquerors, who shall say their title is not as good as the first? Historically the contract may never have existed,—but is it not at the foundation of every ideal government, which is conceived in modern times? When we talk of a nation throwing off a despotism, and adopting a '*constitutional*' form of government, do we mean any thing more than an approximation towards the making the consent of the citizens the basis of government, however imperfect that approximation may be, and however limited the number of those we choose to admit as citizens? Let us admit, with George Sand, that it was the tendency of Rousseau's mind to see his ideal in the past, rather than in the future. He thought he saw the origin of society in his '*contract*:' he was wrong—he looked the wrong way: had he looked towards the idea of modern civilization, he would have been right. Calling, as he does, the entire body of citizens the '*sovereign*,' the manner in which he points out the functions of that sovereign, the relations of the individual citizen towards the corporate body, the creation of the executive power, the adjustment of different political powers to produce a proper equilibrium—this is really beautiful. As a specimen of scientific exposition, the work cannot be surpassed. If we bear in mind the desultory education of the author—an education not merely imperfect, but tending to turn the mind into the most perverse direction; if we recollect his perpetual weaknesses and vanities;

his utter incapability of pursuing any one steady path; it is with something more than astonishment that we behold an edifice so well-proportioned, so perfect in all its parts, so unbedizened with extraneous frippery, rise from elements that seemed so unpromising. Many will attack the premises of the 'Contrât Sociale;' but let these be once conceded, and the construction must command universal admiration.

The other work, which we owe to the solitude at the 'Hermitage,' is one that has far more readers than the 'Contrât Sociale': being no other than the famous 'Julie', or, as it is generally called, the 'Nouvelle Heloïse.' It was Rousseau's amusement to forget for a while the actual world, and to transport himself into the society of two charming imaginary creatures, who were to him the perfection of the female character. One was dark, the other fair; one was lively, the other gentle; one prudent, the other weak: but the weakness was so touching that virtue seemed to gain by it. He gave to one of these a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, even something more: but he did not allow of any jealous quarrels, because it was an effort for him to imagine a painful sentiment, and he did not wish to sully so agreeable a picture by any thing that seemed to degrade nature. This is the description almost in his own words of his two ideal friends, who when they ceased to have their sole dwelling in a brain industriously indolent, and acquired an existence on paper, became the Julie and Claire of the 'Nouvelle Heloïse.' Doubtless, while these beautiful creatures gained in reflection, they lost much of that witching charm which they possessed when they merely floated in the dreams of their creator. Sometimes they burst out in their full radiance, but oftentimes they sink not only into mere essayists but into mere essays: the headings of the letters 'De Julie' and 'De Madame d'Orbe' simply distinguishing moral discourses of Jean Jacques himself, to which he might as well have given a title having reference to the subject. The creation of a character—an *objective* character—was not Rousseau's forte. He loved to be carried along the tide of his own dreams, to work out his own thoughts: he could indulge in a sentiment, he could reflect soundly on a theory, but he could not get out of himself. Indeed it is remarkable that he possessed in so strong a degree the two peculiarities that he had: the peculiarity of being always influenced by the prospect of immediate enjoyment, and that of being able to discuss a subject with the calmest reason, and to examine it in all its bearings. The 'Nouvelle Heloïse' is a strange specimen of the strength and of the weakness (in two senses) of Rousseau. Sometimes he strikes by the sound sense, by the real manly practical wisdom which he displays in his reflections, and anon he astounds by the most turgid

declamation, and the most absurd refinements. Many of the letters will induce the reader of the present day to agree with Sir Walter Scott, that the lovers St. Preux and Julie are two of the dullest pedants it was ever his misfortune to meet: many of the pages intended to draw the tear will, we fear, occasionally elicit a smile. In the first part, which relates to the seduction of Julie by St. Preux, or rather of St. Preux by Julie, the impassioned tone of the letters, the hurried sentiment, the violence of emotion, are evidences of the author's great power, when he gave himself up to the torrent of his feelings. There we see the temperament, that never allowed duty to prevail over desire; that made him fly with such inconsiderate ardour to everything which became the object of a wish, whether it were a lady or a spangled ribbon that had smitten his heart. There we see that weakness of character which was strength in the performance of small acts, and rendered great acts impossible. Turning to some of the best letters in the latter part of the book, we find the acute observer, the same dispassionate reflector, who wrote the '*Contrât Sociale*.' As the depicter of the passion which knows no bounds, which has no laws but its own, which tears down inconsiderately every impediment, Rousseau is strong, though he owes that strength to his weakness as a man. As the man of cool understanding Rousseau is strong. But it is when he is embarrassed with the two sides of his own character, when he would fain make us believe that there is some kind of harmony between an act caused by mere passion and a dictate of pure reason, or at any rate that there is no such great contradiction, that he becomes feeble as a writer. It is to this feebleness that we owe the hair-splitting distinctions, the gloss over the vicious, the '*operatic light*,' which so often annoy us in the '*Heloïse*' and the '*Confessions*.' Rousseau the man of passion, Rousseau the man of reason, is welcome, but Rousseau the apologist is tiresome.

The object of the '*Heloïse*,' as a moral work, was to carry on—though in a milder form—the attack against metropolitan civilization, which he had commenced by his '*Essay on the Arts*,' and followed up by the '*Discourse on Inequality*.' Then the comparison was between ancient and modern life, or the savage and the man of refinement; now it is between the country and the town; and, of course, the view that he takes is tinged with the fallacy, that the former is the scene of exclusive virtue, the latter of unmingled vice: a fallacy that has caused more twaddle in prose and verse to be written than any that ever existed. Let him have, however, the full credit of being the uncompromising enemy of that adultery which was the disgrace of polished society in the time of Louis XV.: when every married

lady of fashion had her *amant* as a matter of course, and the more sentimental considered a breach of faith with that happy personage as a crime, while the infidelity to the husband was nothing at all. To the time of marriage, the girls were mere puppets, the most innocent freedom was denied them: but the marriage ceremony was the proclamation of full licence, and that once performed, restraint was broken, and the most extreme liberty began. This state of things, which so completely destroyed all domestic life, was viewed with just abhorrence by Rousseau. In his 'Héloïse,' he attempted to demonstrate a principle the reverse of that which regulated society, and to show that a breach of chastity before marriage was no such great crime, but that conjugal infidelity was atrocious. His 'Julie,' who is seduced by her tutor, becomes a perfect model of a wife, when she afterwards marries a respectable old gentleman. The problem to be worked was a simple one: but Rousseau carrying on his book without a complicated story—of which he boasts—has recourse to a needless complication of sentiments: and this it is which leads him into his besetting sins of over-colouring, distortion, and moral sophistry. Not only does his erring fair one recover her chastity; but her old husband, who knows of her transgression, insists on the former lover residing in their house, and takes a kind of philosophical pleasure in watching the emotions of that gentleman and his wife. By overstraining his sentiment, the author has destroyed its effect, and presented us with a number of shadowy caricatures, instead of real individuals. It is always his fault that he cannot be quite *true*.

The disagreeable life he led at the 'Hermitage' caused him to leave that retreat, and take up his abode at the château of the Marechale de Luxembourg, who had kindly offered him a residence. His 'Héloïse' had at this time raised him to the zenith of his popularity: the ladies were all delighted with it. If he had attacked the principles on which their empire was founded, he had done so in a way to fascinate them; his artificial picture of the natural was admirably adapted to artificial readers; the 'operatic light' thrown on the scene rendered it more acceptable than if it had been illumined by a bold glaring sunlight. Impassioned as were some of the letters, sound as were some of the reflections, it had nevertheless some affinity to the pastoral life of a ballet. It must have been a pleasant occupation to Jean Jacques to read aloud his 'Héloïse' to Madame la Marechale. He tells us she talked of nothing but him—her head was full of nothing but him—she uttered *douceurs* all day long, and was constantly embracing him. Great lords wished to sit by her at table—but no!—she told them that was the place destined for

Rousseau, and made them sit elsewhere. With great *naïveté* Jean Jacques exclaims, after the enumeration of these delights, 'It is easy to judge of the impression which these charming manners made upon me, whom the least marks of affection subdue.' He was for a while in an atmosphere of positive enjoyment; he was admired as he liked to be admired; he had desired his 'Héloïse' to be the pet of the ladies, and he had succeeded. The little warning in the preface, that any unmarried woman who read one page would be unavoidably ruined, is a charming instance of the puff indirect.

It was at Montmorenci that he wrote his well-known letter to D'Alembert on the subject of theatres. In the article 'Geneva' in the 'Encyclopédie,' D'Alembert had proposed the erection of a theatre in that city, and Rousseau in his letter, consistently with his former attack on the arts and sciences, violently opposed the proposition. The vulgar prejudices against the profession of an actor he fostered with great ardour: indeed it was his constant tendency to repose upon popular prejudices, when they suited his purpose: he made use of the ordinary common-places against theatres generally, and he brought forward several financial and other considerations to oppose the erection of a Genevese theatre in particular. The inhabitants of Geneva were poor, and being hard-worked, they had but little spare time on their hands, and therefore theatres, which might serve to keep an idle population like that of Paris out of mischief, could only exist among them as an expensive hinderance to business. The theatre too, he thought, might interfere with sundry little pleasant parties called *cercles*, where the male citizens of Geneva were wont to congregate together, to drink hard, to smoke, and to indulge in jokes, not of the most savoury character. These merry *réunions*, where the liquor passed freely, and the coarse jest caused a roar, found a vehement champion in Jean Jacques. The whole morality of Geneva seemed to rest on this basis, and a revolution that would have converted the Genevese from low sots into the spectators of Molière's comedies, was contemplated with positive horror by their fellow-citizen. Still advocating the rude at the expense of the polished, Rousseau while censuring theatres, now stood up the professed defender of the pipe and pot. It appears that the battle he fought was hardly worth the trouble it cost. Voltaire, who by his theatre in the vicinity of the city had attracted many of the residents, had hoped to found one in the city itself, and D'Alembert's article in the 'Encyclopédie, written under his dictation, had been intended as a 'feeler.' Rousseau's letter operated so far that it destroyed these hopes, and involved him in a quarrel with the *philosophe*

of Ferney; but when afterwards theatricals were actually introduced in Geneva, it was found that the citizens had so little taste for them, that a permanent existence could not be secured. Thus Rousseau in his letter was fighting against a supposed evil, which left to itself would have perished naturally.

Whether it was from a feeling of patriotism, or whether it was from feeling himself not a strong man, Rousseau always tried to have a numerous party on his side: it had been his constant aim to flatter the republic of Geneva. The adulation was dealt out in a most liberal measure in the dedication of the ‘Discourse on Inequality,’—the moral worth of the Genevese was valued at a high rate, when he expressed such dread at their corruption by the introduction of a theatre,—he puffed the pipe of peace with his compatriots while eulogising the *cercles*,—and if he did go so far as to admit that the Genevese women, when assembled in a knot together, talked scandal about their own husbands, he added that it was much better to do so, than to indulge in the same vein when any of the male sex were in the room. Pastors, citizens, ladies, pipe, pot, and scandal, all was virtuous at Geneva. Nay, more virtuous was it to get drunk, and talk ribaldry at Geneva, than to keep sober, and study mathematics at Paris. Unfortunately, this love for his country (let us believe it really was love) was not returned in a spirit of kindness; and the little amiable prejudices which he had been at such pains to exalt, re-acted against their defender in a frightful manner. In the present times, the anniversary of Rousseau’s birthday is a great occasion at Geneva; but it was a very different matter when he was alive. We all know how the seven cities, through which the living Homer begged his bread, contended, after his decease, for the honour of his birth. Rousseau’s case was still harder, for he was obliged to endure a severe persecution: no longer a shadowy, unreal persecution, invented by himself in his morbid moments, but a substantial storm, which beat him about from point to point most relentlessly. By the publication of his ‘Emile,’ this storm was occasioned.

‘Emile’ is unquestionably the greatest of all Rousseau’s works. The thoughts which lie scattered elsewhere, the opinions which he has previously uttered in a crude form, are here carefully digested, and arranged into a systematic work. For the weaknesses and vanities of Rousseau, we must turn to his early essays, to his ‘Confessions,’ to his ‘Héloïse:’ but for his theoretic views, for those utterances that have weight in themselves, and are not merely curious, as expositions of a character, we must go to the ‘Contrât Sociale’ and ‘Emile.’ The former contains the theory of the *citizen*—the rights belonging to the free member

of a free state, subject to nought but that universal will of the state, in which he himself has a share: the rights which are inherent in him because he is a man, and which he has himself limited by becoming a party to a social compact. The latter contains the theory of the *man*—the natural man, apart from his connexion with any state whatever. Rousseau gives himself an imaginary pupil, whom he calls 'Emile,' and educates him from the moment of his birth to the time when he is married and may be supposed to acquire a political existence. The savage life which Rousseau eulogized at the expense even of the most perfect republic, finds its representative in the young Emile: only it is much softened down since first it was so violently advocated. Then the inhabitant of the woods and mountains, born under *no* government, having no property, and conscious of no law, was the object of admiration: now it is to the man, born under a modern government, but at the period of his life when he also has no property, and is conscious of no law, that Rousseau directs his attention. The book 'Emile' is a system of education: but what is that system? It is the system of letting nature perform the greatest part of the work, and as the savage is instructed by her voice, so causing the child to be instructed also. Only the plan is modified to a certain extent, because Emile is to be educated into complications which the savage can never know, and hence, though his path is originally that of nature, he has—such is the world—to be led to civilization as a goal: a civilization, which, be it understood, does not make him so completely blend with his fellows as to lose his identity, but allows him still to retain a substance of his own which can exist apart from society. It is by feeling *wants*, that the savage learns the use of his several faculties, but his wants are few and simple: it is by surrounding Emile with wants of a more artificial kind, that his training is accomplished. The preceptor's entire occupation is to watch over this Emile; his influence is unfelt by his pupil, as he teaches him no precept, sets him no task; but he is constantly preparing such an atmosphere, that the pupil must infallibly guide himself to the desired point. So far is the education natural, that the pupil is merely led on by the desire of supplying his own wants; so far is it artificial, that these wants are artificially awakened. What is called learning is deferred to an age comparatively mature, when the boy can be made to feel uneasy at the want of it; but all crowding of a child's mind with words, the notions attached to which he cannot possibly understand, are expressly prohibited. Precocious displays of erudition, such as the knowledge of geography and history, long recitations of poetry by children, Rousseau treats with the most utter contempt; fables, in which beasts and

birds hold converse, he opposes strenuously as means of conveying instruction in childhood, protesting that they only serve to give false impressions, and that La Fontaine, in his time the favourite author for children, is neither adapted to them by his language, nor by his moral. Our own Cowper, in a fit of small wit, chose to ridicule this notion of Rousseau's, and wrote a miserable fable himself to show his contempt for the doctrine, but he simply showed that he did not understand the man whom he condemned. As it was Rousseau's principle of education to inspire a series of wants, and to communicate nothing that the child himself did not desire, it was necessary that words corresponding to no notions at all should be prohibited: and more necessary to exclude those to which wrong notions were attached. A word in a child's mouth should only, in this system, serve to mention something he cared about; and therefore he could have no use for words, the meanings of which were out of his mental reach, nor for figurative expressions, which could only tend to confuse his view of the relation between names and things. 'Emile' is a well-weighed, carefully written book; the remarks on the disposition of children are founded on the acutest observation; and he who heedlessly attacks an isolated part, is likely to find he has chosen an adversary, his superior in strength.* The plan of hindering Emile from learning when a child, and confining his earliest years to bodily exercises, and a few rude notions of the laws of property, is not, however, merely adapted to prevent him from being a precocious *savant*. He is not to be a *savant* at any period of his life, for Rousseau, still adhering to the side he took years before, continues to hold that character in contempt. In due time the pupil learns something of the classics, and of modern languages, but he is to consider these as mere trivial accomplishments, and is early taught to think that the mechanic who pursues an useful calling is higher than a philosopher or a poet. Though supposed to be rich, he is nevertheless to be independent of the freaks of fortune; and he learns the trade of a joiner, is regularly bound apprentice, that in all circumstances he may obtain a livelihood. Thus he becomes Rousseau's ideal of a man: a man depending on no society, but capable of mixing in any: the man believed in at the time of the Revolution, which Rousseau foresaw, and which so shortly followed: and whatever we may think of the means adopted to cultivate this ideal, certainly the thought itself was a great one. By the side of 'Emile,' the ideal man, strong of limb, firm in his independence, stamped with all the nobility of nature, is placed

* From these commendations we except, as a separate work, the 'Professions of the *Vicaire of Savoy*.'

the ‘ideal woman,’ whom Rousseau calls Sophie. In treating of her, he appears as the strenuous opponent of the ‘rights-of-woman’ sort of thinkers, who consider women capable of performing all the political offices of a man, and as unjustly kept in a state of subjection. He objects even to the influence which ladies had already obtained in the fashionable circles of Paris; he objects to their presiding over society; to their giving opinions on matters of philosophy and literature: teaching that domestic life is the proper sphere of woman, and that the secondary position assigned to her, is the result not of prejudice, but of the natural order of things. When Rousseau thinks calmly, there is nothing of what may be called the ‘socialist’ in his composition. Politically he is an ultra-revolutionist, but with regard to social laws he is strictly conservative.

The cause of the storm that was created on the publication of ‘*Emile*’ was the ‘Profession of Faith of the *Vicaire of Savoy*’ which appears as a mere episode of the work. This insidious ‘profession’ is remarkable for its display of natural piety. The declarations of faith in a supreme Being, and in the immortality of the soul, are made with the greatest appearance of devoutness; but while the doctrine of a future state is ‘*proved*’ by arguments singularly unconvincing, the ground work of every positive religion is assailed with remarkable tact and acuteness. The evidence by miracles,—in short any sort of evidence that would make of Christianity any thing but a mere system of morality,—is assiduously controverted; and though the doctrines of Rousseau are such as in the present time might obtain him no severer name than that of a ‘rationalist,’ he was in his day a complete infidel as far as regarded any established creed. The catholics of course did not like him: the Calvinistic Genevese, whom he had vainly tried to flatter by a few compliments in this very ‘profession,’ joined in the abhorrence: and lastly the material *philosophes*, disgusted at his advocacy of a future state, loved him no better than the orthodox. The tempest broke out in more places than one, the parliament of Paris threatened him with imprisonment, the council of Geneva caused his book to be burned by the hands of the executioner. From Montmorenci he was obliged to fly, and he vainly sought shelter in several places in Switzerland. His ‘*Letters from the Mountain*,’ which he wrote as a sort of defence to the objectionable part of his ‘*Emile*,’ only served to increase the violence of his enemies. Great polemic talent is exhibited in these ‘letters.’ If he cannot refute the danger against himself, he shows the nicest skill in placing his adversaries in a false position. With dexterity availing himself of an argument long in vogue among the catholics, he dares his Genevese opponents, who as protestants

found their faith on the right of private judgment, consistently to prevent his interpreting the scriptures his own way. Then leaving the abstract theological ground, he attacks on constitutional principles the acts of the Genevese council, which was the executive power, and was composed of the aristocratic portion of the republic. In revenge for his persecution, he shows how that council has exceeded the limits prescribed by the constitution, how it has encroached on other members of the state: and to the arguments which he used on this occasion are to be ascribed the revolutions in favour of a more popular form of government, which afterwards happened in Geneva. At the time, the position he took drew upon him little else than persecution, and if he occasionally found an asylum, he was soon obliged to leave it to avoid personal risk. The ignorant populace, excited by their pastors, believed him to be Anti-Christ; and he with that perverse love of notoriety which ever distinguished him, chose to walk out in an Armenian costume, and thus in a measure to support the opinion of the bigoted Swiss, that he was at any rate something not quite right. From this persecution, which he says put him in peril of being stoned to death, but which some believe he greatly exaggerated, he took refuge by his journey to England, in company with David Hume. With his departure from Switzerland on this occasion, ends the book of 'Confessions.'

Over the rest of his life, in which we have no longer his own voice to guide us, we may pass very briefly. England did not suit him: there was no chance in this island of a shout of 'Anti-Christ,' nor of his windows being demolished with brickbats: but what was worse, people did not seem to care much about him. His life was in perfect safety, but he found himself an object of ridicule. He quarrelled with his friend Hume, and with this country altogether; and returned once more to France, where his fame having become established, he was received in the most flattering manner. At Paris his eccentricities took the form of madness; he lived a prey to the most frightful mental anguish; he even seemed to luxuriate in his own horrors, and loved to repeat a stanza of Tasso* which reminded him of his own situation. His face was so distorted by convulsions, that those who had been

* "Vivro fra i mei tormenti, e fra le cure,
 Mie giuste furie, forsennato errante.
 Paventero l'ombre solinghe e scure,
 Che 'l primo error mi recheranno avante;
 E del sol che scoprì le mie sventure,
 A schivo ed in orrore avrò il sembiante:
 Temerò me medesmo, e da me stesso
 Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre oppresso."

Gerus. lib. xii.

familiar with his countenance could reconcile it no more. On the 3rd of July, 1778, he died suddenly, at the chateau of a friend at Ermonville,—not without suspicion of suicide.

There is something sublimely tragic in this last madness of Rousseau. The man could not at last find any thing really to love in this world: it was a something to him mysterious and unholy, and he peopled it with awful phantoms. He uttered his imprecations against it: but he was not a strong man, he could not weather the storm, and the curses, 'like young chickens, returned home to roost.' Probably he at first assumed misanthropy in a kind of morbid freak, and declared himself the enemy of civilization for the sake of supporting a paradox: but he nurtured this position till it became more and more a real thing—to himself terribly real. To separate the acted from the true is, as we have said, difficult to the reader of the 'Confessions;' but we must have faith in the sincerity of that maniac misanthropy of which we hear so little, and which came after the period we have attentively examined.

In spite of the weakness of the Man, the strength of the Word was felt. The young, the enthusiastic, the dreamers of the last century, followed the dictates of Rousseau, and his words became the gospel of revolutionists. If *his* nature was not quite natural, it was natural enough to move those who had only gazed at the mere artificial. Truly it is a great sight to see this Rousseau, this creature of feeble purpose, constructing what he believed to be the natural man out of such strange materials as society presented him, and out of such a weak self. The man of his imagination grew to maturity in the 'Emile,' and there is no doubt he was as dear a companion to his preceptor as if he had been a reality. He would have marred his idol by a projected work, called 'Emile and Sophie:' a work of which only a few chapters were written, and which promised to be one of immense power: but the ideal man was to have risen triumphant from his imaginary misfortunes. Pygmalion—and Jean Jacques wrote a Pygmalion—created an ideal, saw it realized, and was blessed: Rousseau erected likewise an ideal, but he saw the impossibility of its realization in the world, he gnashed his teeth at actualities, and sunk into despair and madness.

ART. II.—*Schwedische Geschichten unter Gustav dem Dritten, vorzüglich aber unter Gustav dem vierten Adolf.* (Sketches of Swedish History under Gustavus III. and Gustavus IV., Adolphus.) Von E. M. ARNDT. Vol. I. 8vo. Leipzig. 1839.

THE history of Sweden from the beginning of the sixteenth century downwards is a remarkable proof how brilliant a thing it is, and how dangerous, for a country to be governed by a race of kings in whose blood genius, and to it closely allied madness, is hereditary. Men of business proverbially have an instinctive distrust of genius : Jove's thunder, they say, is a thing always more sublime than safe, useful indeed, nay necessary at certain critical seasons for shaking and purifying the morbid overlaid atmosphere, but on common occasions dispensable. Not that genius is a thing essentially bad in itself ; the men of business are not so uncharitable as to say that ; it is a thing essentially good, but good for the most part in excess or in disproportion to the occasion. There lies the evil. It overshoots the mark. Like old Acestes in the *Æneid*, it does not shoot the pigeon, but the clouds ; and the clouds burn and blaze, and stars shoot across the sky, and all men cry a miracle ; but with all this the proper mark of the archer was the pigeon, and not the cloud.

There is, indeed, a sort of calm, mild, well-toned, contemplative genius, which is perfectly safe. In the world of books there are many such, a Sophocles, a Jeremy Taylor, a Goethe ; but wisdom with a sword in her hand is rare. The genius of soldiership is dangerous on a throne. A conqueror who knows how to stop conquering, like Frederick of Prussia when he had finished the Silesian business, is one out of a hundred. Charles XII. did not know where to stop ; Napoleon did not know where to stop. A king ought to sit upon his throne ; but military geniuses like Napoleon and the Swede, are not to be made to sit anywhere. They must spur and drive on with or without a rational aim. Did not Charles, when at Bender, ride three strong horses weary every day ? Could he have existed otherwise ? To move about the world, and drive down all opposition, with a leathern belt about his loins, and a sharp sword in his hand, booted and spurred, and gloved,—was it not the very life, and breath, and being of the man ? Was it not the very life, and breath, and being of Napoleon also ? Could *he* have existed otherwise ? Could the Corsican or the Swede, being as they were the most fulminant of soldiers, be for the countries which they respectively governed any thing but bad kings ? The reign of the one was to France, after the necessary good of self-preservation had been obtained,

altogether a brilliant blunder ; and though the other was cut short in his career, the extraordinary obstinacy of his character—a feature equally remarkable in Napoleon—leaves little ground for hoping that he would have been able to secure more favourable terms of peace than those which his successors were contented to receive two years after his death, at the fatal peace of Nystadt (1721) which opened the Baltic to Russia. Thus all the gain of Narva and of Charles the Twelfth's military genius to Sweden was a splendid loss.

But let us not look exclusively at one side of the picture. The men of business are quite right when they do not pray Heaven to send men of genius to keep their daily ledgers and to collect their yearly rents; but kings have sometimes extraordinary work to do; and then a genius will do great things. When we take a survey of the long line of intellectually gifted Swedish sovereigns, (concerning whom Arndt justly remarks, that in such close succession no European country has any thing parallel)—Gustavus Wasa, Charles IX., Gustavus Adolphus, Christina, Charles X. Gustavus, Charles XI., Charles XII., and Gustavus III.—we shall find that though the country over which these men reigned may have some reason to blame them for having forced it by violent and premature efforts to assume a position which it had no innate strength to maintain, yet, on the whole, by the combined might of genius, and outward chances (to which all are subject), it still takes among European powers a place not below what naturally seems to belong to it; a place higher, perhaps, than amid the storms and changes of three centuries mere safe mediocrity might have secured; and then there is, in addition to this, that glorious bequeathment of genius to a nation—the memory of noble deeds and high enterprizes. For what man that is not a mere Economist will say that the lives of Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII. (to name no more), are not worth to Sweden a whole Iliad and an Odyssey, and something more ?

There are some persons who will say that Sweden has not accomplished its destiny among European nations, because the Czar Peter was not hindered from setting down Petersburg at the head of the Gulf of Finland in 1703, and Barclay de Tolly was allowed to march over the Baltic ice from Wasa to Umea in 1809 ? But would our Russophobia have been any thing more moderate, if Petersburg had then or a few years afterwards been planted on the Black Sea or the Sea of Azof, as near Constantinople as it now is to Stockholm ? For a sea-metropolis it is manifest Russia must have had, either on the Black Sea or the Baltic, if it was to be a civilized and a European power at all. As for Sweden, who can doubt for a moment (looking only to results)

that its present union with Norway, in that snug Scandinavian peninsula, is a much more natural and happy thing, both geographically and physiologically (for the Norwegians and the Swedes are brother Goths), than either that old clumsy-soldered union of Calmar, or that yet older one—as old as the thirteenth century—with Finland? Let us hope that Bernadotte will neither resign, nor be deposed, nor be assassinated, as had become almost the general rule with his predecessors; and that Sweden with Norway, after so many violent plunges and careerings, will learn at last to steady itself: to grow quietly, like the grass, into the manhood of a free constitution as England has done before it; and not be heard of in Europe, either by external wars or by internal revolutions, for a century at least.

The history of Sweden from the time of Gustavus Wasa is more interesting than any history of modern times, chiefly for this reason, that it is the history not of great measures merely, but also and principally of great men; of men of decided genius; of kings great and energetic, always valiant, often wise in the difficult art of reigning. They have all *done* something, the men that held the Scandinavian sceptre. It was not a mere bauble in their hands, but the original *σκηπτρον*: a staff not to lean on, but to strike with: and how they did strike!—The first Gustavus, the clergy; the third, the nobility!—In all their Titanic doings, from the overthrow of the papacy at the council of Westeraas, in 1527, to Narva, and the humbling of the mutinous aristocracy by Gustavus III. during the Russian war of 1789, what perseverance, what energy, what vigour, did not they display! Thor's hammer seems to have been left as a political legacy to these men. One great penalty, indeed, the Swedes paid for so much genius: a penalty beyond that which we already mentioned as inherent in the very nature of genius. After so much exertion, Nature, notwithstanding the beneficial influence of frequent crossing, seemingly weary of creating great men, produced an extraordinary thing still, a thing gigantically abnormal, a creature of high notions and contracted views, genius altogether without sense, dignity altogether without grandeur, obstinacy always most eager about small things—practically a FOOL. This fool sat on the throne of Gustavus Wasa, the last of his line, and only not overturned it: Gustavus IV. Adolphus. But this man also had character; he was no empty dangling fool; no king, such as we have seen, to make a mere clerk-registrar of, and sign all sorts of papers that he had never read: he was a most energetic, active fool; and did one great thing at least, to prove the Wasa stuff in him, and help to atone for his many offences. When only a boy of 17, in the year 1796, he outwitted the wisest woman in

Europe, the Czarina Catherine of Russia, and so enraged her that the very paint turned pale upon her face with chagrin. The descendant of Gustavus Wasa would not marry a daughter of the house of Romanoff, because she would not sacrifice her Greek religion to her Lutheran love. The bride was there, dressed and decorated for the joyful occasion. The Muscovite queen looked on, eager to pounce upon the fulfilment of her long-delayed hopes. She had already crossed the Baltic in fancy, years before Barclay de Tolly actually accomplished it—the Muscovite priest was also ready—but the Swedish bridegroom was not found. He would not sign the marriage contract before he had spelt and studied every word of it. He suspected some foul play about one of the clauses: the clause about the Greek priest and the Greek chapel in Stockholm. He laid down the pen, and walked away; shut himself up in his chamber, and did not appear at his own wedding; leaving his blooming bride—whom he really loved—to herself and to hysterics. Truly a most deliberate and conscientious fool!

With such fine dramatic elements to work on, the history of Sweden, if it be not one of the most interesting or striking in the world, must want this character by the fault of the writer, or by the want of materials, not by the barrenness of the theme. It is not our present business here to say how Geijer has succeeded: not Mr. Laing's report alone speaks favourably: in the meanwhile we have accidentally encountered not a historian of Sweden in the grand style, not a Livy, not a Michelet to his country; but a vigorous sketcher, a man with a bold brush and a glowing pencil; an eye-witness with an eye in his head, and a heart in his breast, and a considerable faculty of speculation too; a stout Pomeranian yeoman of the old plain-speaking school; a muscular fiery-hearted man '*das starke heisse Arndt's Blut*,' proverbial in Rügen; one that if Marshal Blücher or the Baron von Stein had been King of Prussia before the battle of Jena, would have been prime minister to either worthily, and prevented many catastrophes; no nice carver and gilder in whom the delicate Clio of the Berlin censorship may delight, but a man with a club. This man, to whom we have already given public thanks for his contributions to the memorable history of the year 1813,* has furnished European history with another original source of information on a theme more remote perhaps from general sympathy, but not less interesting to the reflective mind, or less important to the philosophic historian: we mean the strange drama of the Swedish history during the reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus,

* F. Q. R., No. LXI., p. 169.

which ended in the deposition of that unfortunate incapable, and the elevation of a French soldier of second rate value to the throne of the Wasas: a sort of political by-play only to the great drama which was being performed in Europe at that time, not a little amusing, amid so much matter of more serious urgency, to some of the spectators, but an earnest enough affair to those immediately concerned, and pregnant, it may be, with earnest issues to our children's children, when Bernadotte and Oscar, and Oscarson to come, shall have played out their difficult parts as God shall order.

Our readers who are acquainted with Arndt's cast of mind, as exhibited in his other works—his 'Spirit of the Age,'* his 'Reminiscences,' his patriotic 'Songs,' &c., will not be disposed to ask any questions as to his inward vocation to write sketches of Swedish history, or indeed of any other history into which he chooses to throw the whole vigour of his ardent mind. His outward vocation to write on Sweden, and on the late Swedish revolution especially, may be stated shortly as follows. Born in the green isle of Rügen, in the famous biographical year 1769, of German stock, but, by virtue of the sword of Gustavus Adolphus and the diplomacy of Oxenstiern, under Swedish rule, he was both a Swede and a German *εν δυναμει* (potentially) as Aristotle says: eventually (inclination and circumstance so ordering), he came forth a German and a Prussian. not however without strong Swedish sympathies and some considerable Swedish experience. The son of a thriving Pomeranian yeoman, what nobler ambition could he be expected to have than to be a minister of the Lutheran Church? To Greifswald accordingly, and then to Jena, he betook himself to study theology; but it was an age of theological lukewarmness (so himself says); and perhaps the political pamphleteer was imping its young wings secretly already in the back-chambers of the preacher's brain. He was destined to preach not to a parish in Rügen against brandy, and other small Swedish sins, but to the people of Europe against Napoleon Buonaparte and the great French Revolution. He threw away the Pomeranian black gown therefore (though there was a sleeve in it with 3,000 dollars a-year) very cavalierly, and went roving about the world through Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, the Netherlands, for no particular purpose visible then, but merely from what we may call a sort of Ulyssean instinct, to see the cities and to know the minds of men—

“Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδεν αστεα και νοον εγνω.”

* Speaking of this work when at Prague, in 1811, Stein said, “Since BURKE, nothing of such genuine political eloquence has appeared, nothing of such urgent truth.”

Coming back to Griefswald, and being now about twenty years of age, he had the good fortune to fall in love with the daughter of one of the professors there; this connexion soon helped him to an actual professorship; and in this capacity he remained ten years (from 1799 to 1809), partly resident there and lecturing on history, partly in Sweden and Stockholm. He made two visits to Sweden; one in 1803-4, merely out of curiosity to know the country, another more important one in 1806, a fugitive from the unfortunate catastrophe of Jena: on which occasion he had not been in Stockholm two weeks before he was employed by the government to assist in a revision of the Pomeranian laws that was then going forward. Thus employed, and mingling also a little in the unhappy political business with Russia and England in 1808-9, he remained in Stockholm between three and four years at the head quarters of political information, and seeing with his own eyes the most remarkable of the members of the aristocratic confederacy to which the present king owed his remarkable elevation. He then, seeing affairs in Stockholm hopeless, returned to Germany; to Berlin, to Breslau, to Prague; and from thence, as we mentioned formerly,* to Petersburg: there to form that connexion with the Baron von Stein, which renders his reminiscences such a valuable contribution to the history of the year of liberation in Germany. His future career as a professor in the Prussian university of Bonn is more generally known, and has already been briefly commented on in our brief notice of the 'Reminiscences.'

The 'Sketches of Swedish History,' as the biographical notice we have just given indicates, boasts the entire value of an original authority, only for the short period of five years—1803, 1806-7-8, and 9. But the writer's early connexion with Sweden, and his natural genius for history, stamp a peculiar value on whatever he says relative to that most interesting country; and in particular his account of the remarkable reign of Gustavus III., and the brilliant character of that monarch, being derived from personal intercourse with some of the most distinguished characters of that age, possesses a worth scarcely inferior to the testimony of the best, far superior to that of a common eye-witness. He has preserved not a little in the shape of anecdote and tradition, from the year 1780 downwards, that might otherwise perhaps have been altogether lost. Not less grateful are we to him for the short but vigorous sketch of the great sovereigns of Sweden from Gustavus Wasa downwards, with which he introduces the reigns of the two last of the race. And we have been equally pleased and in-

* In our 61st Number.

structed with some prefatory remarks on the character of the Swedish people, and the peculiarities of their political constitution, conceived in a large and catholic spirit of historical philosophy, but marked also by that vigorous, decided, and unsparing tone of moral censure (when required) which characterizes the author no less than his ready and glowing sympathy with every thing in history that is truly great. Eager as we are to present our readers with some of the masterly political portraits with which this book abounds, we cannot refrain from giving some slight notion here of Arndt's views of the social and political state of Sweden, different as that is radically in so many respects from what we are familiar with on this side the German ocean. In the following extract we see the grand radical weakness of Sweden clearly laid bare.

“What Sweden wants is a population, a people. There should be seven millions at least cultivating that ground which now scarcely supports three. The country is not sufficiently subdued. It is in the state of a colony ; half-peopled, and, in many respects, only half-civilized. Public life in Sweden is too scattered to be strong. It wants mass, it wants weight, it wants the frequent action of body on body, hostile collision of part with part, working out friendly equipoise. Is Sweden a *nation*? In one sense it is ; but in the proper and perfect sense it is not. The materials are not there of which a nation in the highest sense is composed. The different classes of which society is made up are not there sufficiently developed, do not rub sufficiently against one another, have not found their proper position, their natural level. The Swedes may possess a political constitution more favourable to freedom than that of Germany, or even of Hungary and France, but they are not therefore a *nation* in the same sense that the Germans, the Hungarians, and the French are ; and this for the plain reason that we have just stated—the spiritual and physical powers of the masses in their restless reciprocity of action and counter-action are wanting. That which the English call PUBLIC SPIRIT is wanting ; and must be wanting for some time too, I fear. But why this? you will say. Why this? Simply because there are too few of you. What? you will say again, do mere numbers make a state? Was the historical importance of Sparta, of Athens, of Syracuse, of Florence, of Venice, of Genoa, rated by mere arithmetic? Listen to me, and I will explain my meaning. I do not say absolutely you are too few to make a nation, but relatively—relatively to the land over which you are spread. If you could collect the *disjecta membra* of what might be a nation from the North Cape to Ystadt, and concentrate them in the six provinces north, south, and west of Stockholm as a nucleus, then—Oh then!—but this is just the thing that cannot be done ; and so you must even be content to wait. As soon as you have a people with an active communication and interchange of living social influences constantly at work, so soon you will have a public spirit and become in the ripe and full sense of

the word a nation. Till then you cannot count yourself safe, and must be constantly on your guard against the old personal and private spirit of aristocratic cliques and cabals, which has been your bane hitherto. Instead of a steady breeze and fair sailing you will have ever and anon, as you have hitherto had, gusts and hurricanes. Nations are not made in a year, any more than constitutions can be cut out on a piece of parchment. You must be content to grow. Happy if you have a wise gardener who knows where to cut and prune, and where to uproot also, here and there, when necessary !”

We have given in some parts of this quotation more the substance than the exact words of our author, from a desire to spare space. We may be found to do the same again, as our author’s style, however vigorous and racy, possesses very little of that terseness and condensation which is the prime requisite of the classical in writing. Popularity rather than classicality is his element. He who addresses masses of men must never blush to say the same thing twice over.

Our next extract refers to a matter no less peculiarly Swedish—the relation between the aristocracy and the yeomanry. To establish this relation on a natural and just footing has been the great problem of modern society. Poland, in attempting, or rather in neglecting to solve it, became the prey of foreign despotism; Prussia, in the hour of urgent need, cut, rather than untied the knot, and did with the once famous all-engrossing nobility what Tarquin did with the poppies—lopped off their heads by an Agrarian law. Sweden has this problem yet to solve. Her aristocracy have as many sins to answer for, and more perhaps than the Prussian. Let them keep their eyes and their *hearts* open (this last is a main matter) and act wisely. If on calm reflection they should find that they require pruning, let them not be slow or sparing with the knife. He cuts most safely who pares his own nails. But let us hear Arndt.

“The Swedes have been accused of vanity. I do not think they are a vain people naturally; but a bad constitution and a perverse education, and other unfavourable circumstances, have given them a strong tincture of this, as of some other foreign follies. Northern countries are not capable of so much show and glitter as the south; of so much external beauty and luxuriousness of existence: and with these limits, which Nature has put to their capacities, they ought to be content. But no!—they must ape foreign fineries—they must polish and furbish themselves into something that Nature never meant: and so they become altogether artificial, and deck themselves out with many vanities. This corruption of a people, by the excessive imitation of what is foreign, generally commences with the aristocracy, and through them it is apt to spread through the people. Such a denationalizing

system has long been at work in Sweden, is so to a great extent still, and is the bane of public life there, however comely constitutional forms may be, or may be made. By a constitution in which the different classes of society are represented in a manner altogether disproportionate to their natural relations; by a perverse Frenchified education of the higher classes destined to lead, to judge, and to advance the people; all that vanity has become rank, which developes itself so readily in the eager imitation of what is foreign: and more than in any other country is it observable in Sweden, that as soon as a man gets above the position of a plain yeoman, so soon is he carried away by the insatiable Tantallic striving after an aristocracy of mere show and glitter. Yes! had the pith of the people here not been so substantially good, had their laws and customs, the remains of the old rude times, not been so essentially manful, we might long ago have seen in Sweden what we see in Poland and in Russia. For let civilization and refinement (so called) advance at what rate it will, this land was intended by nature to be inhabited by a race of free and happy peasants. Let me not be misunderstood; I also wish an aristocracy; I do not wish to have a country of mere peasants; but I wish decidedly, and before every thing else, that in this rude northern climate, every man should be in earnest and work, that every man in this country, even the literary man, and the lord, should have something of the character and spirit of the native yeoman in his composition. I do not wish mere peasants, but I wish every thing for peasants: a free manly education, a taste cultivated for the practical and substantial rather than for the showy, a will marching directly up to its deed, no exotic play with those arts and and refinements of life which belong in their vigour only to more southern climates. I wish *democracy*: not democracy in constitutional forms merely or mainly, but in that earnestness and severity of manners, in that determined girding of the soul to the combat with an external nature not given in that latitude overmuch to sport. For Sweden is a land like Scotland, Norway, Tyrol, and Switzerland, where man becomes utterly ruined if he may not energetically speak out the defiance and the pride of his heart in word and deed, and if he is taught to look for salvation in refinement rather than in valiantness, in play rather than in work."

There is a profound ethnographic philosophy, a high moral tone, and, with reference to present social relations and constitutional questions, a great practical truth and significancy in these remarks, which we much fear many fine gentlemen with sounding titles in the demoralized capital of Sweden may not have sense enough to understand. An undue proponderance of the aristocratic element over the yeomanry, who are the pith and marrow morally as as well as physically of Sweden, together with not a little admixture of the pragmatistical Prussian system of over-governing, is the great defect of the Swedish constitution and administration. Ernest Maurice Arndt, though a man of the people like Martin

Luther, in every pulse of his heart and in every vein of his body, is no vulgar theorizer and constitution maker. He saw through the French folly from the beginning as clearly as Burke did. He is a practical man, and speaks of aristocracy and democracy with a direct eye as well to the growth of centuries as to the necessities of the moment. To the Swedish aristocracy, looking at their past history and at their present condition, he says,—The pillars which God and nature meant for the support of your social edifice, are and must be of the Doric order. Your capital, that is to say your aristocracy, must be of the Doric order also, or had better not be at all. But lo ! you have overladen the shaft with a Corinthian topping both disproportionate in bulk, and idly pranked out of all keeping, with tier upon tier of foolish French flosculosities. This is not an age for aristocratic trifling. Aristocracy is good so long as the members which compose it are true to their designation : so long as they are substantially the BEST of a people. But if they are *not* so, De Tocqueville tells us—and it is but too evident—that democracy, or the monarchy of the middle classes, for good or for evil, is on the march, and will not back : therefore BEWARE ! In God's name have your eyes open, and do not play the French or the Prussian fool over again, when your complex quadriform parliament comes together in 1845. Wisdom, which was not necessary to concoct a peace of Westphalia in 1648, will be necessary then.

But we revert to our author. After filling seventy most agreeable pages of introduction with miscellaneous remarks on the character of the Swedes, and the anomalies of their political constitution, M. Arndt proceeds to the proper historical part of his work. He first casts a glance on the three past centuries, and with a few vigorous lines gives the reader decided and distinctive portraits of Gustavus Wasa and his passionate son, the romantic wooer of our virgin Queen ; Charles IX. “ the stern and iron man ; ” Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic champion of Protestantism ; the intellectual and eccentric Christina ; the valiant and fortunate Charles Gustavus ; Charles XI., energetic, steadfast, and firm ; Charles XII., the Northern Achilles. So far a warm sympathizer with royalty, and real kings, who acted *by* themselves and *for* the people, proceeds with pleasure. Such a royalist Arndt is, decidedly and thoroughly, in his views of Swedish history. Perhaps he has a bias this way,* of which the critical reader will of course beware ; but it is in viewing Swedish history certainly a much more safe bias than that opposite constitutional bias (if we may so call it), which we English are apt to carry along with us in judging of the internal political

* In his *Reminiscences* (p. 82), he says—“ *Ich glaube Ich bin von jeher ein übertriebener Royalist gewesen.* ”

relations of the continental states. Let us never forget Poland. In certain necessary stages of social development a strong monarchy is the only bulwark of national independence against aggression from without, the only protection of the impoverished masses against oppression from within. These are trite truths, but not the less necessary to be continually repeated as a check against our strong British prejudice, that popular constitutional forms are the *only* safeguard of popular liberties. An absolute sovereign, reigning energetically as the great princes of the house of Wasa did, is the natural protector of the people properly so called; their only efficient protector when they are not yet strong enough to protect themselves. He who doubts this truth may study the history of Sweden from the death of Charles XII., in 1719, to the revolution of 1772; and he may possibly find something there to enlighten him. That was the era of aristocratic omnipotence and royal impotence in Sweden; the era also of internal division and cabal, of external failure and decline. But this epoch our stalwart royalist-democrat passes with regardless step and indignant kick. In the famous contentions of the Hats and Caps, during the heat of which Russia (at the peace of Abo in 1743) planted her first foot—how ominously!—in Finland, he finds nothing great either in the internal or external history of Sweden to detain a single glance; but with the apparition of Gustavus III., and the resumption of the old kingly authority by the bold stroke of 1772, he resumes his inspiration.

His account of this reign (occupying as it does only fifty pages) is written in a grand spirit of sympathy, and with a fine perception both of the morally great and dramatically effective in history. We have no space here to enter into any detailed analysis of the brilliant character of Gustavus; we do not think it is possible to clear this monarch, as Arndt attempts to do, from the charge of duplicity generally brought against him, arising out of the circumstances connected with his elevation to the throne; but bating this point, we think Arndt has succeeded in sketching a portrait of this king-cavalier at once far more favourable and far more characteristically true, than what has often been presented to the European public. The same political position in fact tended to misrepresent this man's character that afterwards operated so powerfully in exaggerating the peculiarities of his son. He was at war with his nobility; and in a poor, remote, and thinly-peopled country like Sweden, the numerous and influential aristocracy were naturally enough looked upon by foreigners as identical with the people. Hence if they chose to baptize any rigorous monarch a despot and a tyrant, simply because he spurned to be their slave and to govern prin-

cipally for their aggrandizement, the designation was apt to pass current through the whole of Europe without question.* From the influence of such general prejudices and prepossessions Arndt by his position, no less than by his character, is the proper man to set the historical student free. Our space forbids us to insert here his masterly and detailed characteristic of Gustavus III.; but we shall make amends as far as we can, by giving at full length the portrait of one of his most famous favourites—the celebrated **ARMFELT**.

“Baron Gustavus Maurice Armfelt was a native Fin, born about the year 1760. The manly beauty of his person, and the sparkling riches of his mind, conspired to bring him early into notice with Gustavus III., whose friendship and confidence he for many years enjoyed. In the first Finnish war (1789) he distinguished himself by the most brilliant heroism and determined courage, and returned home covered with honour and wounds. With Gustavus his fortunes fell; his schemes against the regency of 1792-6 could scarcely be said to be born before they were strangled, and Armfelt was forced to fight his way alone for several years through dangers and difficulties from every side. Gustavus Adolphus treated him as he did all the friends and companions of his father who had been in disgrace during the regency—he recalled him to his country and to court favour. But between two such men as Armfelt and Gustavus Adolphus, nature had planted a gulf that suffered no intimate connexion to grow up between them. For hot and cold, stiff formality and wild freedom, large-hearted openness and a narrow self-containment, are natural enemies. This innate repulsion between his own character and the king’s, Armfelt often felt severely; nevertheless, he always remained true to the son of his early friend; no man to the last hour served Gustavus more faithfully than he. Armfelt is a man who bore on his brow the stamp that nature meant him for something great. Had his rare qualities been mingled with a little less levity, had a sphere of noble and enterprising activity been opened up to him after the first irregular fervour of youth was over, unquestionably he would have asserted his place among the very first names of European celebrity. His body displayed, from the head to the knee, a wonderful combination of beauty and strength; only in the lower part of the leg, about the ankles and the feet, something uncertain and unsteady appeared; an outward index perhaps of the weak part of his internal character. His head, clustered round like Apollo’s with rich floating golden ringlets, was one of the most beautiful you might

* This remark applies, with particular force, to Charles XI., who, in his bold resumption of the crown lands, applied the surgical knife to the Swedish in as merciless a way as Stein did to the Prussian nobility after the battle of Jena. His memory accordingly was long retained in the families of the aristocracy as a synonym for tyrant; but in Arndt he finds an eloquent vindicator, as, indeed, he had long ago found an intelligent one among ourselves in Archdeacon Coxe. ‘Travels in Poland, Sweden,’ &c.; bk. 7, c. 2.

see; a forehead broad, and pregnant with ideas; blue eyes, spirit-speaking, and sparkling with intellect; a kingly nose; a full mouth, around which feeling, irony and voluptuousness sported in rivalry; a finely-rounded manly chin; combined to make this head almost an ideal. Armfelt is a genius, and unites all the virtues and the vices which are wont to mark the higher kinds of genius. Rich in thoughts, in wit, and in life, he overflows wildly, and wildly overleaps himself. He speaks and writes admirably; pens the most beautiful verses; sends forth, as often as he opens his mouth, unwearied lightnings of intellect and wit; understands the art of living with all sorts of men, and making himself agreeable to all; and—what is the highest quality of all—in whatever he does, great or small, good or bad, the man, the open-hearted kindly man, breaks freely out. This it is wherein his great captivating power lies; this it is that secures him his ascendancy over other men. For amid this northern frost, and near this arctic circle, to stand on high ground, intellectually and socially, as Armfelt did, and preserve at the same time the warm, free-pulsing MAN, demands a large heart. Armfelt is enterprising and quick to seize; eager to attain but not obstinate to retain; light-hearted, not without levity; at one moment both laborious and dexterous at his labour, at another careless and thoughtless; always more fruitful to project than patient to execute. On Cupid's many-twinkling million-coloured arena of flowers this man was a terrible conqueror, a northern Don Juan, a thousand times more fiery than the Spaniard, a Cæsar, the son of *Venus Genitrix*, who could write VENI, VIDI, VICI, as a blazon on his shield, and ride through the lists of Love unchallenged. His adventures with women of all nations are famous, as are also his collections of the most lovely children, who could boast mostly princesses for their mothers, and whom he all educated gallantly as his own. In such matters of course one mentions no names. But this man, whose faults lie so open before all men, and whom any dry pedant may blame, possesses also a truthfulness of nature and a strength that are capable of rising up into the noblest flames of a high enthusiasm. A man of feeling may almost weep when he reflects, how men of this character, fitted by nature manifestly for the most heroic career, and for the most humanizing deeds, often fulfil only half their destiny, and with all their fulminating and coruscating qualities, often serve the rude multitude—which judges always by the issue and the result—only for a laugh. Armfelt, if Gustavus III. had lived longer,—Armfelt, born an Englishman or a Frenchman, instead of a Fin,—would have stood before the eyes of Europe as a star of a very different magnitude. He is one of those men whom it is impossible to see, and not to follow. In a free state, under a high-hearted king, in the van of a revolutionized people, he would have been a glorious citizen and a famous captain. But Armfelt, surrounded by confined and mechanical heads, pulling at one rope with lukewarm and narrow-chested men, will often appear a worse man than the worst: he will run at one time too quick, at another time too slow, now too hot, and now too cold. For never yet was genius gifted with the instinct of mediocrity, with the happy delusion to

mistake a half for the whole, and patchwork for the woven web. For this reason also genius always commits absurdities and extravagances, wherever it is not allowed freely to work its own schemes and to shape its own course.”*

Of such powerful portrait-painting Herr Arndt's book is full, and in this respect the most uncritical reader cannot but see how superior it is to much that passes current with the respectable name of history, both in this country and more especially in Germany, where a jealous state-supervisorship of the press puts a gag upon all bold personal utterances with regard to public men, and forces the pen of the modern historian to deal in measures only which are mere results, and not in men in whom the causes and the philosophy and the living colours of measures lie. We should like to see the man who at Bonn, or anywhere else in Germany, would dare to write such free personal sketches of the men of Berlin or Vienna, as Arndt has here done of the men of Stockholm.

The fourth chapter of the work gives a hasty sketch of the regency of the Duke of Sudermania, which occupied the interval between the assassination of Gustavus III. in 1792, and the ascension of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, in 1796. The duke, as well in his then appearance on the stage of public life, as in the part he afterwards played under the title of Charles XIII., after the deposition of his nephew, Arndt describes as a good easy man, capable of doing little harm on the throne, and less good. That he was ambitious, or had any thing to do, as is so often asserted, either with the assassination of his brother, or the deposition of his nephew, Arndt considers as destitute of proof, and inconsistent with the easy and indifferent character of the man. But, without discussing secondary matters of this kind, we hasten on to that which is the main matter in Arndt's book, and for which it is indebted to its character as an important original contribution to European history: the reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus. And in noticing shortly the bearing of our author's testimony on what we already know, we shall, omitting matters of internal government, and the unimportant operations in Germany in 1805 and 1807, confine ourselves to the two grand points of most general interest, and greatest European significance. The first of these points is the strange abnormal character of the king; the second, the apparently (though not really) equally strange and peculiar character of the revolution (so called) of 1809.

With regard to the very singular character of the king, three

* This is taken mainly from the characteristic of Armfelt, p. 268-271. But compare also the sketch of his character at p. 171.

shades of erroneous opinion seems principally deserving of notice. The first is that maintained by the chief actors in his deposition, the accusers at once and the judges of the royal culprit: viz., that he was a compound of incapacity, impracticability, pedantry, obstinacy, folly, ambition, insolence, tyranny, Quixotism and cowardice, such as never was seen upon a reasonable throne, and such as no free people was called upon to tolerate in any public capacity, much less in the situation of absolute master and lord. This is the view set forth in the well-known book—well-known, at least in our circulating libraries some thirty years ago—the manifesto of the revolutionary or French party in 1809, whose title is given below.* The Edinburgh whigs trumpeted this book valiantly as soon as it was published; and as the sources of information on this subject open to the British public were very scant, we are inclined to think it may have had considerable influence in forming the political opinion of this country, so far as there was any, with regard both to the merits of the revolution, and the demerits of the deposed king. It was not to be expected however that the anti-Gallican spirit, which was the ruling one in this country, would quietly allow the most chivalrous and consistent champion of legitimacy on the continent, to be publicly stigmatized as a heartless despot and an impracticable fool. There were, indeed, not a few strange traits of character, startling facts, and what in parliamentary phrase we call ‘scenes,’ publicly reported of this royal Swede, the truth of which our own captains and diplomatic men were the first to testify: but on the other hand there were public proclamations, letters to George III. and other productions of the royal pen, equally patent to Europe, which breathed a spirit of high principle, worthy of a king, and carried with them a certain air of grandeur and decision that seemed to maintain the old character of the Wasa family worthily. Those writers therefore in this country, who wished to set forth the character of the knight errant royal of the Bourbons in the most favourable light, were strongly tempted to usher him upon the stage as a most magnanimous and high-minded, just and generous monarch: a little obstinate, perhaps, and headstrong in his temper, but whose main misfortune was that he was ill-supported by his neighbours, and that before he could bring his chivalrous drama to a conclusion, he became subject to fits, or even a permanent malady, not merely of monomania, but literally, and in the medical sense of the word, *madness*.

* An Historical Sketch of the last Years of the Reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, late King of Sweden, including a Narrative of the Causes, Progress, and Termination of the late Revolution; translated from the Swedish. London. 1812.

This is the view taken by Mr. Crichton* and by Mr. Alison.† These two views are natural enough as coming from two opposite parties, whose views they were separately calculated to support ; but now at the eleventh hour Mr. Laing‡ has come forth, a sturdy Scotch radical, as the decided champion and vindicator of the calumniated memory of the great champion of the Bourbons. This gentleman indeed allows that his royal client was “obdurate, foolish, narrow-minded, arbitrary, perhaps crazy as we say in private life; but there was reason in his madness. It was folly in so weak a potentate to think of coping with Napoleon; but so it was in Gustavus Wasa (in 1520) to think of coping with the King of Denmark. He was, moreover, sincere, consistent, steady, and, in the midst of a dissolute court, the only man of pure moral character and sincere religious impressions.” For this and for other reasons Mr. Laing thinks that Gustavus Adolphus has not been fairly dealt with by his contemporaries. Mr. Laing in short gives the opinions not of the Scottish whigs or the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of 1812, but of the Swedish liberals of 1838. This view is the natural product of a reaction; the Swedes have now weighed the men of 1809 in the balance, and found them wanting. Instead of high-minded patriots, they are now found to have been only a factious conspiracy: ‘a faction who *sold* Finland to Russia, who *sold* his crown to his uncle Charles XIII., and the reversion of it to the present dynasty.’ Oh, poor humanity, wilt thou never learn to sit steady on that unsanctified steed of thine! This reaction also overshoots the mark, as a man of Mr. Laing’s calibre might have known; but it sounds so much more manful, and carries the reader away so sublimely, to deal in sweeping denunciations. We are like to get a much more thorough and impartial characteristic from M. Arndt than from any of these gentlemen. Here it is: something like the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as a man with half an eye may guess. We ought to have mentioned by the way before, that this as well as the other historical sketches we translate, were originally written in the years 1809-10, and have been kept so long *in retentis* from obvious motives of private feeling in the highest degree honourable to M. Arndt. Writers of books in these days are not generally so scrupulous.

“Gustavus Adolphus was a man of a slender straight figure, in every limb regularly moulded, somewhat above the middle stature, his head rather long, his forehead open and rising with an almost too steep ascent, his eyes blue, his hair light, his nose straight and noble, his mouth full and close shut, his chin round and manly, in short an Olden-

* ‘Scandinavia,’ vol. ii., c. 5.

† ‘History of Europe,’ vol. viii., c. 65.

‡ ‘Tour in Sweden,’ p. 216.

burg-Holstein family face, such as Charles XII. also had from his Oldenburg mother. One might say altogether his head and his whole figure had a cast of Charles XII., when we conceive this king in a state of rest; but the calm dignified earnestness, the dark-glowing eye, the grand energy and nobility that his contemporaries admired as something magical in this heroic person, are entirely wanting in his descendant. With his elegant agile body, Gustavus treads the ground more formally solemn than manfully energetic. In this peculiarity, and in some others, there was a great deal of the Spanish Bourbon in him. In his otherwise regular features, which had they been lighted up by the play of intellect, might even have been termed beautiful, and which in moments of gracious condescension could assume an extremely pleasing expression, there remained nevertheless, after he had passed the term of youth, a certain air of unreadiness, unripeness, almost boyishness: that defect which is often noticeable in the faces of old families fast waning to decay, that something of an inherited ghostly reminiscence of the past that lies like a painful burden on the present, the clog of all free action and the poisoner of all healthy enjoyment of existence.

“The king’s bearing was uniformly firm and Swedish, always coloured with a seriousness and solemnity, which seldom relaxed into a smile. Charles XII., tradition tells, was hardly ever seen to laugh, but the hero never grumbled, and was never fretful. Those who knew the king well knew also that this seriousness and solemnity was nothing affected or assumed—it was his nature. He had a sad want of warmth and docility; he was as stiff and stark as northern ice and iron; and whatever appeared obstinate, dogged, and crotchety, in his peculiar habits of thinking, of believing, or of acting, was merely the reiterated manifestation of this inherent stiffness and inflexibility of his nature.

“But with all this unbending stiffness of disposition, this man was far from being incapable of training and culture. He had on the contrary enjoyed an excellent education, and made good use of his opportunities: so much so that in his early years his talents excited considerable attention, and seemed to afford fair grounds of bright hopes for the future. He was not one of the race of ignorant kings; but had studied the history and the constitutional law of his country thoroughly, and was pretty well versed besides in the general and special history of Europe, so as to be able to quote example and precedent aptly when occasion required. He was a good and subtle thinker and speaker, and was always ready to enter into any discussion in conversation with intelligent strangers, from whom he might hope to derive useful information. Few kings are able to do this. He was also no mean master of the pen, expressing himself with ease and elegance in French and in his native Swedish alike. Many of his state-papers were written by himself—the body and substance of them at least, so that his minister had only to tag a head or a tail to them for the sake of form. He had moreover generally a very just judgment of the foreign relations of his times, and the mutual dependencies of the European states. I have seen

letters from him to the king of England, at the time of the Spanish rising in 1808—letters fresh from his own heart and hand—in which he pointed out clearly to his allies the character of the Spanish people, the peculiar shape that warfare in that country must assume, and predicted confidently that, by persevering efforts of English soldiership, there most surely Napoleon could be undermined. Strange! in speculation so subtle, so agile, and so exact, this same man was in action all gnarledness and perversity! Who shall measure the contradictions of human nature?

“King Gustavus Adolphus sat quietly amid the surging flood of the nineteenth century, which with its impetuous current swept away icebergs and iron-stone rocks, like so much straw and dust: there on his throne sat he, while all was changing around him, immoveable. With a high feeling of kingly power and dignity, with a deep sense of his vocation to rule and to be the champion of right and honour among his people, there he sat in his own mind like a mountain, sublime, steady, as if he was a second Thor, or even a Christian God the Father, and calmly allowed the rush of waters to swell and roar around him, opposing still stoutly to all opposition his good conscience and his faith in the divine justice, and his pious maxim *ärligt varar längst*—HONESTY LASTS LONGEST.

“All this would have been very beautiful and noble in a man who was *really* a king, and one capable of kingly deeds; but Gustavus’s measure of things was a very ordinary one, and he over measured himself with his fine sentiments fairly. Was he presumptuous then? Not exactly: but in applying his maxim, he did not discern the difference between the divine government of things, and mere human management,—between what a king might do, and what a private man should do. Moreover he carried about with him constantly a consciousness of something dark and gloomy; but this element, which in others so often takes the shape of a floating cloudiness, was in him, like everything else, stark and obstinate. He was accordingly in religion a sort of dry mystic (*eine art trockener Fantast*); he was apt to mistake a thing, merely strange and grotesque, for a wonder and a miracle: for this reason he took it into his head to interpret the revelation, by help of Jung Stilling; he must needs see ghosts by daylight, and insisted on recognizing the great signature of God in the ephemeral trace of the moment; he understood not the divine measurement of time, which is not time but eternity, and in which centuries are seconds. Therefore also he stood waiting in an attitude of dogged faith and hope, while the moment was slipping through his fingers that God had given him to do something; and stood, at the end of the drama, in gaping astonishment that God should have allowed the wild billowy energies of the age to sweep away the royal throne from beneath the feet of faithful and conscientious majesty. No doubt his constant feeling of the sacredness of principles, and the inviolability of obligations, was honourable, and worthy of a king; but as little as he understood the comprehensive calculations of the divine government, so little did he understand the true position of

a king on a throne. Kings are gods ; and they have the same problem to perform as gods. It is impossible for a king to apply the same inflexible rules that are sufficient for the narrow sphere of private life, to that wide-working world of the most conflicting elements which it is his peculiar vocation to comprehend, to lead, and to control. A master of a family may do nothing but lead, and do well ; but a king must understand the difficult art, while he leads upon the whole and controls the final result, to allow himself to be led in many details and to yield minor points. Of all this Gustavus Adolphus was the very reverse. He trusted in God that he would help him to stem the flooding deluge of the age with his hand, and to catch its waters in a bucket.

“ As this prince was high minded and honourable in his public character, so in his private relations he was excellent : severe and sober in manners, a faithful husband, a tender father, an exemplary master of a family. He was a *vir uxorius* ; one to whom female society was more necessary than to most men ; insomuch that his courtiers and attendants were wont to say, that though at no time distinguished by an engaging and pleasing manner, he was thrice as morose and humorsome when he had been long absent from his wife. Both as a prince and as a king he did not want fair temptations ; Stockholm is not a place to want such ; but against all seductions of this kind he remained cased in victorious mail : like his great ancestor, and favourite pattern, Charles XII., he lived a CHASTE man.”

Let not the student of European history imagine that the minute and philosophical analysis of the character of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, is a matter of secondary importance to him. As a mere matter of biographical curiosity indeed, as a study if nothing better for a new historical novel by Mr. James, it has its worth. But as the only true key to a series of events, with which the main history of the revolutionary war has more than an episodic connexion, it is invaluable. What then are the results ? The king of Sweden was every thing good that his eulogists have made of him, coupled however with an innate want of sense which turned the sublime of his chivalry always into the ridiculous : he was every thing bad that his enemies have made of him, except that he was not a tyrant, that he was not a coward,* and that he was

* This charge, several times repeated in the ‘ Historical Sketch,’ is expressly denied by Arndt, on personal knowledge, p. 374. We give the passage : “ When on the Finnish coast, in 1808, the king, one evening, with an inconceivable indifference to danger, caused himself to be landed on a small promontory of land, and walked about on the strand and in the woods two full hours with his companions. It was a lovely autumn evening—one of those evenings that work so magically on the human heart, as if there lay in them a real vernal power belonging to some calmer and more subdued world. The waves plashed gently on the sand, the air was still, the moon shone with clear and friendly light through the trees. The king was uncommonly cheerful, and spoke only of the lovely weather, of the stars, and of the beauty of nature, for which he had always possessed a deep feeling. But the silence of the gentle evening was deceitful ; the

not mad. He was only impracticable, obstinate, passionate on occasions: one that taking him all in all might have played a most reputable part in private life and in common times, but in these days and on a throne, with all his noble sentiments and magnanimous declarations, he proved practically what we call a fool. Let us now see what his folly led to. What sort of thing was the famous revolution of 1809, and what was the cause of it? We shall introduce this subject by a quotation from Mr. Alison.

“We abjure by this present act all the fidelity and obedience which we owe to our king Gustavus IV. Adolphus, hitherto king of Sweden, and we declare both him and his heirs born or to be born, now and for ever dethroned from the throne and government of Sweden.”

So Mr. Alison quotes the words of the abjuration of allegiance made by the Swedish states at the Diet of May 1, 1809. He then proceeds to comment.

“This is the most open and undisguised dethronement of a monarch by the states of a kingdom which is perhaps recorded in history; and it is not a little remarkable that it not only was accomplished without the death of the reigning monarch, but without the spilling of a single drop of blood on the part of his subjects. The Swedish historians may well take pride in the dignity, unanimity, and humanity of this great national movement, which offers so marked and pleasing a contrast to

Russians lay encamped hard by—no man knew exactly where. The royal party was alone, without weapons or protection of any kind. A few Jägers in the copse, or one or two straggling Cossacks, might have shot, or made prisoners, the whole party. Happily, however, they escaped without harm; and the king sailed the next day to Aland. There is a peculiarity here to be noted in the character of the king—as, indeed, he was full of peculiarities. His enemies have accused him of cowardice. Nothing can be more unjust. When in the autumn of 1804, he was making preparations for the abortive sea-voyage between Stralsund and Ystadt, every one was astonished at the coolness with which he looked each danger in the face; at the patience with which he encountered every obstacle. No one seemed more resolute and more hardy than the king. This summer also (1808), he sailed several times between the Swedish and the Russian gun-boats with as much coolness and indifference as if the cannon-balls, which were sending splinters of planks round about him, had been peas. The same spirit was displayed in the evening walk just mentioned. What did the king mean by this strange conduct? And why, when he knew so little what fear meant, did he not at once place himself at the head of his army, as his great ancestor of the same name had done before him? He meant nothing: the exposing of himself to danger on these occasions was, with him, a matter neither of boasting nor of folly; he only did not know how to use his courage: and there were not wanting also men about him whose interest it seemed to be that he should never come to a true understanding of his own position, and his own vocation. Men who work so upon kings are never wanting.” Let this one example among many show how difficult it is to deal with a thing so anomalous as this king's character. A little reflection, indeed, will soon reveal the intimate connexion that existed, in the original constitution of the man, between all his peculiarities. But how few are there that, before they judge of character, calmly and conscientiously reflect? One thing is plain—whatever virtues or talents Gustavus had, he did not understand when or how to apply them; and this, practically, was often worse in its results than if he had been an absolute natural.

the dreadful convulsions which alike in England and France followed the dethronement of the reigning monarch, and the hideous royal murders by which they were both consummated. See *Bignon*, viii. 164. *Montgaillard*, vi. 397, 398.*

Now this is one of the most shallow pieces of magniloquent commonplace that an historian of Europe ever penned. Be it Alison, or be it Bignon, or Montgaillard, the only excuse for them is, that looking upon Sweden altogether as a secondary matter in the history of the French revolutionary wars, they did not think it worth their while to be over curious in their investigations. And yet a chapter containing an account of an eventful change of dynasty in one of the most famous states of Europe, and also of a war which ended by the cession of Finland substantially in making Russia queen of the Baltic Sea, ought to have been seriously pondered by a historian of Mr. Alison's pretence before it was penned. The error which the learned writer has here made is a very simple but a very serious one. The deposition of the king of Sweden was not a *national* movement in any sense, much less a *great* national movement. What was it then? It was the mere bold stroke of a party:—" *der Gewaltstreich einer Parthei*," says Arndt: a mere aristocratic "nothing out of which no great something was likely to proceed." How and why was it this? Do we depend merely upon M. Arndt's authority or Mr. Laing's? Let him who doubts it in the first place take any most concise view of Swedish history that he can lay his hands on, and considering the course of public affairs and the state of public parties, say how it *could* be otherwise? To talk of a great national movement in Sweden in the same sense that the phrase might be applied to the religious revolution of England, or the political revolution of France, is merely to talk: for as M. Arndt puts it in the passage which we first quoted, where was the *people*, where was the *nation*? There is no history in modern Europe so full of depositions, resignations, and revolutions, as the Swedish, and many of these, as if by frequent practice they had become expert, the parties seem to have managed in a most peaceful and proper style comparatively. But were these changes of dynasty and revolutions the less an evil for their being so frequent? and because they were often bloodless, a matter therefore on which Professor Geijer and other Swedish historians have reason to look back with peculiar satisfaction? Shallow!—They were so frequent because there was an utter want of stability, mass, and gravitating power in the nation: because, in the perfect sense of the word, it was not yet a nation at all: and they

* Alison's 'History of Europe,' vol. viii., c. 65.

were so bloodless, because they were not a public struggle between the government and the people, but a mere matter of political sword-play between the king and the aristocracy. Gustavus III. in 1772, from the side of the throne, effected a bloodless revolution as nimbly, and as much to the admiration of Europe, as Adlerkreutz in 1809 on the part of the aristocracy. There was also another "revolution," though not so great a one, effected by the same monarch in 1789, on that notable occasion commonly called the league of Anjala, when the Swedish nobility (since 1772 nursing celestial wrath in their bosoms) took occasion to lay down their arms in the very critical moment of the Finnish war, and coolly refused to fight? These revolutions, indeed, were things quite understood in Sweden, and practised as a regular game by either party, so often as opportunity was or seemed to be favourable. All that was required was strength, decision, and a little violence on the one side, with weakness, wavering, and confusion on the other; and then the "revolution," or, more properly speaking, the conspiracy, was sure to succeed. Blood was merely an accident; not at all necessary. One bold stroke with or without blood, as the case might be, did the business. The king or the nobility came off victorious and held the reins tightly a little longer than an English ministry, and then were driven out in their turn by a new revolution. Meanwhile the people, that is to say, not the people of Sweden (for the far-scattered colonies of peasants that stood for that designation could not see what was going on), but the population of Stockholm—stood passively by and applauded as a mob will when they see a gallant fight. They were indeed interested in the matter always more or less; but they had no means of making their interest be felt; and the main feeling with them generally was (as it often is with English electors), that a change might probably do them some good, at least could not possibly do them much harm. They therefore cried Hurrah! to the victorious party; took their dinner in the afternoon, and went to the theatre in the evening of "a revolution;" quietly, as if nothing had taken place.

So much for the character of Swedish revolutions generally. As to the political merits of this particular one, allowing it to have been, not in any sense a national, but altogether an aristocratic movement, was it a good and praiseworthy movement on the whole, or was it a bad and shameful one? Are we, with Mr. Alison, to say that "the Swedish malecontents acted the part of good patriots" in deposing their king; or shall we take up Mr. Laing's note, and talk of the "faction who sold Finland to Russia, who sold his crown to his uncle Charles XIII., and the reversion

of it to the present dynasty. Money or safety for themselves might be the price; still it was a foul transaction. Sweden lost Finland and Pomerania during Gustavus's reign: but was the loss from misgovernment on the part of the king, or from the most unblushing perfidy of Swedish nobles, who sold the fortresses and frontiers intrusted to them, without even the pretext of principle, for money? Was it possible to govern well with servants so corrupt? Was not the loss of these provinces similar to the loss, without any treachery in his servants, of the United States of North America, by our George III.? Did ever man dream that George III. and his dynasty ought to be deposed for the loss of America?"—Strange!—here again the English Conservative identifies himself with the revolutionary party in Sweden, applauding them as "good patriots;" while the Scotch Radical becomes a sort of Swedish Jacobite and Royalist, to plead valiantly for the ancient Wasa dynasty on the throne! The causes of this change of sides, so to speak, and reverted position of literary parties, are to be found in the doings of Bernadotte, after his dynasty was identified with the revolutionary party in Sweden; in the ratification of these doings by the congress of Vienna; and in the state of parties in Sweden when Mr. Laing wrote his book. As to the real merits of the question, the causes of the deposition of Gustavus were something more powerful than mere faction, and less pure than good patriotism. Arndt (p. 252) states three: the impracticable character of the king; the worthlessness and incapacity of his ministers; the entire want of sympathy between him and his people. These are the true causes: not one of them only, but all the three: and by the first one alone, so far as the king himself and not his race was concerned, those who study the history of the times carefully, will admit that the deposition was fully justified. On the one hand, however, Mr. Alison shows a want of historical perception when he talks only generally of "good patriots" in a country so long subject to aristocratic clique and cabal as Sweden: while, on the other hand, Mr. Laing fulminates wholesale anathemas like a mere partisan, and from his hatred to the men who govern Sweden now, does not hesitate to identify the whole body to which they belong with the base deed of Cronstadt, in surrendering Sweaborg, "the Gibraltar of the north," and with it South Finland, to the Russians in 1808.

It is a pity that substantial men like Mr. Laing, trusting perhaps to the ignorance of the British reader in points of continental history (for unfortunately history is not taught in our universities), should pollute their valuable pages with wholesale calumnies of this kind. How unprincipled and how malicious to talk of the Swedish aristocracy having *sold* Finland to the Russians, because

one man was found among them who did a base thing! How little they had to do with the loss of Finland, the name of Adlerkreutz alone can testify. Finland was lost because Alexander of Russia was ambitious of territory, and could not resist a tempting opportunity to aggrandize himself at the expense of an ancient rival; because Gustavus IV. Adolphus was all his lifetime more ambitious of provoking a new than careful to suspect an old enemy, and generally also was deficient in military and political talent; because his ministers were scarcely more capable than himself, and wanted his principle; and, lastly, because the people in Stockholm generally, and the aristocracy in particular, were, from the beginning, opposed to a war that arose originally out of a Quixotic hostility to Napoleon, and were moreover French in their sympathies and neutral in their political principles. With regard to the German war of 1805-7 there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Swedish people were in the right. The French showed no wish to quarrel with them; and they ought, at least, to have remained neutral. The king who had not sense to sacrifice his own private feelings to this plain national interest, did not know the first duty of a ruler. With regard to Finland again, if the Swedish people in Stockholm did not support the sovereign, when once involved in a Russian war, "with mournful resolution," as Alison says; but if (as Arndt plainly proves) they despaired from the very beginning, and did every thing that they could by their vain French talk to dispirit the soldiery, and weaken the hands of the government; then let them share the blame of the loss of Finland justly with the impracticability of the monarch and the incapacity of his ministers. That Finland might have been saved, for that chance at least, had its brave native soldiers been duly supported, the general character of the people, as well as their admirable conduct on that occasion, renders undoubted. If Mr. Alison will reconsider the matter, he will find that he is quite wrong in the assertion he makes that the contest was hopeless from the beginning.

We have already said that by the obstinate and impracticable character of the king alone, we think the revolution was fully justified. From whatever cause, in the spring of 1809, things had actually been brought to such a pass—that with Barclay de Tolly and his Russian legions almost at their gates without, universal weakness, confusion and mistrust, prevailed within the walls of Stockholm. While the naked and starved militiamen were dying by thousands in the streets, the king shut himself up morosely in his palace, giving minute orders about the button-holes of their collars, "shutting his eyes that he might not see the storm," and to all questions answered only—WAR. But war was,

under such a captain, in the circumstances of the case, ruin. The king, however, as he always did, remained immoveable. Having during his short reign of ten years shown a singular capacity to provoke new enemies, to insult his allies, to talk the greatest things and to do the smallest—having lost one of the fairest provinces of his kingdom, and being in the fair way to lose another—being moreover since the constitutional changes of 1789 almost absolute, and not so manageable on a throne as an English George or William—his deposition seemed to offer, if not the only, at least the most obvious method of extricating affairs. To the aristocracy moreover he had just given mortal offence by dismissing them, in a moment of hasty and headstrong displeasure, from the honorable service of his body guard. They were eager to seize an occasion for resuming the power of which Gustavus III. had deprived them, and finding the humour of the people indifferent or rather inclined to favour their views, clubbed together in their old familiar ways, and arranged matters, not for an assassination this time, but for a plain deposition. A suitable occasion was easily found. A division of the western army was induced to leave the Norwegian frontier, and advance towards the city with sounding proclamations full of the misery of the times, and the dominant necessity of righting the wrong by a recurrence to the old principles of “Swedish liberty.” An alarm was raised; the king at first did not know what to do; and then, to show his incapacity for meeting such an occasion, proposed to leave the city. To this of course the nobility objected. They came together and besieged the antechamber of the monarch. They entered. Baron Adlerkreutz laid violent hands on majesty from before, and Baron Silversparre from behind. With this, and with a single word—Your majesty will be pleased to deliver up your sword—the bloodless revolution of March, 1809, was achieved.

The chief actor in this memorable scene, in this clever and politic “stroke of a party,” was Major-General Charles Adlerkreutz, who had just returned, crowned with laurels, from the Finnish war,*

* Mr. Alison, in his account of this war, talks of “the *brave* Klingspor.” A general historian, who may not have minutely mastered the personal details of every major and marshal that comes in his way, should avoid epithets of this kind, unless he is quite sure of their applicability. M. Arndt, who was in Stockholm at the time, and who knew the parties and the public opinion, says that this Klingspor, though nominally at the head of the Finnish army which did such marvels in driving back the Russians, in fact never had been any thing of a soldier, and “*always kept at a respectable distance from powder and shot.*” So notorious was this at Stockholm, that, when the deposition had been effected, and the names of the conspirators were publicly known, the city wits passed their ready joke upon the whole affair thus: “It could have been no very dangerous achievement, otherwise Klingspor would have had nothing to do with it.” P. 447.

and whose patriotism, in the right sense of the word, no one could suspect. Arndt says he had nothing to do with the plot or conspiracy itself ; he was merely chosen as the hand to put it into execution ; and a bold hand certainly was required to take a royal son of Wasa in his own den by the beard. A man was required who could look at steel ; the king was not a man to yield without a blow ; in fact he did draw his sword, and but for the intervention of Silversparre, might have used it to some purpose. The bold aggressor and king-deposer is thus drawn at full length by our brave Rubens.

“Adlerkreutz is nothing but a soldier ; but this he is thoroughly. For long intrigues and intricate conspiracies, he has no talent and no patience. Courage, carelessness, and cheerfulness, are painted in his every act and gesture. Unquestionably he has ambition—altogether without ambition no public man can be what he is—but Adlerkreutz feels the freedom and the dignity of the man too much, to suffer the mastery of that terrible passion which creeps now like the snake, smiles now like the fox, and now consumes like the Furies. He bears with him the air of a man that can take what the day brings and make the best of it ; but with all his light-heartedness, he preserves a collectedness,—with all his forgetfulness, a presence of mind,—that is ever ready to collect any scattered energy, and arm itself in instantaneous mail for the deed of danger. Adlerkreutz is the image of the most ready power of concentration. He is of a middle stature, and close set ; uniting strength of body with agility of movement. His broad and cheerful brow depicts the dauntless and the fortunate soldier ; his clear merry eye beams forth prudence and cunning. Round his sharply chiselled mouth and his manly chin there plays at times an expression of voluptuousness ; but he that understands to read the features of the human face, soon discerns that coolness and collectedness are the guides and goddesses of his life, who stand as his faithful guards and sentinels, even on those occasions when he allows himself to float carelessly with laughter-loving fools upon the bickering tide of the moment. Adlerkreutz may be out-manceuvred and deceived on occasion by paltry tricks which he neither knows nor needs, but he will nevertheless always do what he has willed to do : nay, the out-manceuvrers and the deceivers themselves he will force in the end to do his will, and not theirs.”

Those who admit the expediency of the Swedish Revolution generally, and consider the deposition of the reigning monarch as a thing that in the circumstances could not well be avoided, are apt to object to the sweeping style in which it was executed—to the wholesale abandonment and outcasting of an ancient famous and well-deserving race which it involved. It is hard to see why the conspirators might not have adopted the same course that their party had done in the case of the assassination of Gustavus III.;

appointed a regency, and waited for the majority of the son of the deposed monarch. This would have been both more gentle towards the monarch, who was unfortunate rather than culpable, and more "patriotic" towards the nation, whose sounder heart would beat in more loyal sympathy to a descendant of Gustavus Wasa, than to any foreign, Danish or French, prince adoptive. But the necessity of the moment urged; and besides the personal safety of the chief actors, a matter which they could not easily disregard, the nobility had an old hereditary enmity with all princes of the Wasa stock; and while the Muscovite czar was knocking at their door, salvation was looked for nowhere, by the foreign-fangled "French of the north," but in French alliance, and in the patronage of the Europe-feared "hero of all centuries:" for so Adlersparre, the leader of the western army, in his proclamation above mentioned, published to the stupid people the expected countenance of Napoleon. But the dynasty of Bernadotte is what the French politicians call "an accomplished fact;" and we shall act more wisely than Mr. Laing in letting it alone. The king himself is now eighty years of age, and cannot live in the common course of nature to do much more harm or good by the large exercise of his royal veto against the quinquennial army of bills by which he is besieged. The crown-prince has one plain duty: to reign heart and hand as a true Swede, as Gustavus Wasa did of yore, the brother of the brave Dalecarlian yeomen rather than the servant of the nobility in Stockholm. If he does this—and he may be assured there is no other way of making a new dynasty strong in any country, much less in Sweden—he has no cause to vex himself with apprehensions about Russia, whatever some persons may speculate. That extraordinary power had played out its game of aggrandizement on the Baltic at the peace of Frederickshamm, 17th of September, 1809. Those who wish to observe the further motions, must look to the Black Sea, and the banks of the Danube.

ART. III.—*L'Histoire de Dix Ans*, 1830-1840. Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Tomes I., II., III. Paris. 1843.

THIS is a remarkable work. So strong is the sensation it has created in Germany, as well as in France, that we must introduce it to the notice of our readers, in spite of its incomplete state. Three volumes of the promised five have already appeared. Three editions were demanded of the first volume before the second was published, although the publication takes place by weekly *livraisons*. The second and third volumes have already had two large editions, the demand increasing.

And this success is explained by the talent of the author no less than by the absorbing interest of the theme. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation: to none so much as France. The revolution of July—those Glorious Three Days; the revolutions of Poland and Belgium; the siege of Antwerp; the insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, with the countless conspiracies and insurrections at Paris; the cholera morbus, with its eighteen thousand victims in Paris alone; the Duchesse de Berri and La Chouanerie; the taking of Algiers; five attempts at regicide; St. Simonism; Republicanism, and innumerable other 'isms:' these are brilliant subjects, brilliantly treated by M. Louis Blanc. 'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' is one of those works so often libelled by being called 'as interesting as a novel:' were novels a tithe as interesting, they would be what they pretend. It has all that we require in a novel, and much more. It is a narrative of events real, striking, absorbing: the subjects of immense interest to all readers, and the style unusually excellent. As a narrative we know of few to compare with it, even in French History. Eloquent, earnest, rapid, brief yet full of detail; it has the vividness of Carlyle or Michelet, without transgressing the rules of classic taste. The style, though not free from an occasional inelegance, is remarkable for concinnity and picturesqueness, alternating between rhetoric and epigram. The spirit of the work is avowedly republican. The author never disguises his sympathies or convictions; yet at the same time is fully alive to all the errors of his party, and reveals the true causes of their ill success. Impartial he is not: no man with strong convictions can be so. You cannot hold one idea to be sacred, and regard its opponents as priests; you cannot believe one course of policy tyrannous and destructive, yet look upon its ministers as enlightened patriots. All that impartiality can do is to make allowance for difference of opinion, and not deny the sincerity of an opponent: to anathematize the doctrine not the man. M. Louis Blanc is, in this sense, tolerably impartial.

'L'Histoire de dix Ans' is not conspicuous for any profound views; its philosophy is often but philosophic rhetoric. But it is not without excellent *aperçus*, and acute penetration of motives. There is a great deal of the Journalist visible in the work. M. Blanc is a young man still, edits '*La Revue du Progrès*,' and is more familiar with Journalism than with social science. His work manifests both the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. If the Journalist is incapable of that calm review of things, and those laborious generalizations, which the social philosopher elaborates from his abstract point of view: yet is he the more conversant with the concrete special instances, more familiar with the motives and passions of political parties, more ready to understand every *coup d'état*. M. Blanc shows a thorough penetration into the spirit of each party, and sees the germs of strength or of disease. He has lived amongst conspirators; dined with legitimatists; been familiar with Bonapartists. Above all he understands the national spirit: its reckless daring, *insouciance*, gaiety, love of excitement, of military glory, idolatry of symbols, and facility of being led away by a sonorous word, or pompous formula. One of the people himself, he rightly understands the people's nature. We may illustrate this power of penetration by the citation of two of the numerous epigrams with which his book abounds. Speaking of the incompetence of the Legitimats to shake the Orleans dynasty he says, '*Les révolutions se font avec des haines fortes et de violents désirs: les légitimistes n'avaient guère que des haines.*'* The second is really a profound *mot*: of the Buonapartist party he says: '*il avait un drapeau plutôt qu'un principe. C'était là l'invincible cause de son impuissance.*'†

An excellence not to be overlooked in his book is the portraiture of remarkable men. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (de l'Eure), with many others, are brought out in strong relief. But M. Louis Blanc describes a character mostly by epigrams. This has the advantage of effect, and of producing a lasting impression; with the disadvantage of all epigrams, in sacrificing a portion of the truth to effect. Nothing can be happier than the way he hits off the restlessness of Thiers: '*plus d'inquiétude que d'activité, plus de turbulence que d'audace.*' But it is surely too much to talk of Metternich as '*un homme d'état sans initiative et sans portée.*'

The portrait of Lafayette may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's judgment of men.

* Revolutions are effected by means of strong hatreds and violent desires: the legitimatists had scarcely any thing but hatreds.

† It had a Banner rather than a Principle. Therein lay the invincible cause of its impotence.

“As to M. de Lafayette, at that time he could have done every thing and he decided on nothing. His virtue was brilliant yet fatal. In creating for him an influence superior to his capacity, it only served to annul in his hands a power, which, in stronger hands, would have altered the destinies of France. Nevertheless Lafayette had many qualities essential to a commander. His language as well as his manners presented a rare mixture of *finesse* and *bonhomie*, of grace and austerity, of dignity with haughtiness, and of familiarity without coarseness. To the one class he would always have remained a grand seigneur, although mixed up with the mob; to the others he was born one of the people, in spite of his illustrious origin. Happy privilege of preserving all the advantages of high birth, and of making them be pardoned! Add moreover that M. de Lafayette possessed at the same time the penetration of a sceptical and the warmth of a believing soul; that is to say, the double power of fascinating and containing his audience. In the *carbonari* meetings he spoke with fiery energy. At *la chambre* he was a witty and charming orator. What then did he want? Genius—and more than that, will. M. de Lafayette willed nothing hardily, because, unable to direct events, he would have been pained at seeing them directed by another. In this sense he was afraid of every one, but more than all of himself. Power enchanted, but frightened him; he would have braved its perils, but he dreaded its embarrassments. Full of courage, he was entirely deficient in audacity. Capable of nobly suffering violence, he was incapable of employing it with profit. The only head that he could have delivered to the executioner, without trembling, was his own.

“As long as he had to preside over a provisional government, he was competent, he was enchanted. Surrounded by a little court, at the Hôtel de Ville, he enjoyed the boisterous veneration which was paid to his age and celebrity, enjoyed it with an almost infantile *naïveté*. In that cabinet, where they governed by signatures, there was considerable fuss about very little action. This was a situation admirably adapted to small intellects, because amidst these sterile agitations, they deluded themselves respecting the terror which they felt for all decisive acts.”

M. Louis Blanc, in several cases, shows the fatal effects to the republican party of Lafayette's want of audacity. It is certain that this quality, which served Danton instead of genius, is indispensable in revolutions: as M. Blanc admirably says: ‘In times of struggle audacity is prudence; for in a revolution confidence has all the advantages of chance.’

‘L'Histoire de Dix Ans’ opens with a preliminary sketch of the state of parties from the return of the Bourbons and banishment of Napoleon to Elba, down to the commencement of the revolution of 1830. This is one of the best portions of the book. The author vividly shows how completely the Restoration was the work of the *bourgeoisie*. Napoleon fell because he wished to make France military, and the tendencies of the nation at large were

commercial. Rome and Carthage have been and will ever be too adverse in principle to be united; one or the other must succumb. Napoleon did not see this, and he fell. M. Louis Blanc takes great pains to exhibit the cruel egotism of the *bourgeoisie* throughout the calamities which have befallen France. He points with withering sneers to every testimony of it, without seeing that egotism is the vice of the middle classes. They are exclusively bent upon the *bien être*—the ‘main chance.’ They have neither the refinement and the large ambition of the upper classes, nor the heroism and poetry of the lower. Their object in life is not to enjoy, but to collect the means of enjoyment. They are bent only on making fortunes. The rich think more of spending their money; the poor have no hope of fortune. Heroism, and its nurse ambition; self-sacrifice, generosity, and humanity; these are virtues of the higher and lower classes. Of the higher, because men need outlets for their activity, and because ambition is a stimulant powerful as the ‘main chance’ of the bourgeois; of the lower, because want feels for want, misery for misery, and generosity is the constant virtue of those who need it in return. With this conviction that egotism is the bourgeois vice, it is somewhat discouraging to trace the rapid increasing development which that class is taking in European history. It impresses us the more strongly with the necessity for doing all to counteract the narrow-minded utilitarianism, which is usurping such a throne in men’s souls; and endeavour to make people fully understand Göthe’s profound saying: ‘That the beautiful needs every encouragement, for all need it and few produce it; the useful encourages itself.’

Having brought his preliminary sketch down to the opening of the revolution of July, M. Louis Blanc then commences his history of the ten years, 1830-1840. The first volume is devoted to a spirited and detailed narrative of the ‘Glorious Three Days,’ with the unparalleled examples of mob heroism, and touching episodes of civil war. The second and third volumes continue the history down to the siege of Antwerp. The accounts given of the St. Simonians, of the cholera morbus, of the various insurrections and abortive conspiracies, of carbonarism, and of foreign policy, will be read with universal interest. M. Louis Blanc has not only preceding histories, pamphlets, and newspapers, from which to gain his information; it is apparent throughout that he has had access to unpublished documents, and to the communications of various living actors in the scenes described. Some of these obligations he names; others he leaves the reader to infer. Nevertheless the grave student of history will often demur. He will see conversations reported at length which it is highly improbable, if not impossible, should ever have

been authenticated; he will see motives purely inferential ascribed as unquestionable; he will see accounts of ministerial intrigues and royal falsehoods, reported as if the author had been present all the while. Moreover M. Louis Blanc is a young man; he is a journalist; he is a partisan; yet the knowledge he displays, or assumes, implies not only greater age and experience than he can possess, but also astounding universality of personal relations with opposite parties. We mention this as a caution to the reader. We by no means accuse M. Blanc of falsehood, or of misrepresentation; but when we find him reporting at length important conversations held between two people, neither of whom he could possibly have known—neither of whom would for their own sakes have repeated these conversations, when we find this we confess our critical suspicions are aroused, and we ask, how came these things known? We must again declare that M. Louis Blanc appears to us a perfectly earnest honest man, and incapable, we believe, of *inventing* these things. But whence did he get them? Why are not distinct references given? Why are not authorities sifted? These are questions every one is justified in asking. No man can read history with confidence who has not such authenticity before his eyes as prevents the suspicion of hasty statement or party misrepresentation.

Let us observe, however, that this suspicion of M. Blanc's accuracy refers only to minor and individual points. There is no error possible respecting the staple of this history, except such as may result from party views. The facts are known to all. The debates are registered. The actors are mostly living, and the friends of the deceased survive. It is the history of our own times; the youngest of us remember its events. Error therefore on the great events is barely possible; and it is only these that have a lasting interest for men.

It is difficult to select passages from a history of sufficient interest by themselves for quotation. The episodes are too long for extract, and any particular event would demand too much preliminary explanation. We shall condense, therefore, the episode of the death of the Prince de Condé as much as possible. The suspicions which attach themselves to persons high in the state, owing to the unfortunate transactions which preceded and succeeded the event; and indeed the mysteriousness of the whole incident; give this episode a strong and special interest.

Our readers will probably recollect the name of La Baronne de Feuchères, which recently went the round of the papers. This celebrated woman died, and left an immense heritage to be disputed, and an infamous reputation to be commented on. She was by birth an Englishwoman, one Sophy Dawes; she appeared

at Covent Garden Theatre, which she quitted to become the mistress of an opulent foreigner, with whom she lived at Turnham Green. Le Baron de Feuchères subsequently married her, and his name served for some time to cover the scandal of her adulterous amours with the Duc de Bourbon, last of the Condés. Her power over the duke was omnipotent. He loved and dreaded her. Gifted with rare beauty and grace, fascinating and imperious, tender and haughty by turns, she had considerable cleverness and no principle. The duke had settled on her the domains of St. Leu and Boissy, and about a million of francs (4000*l.*) in money. She desired more, and was presented with the revenue of the forest D'Enghien. But a secret uneasiness followed her: she dreaded lest the prince's heirs might provoke an action, and she lose all that she had so dexterously gained. She conceived the bold plan of making the duke adopt the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, as his heir. The proof of this is in the following letter from the Duchess of Orleans to the Baroness de Feuchères.

"I am very much touched, madame, by your solicitude in endeavouring to bring about this result, which you regard as fulfilling the desires of M. Le duc de Bourbon ; and be assured that if I have the happiness of seeing my son become his adopted child, you will find in us at all times and in all circumstances, both for you and yours, that protection which you demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be your guarantee."

It must have cost the pious rigid duchess some pangs thus to associate her maternal hopes with such very equivocal advocacy. The Duc d'Orleans, on the second of May 1829, learnt from Madame de Feuchères that she had in an urgent and passionate letter proposed to her lover to adopt the Duc d'Aumale; on this information he addressed himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He gave him to understand how sensible he was of the kind solicitude of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud he should be to see one of his sons bearing the glorious name of Condé. At this unexpected blow the Duc de Bourbon was overwhelmed with anxiety. He had never liked the Duc d'Orleans. He had stood godfather to the Duc d'Aumale, but never thought of him as his heir. Yet how could he without insult now refuse that which they assumed him to be so anxious to bestow? Above all, how resist the violence and the caresses of Madame de Feuchères? Harassed and terrified, the Duc de Bourbon consented to an interview with the Duc d'Orleans. Nothing positive was concluded, but the Duc d'Orleans believed his hopes so well founded, that he ordered M. Dupin to prepare a will in favour of the Duc d'Aumale.

The baroness became more and more urgent. The prince allowed his anger to escape in bitter reproaches. He had had no rest since this fatal plan had been proposed to him; he could not sleep at night. Violent quarrels embittered the day. More than once indiscreet confidences betrayed the agitation of his mind. 'My death is all they have in view,' he exclaimed one day in a fit of despair. Another time he so far forgot himself as to tell M. Surval, 'Once let them obtain what they desire, and my days are numbered.' At last in a desperate attempt to escape from Madame de Feuchères, he invoked the generosity of the Duc d'Orleans himself. 'The affair which now occupies us,' he wrote on the 20th August, 1829, 'commenced unknown to me, and somewhat lightly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely painful to me as you may have observed;' and he entreated the duc to interfere and cause Madame to relinquish her projects, promising at the same time a certain public testimony of his affection for the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc d'Orleans went to Madame, and in presence of a witness whom he had taken care to have called, he begged her to discontinue her project. She was inflexible. So that without at all compromising the prospect of his son, the Duc d'Orleans had all the credit of an honorable and disinterested attempt.

This situation was too violent not to explode in some terrible manner. On the 29th August, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon was at Paris; and in the billiard room of the palace, M. de Surval, who was in the passage, heard loud cries for help; he rushed in and beheld the prince in a frightful passion. 'Only see in what a passion monseigneur puts himself,' said Madame de Feuchères, 'and without cause! Try to calm him.' 'Yes, Madame,' exclaimed the prince, 'it is horrible, atrocious thus to place a knife to my throat, in order to make me consent to a deed you know I have so much repugnance for: and seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: 'well then, plunge the knife here at once—plunge it.' The next day the prince signed the deed which made the Duc d'Aumale his heir, and assured the baroness a legacy of ten millions of francs (40,000*l.*)!

The revolution of July burst forth; the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe. The prince de Condé grew more and more melancholy; his manners to Madame de Feuchères were altered; her name pronounced before him sometimes darkened his countenance; his tenderness for her, though always prodigal and anticipating her smallest wishes, yet seemed mixed with terror. He made M. de Chourlot, and Manoury his valet, the confidants of a project of a long voyage: of which the strictest secrecy was to be preserved, especially with regard to la baronne: at the same time

dark rumours circulated about the chateau. On the morning of the 11th of August they found the prince with his eye bleeding. He hastened to explain it to Manoury, as having been caused by the table. Manoury replied that that was scarcely possible: the table was not high enough: the prince was silent, embarrassed. 'I am not a good storyteller,' said he shortly after, 'I said that I hurt myself while sleeping: the fact is that in opening the door, I fell down and struck my temple against the corner.' It is worthy of remark that the prince afterwards wished Manoury to sleep by the door of his bedchamber; and that Manoury having observed that this would look strange, and that it was more natural for Lecomte, his 'valet de chambre de service,' to do this, the prince replied, 'Oh no, leave him alone.' Lecomte was introduced into the chateau by Madame de Feuchères.

The preparations for the voyage were nearly completed. For three days the prince had resumed his usual pleasures. After a gay dinner, at which M. de Cossé-Brissac was present, they played at whist. The prince played with the baroness, M. Lavillegontier, and M. de Prejean. The prince was gayer than ordinary; lost some money and abstained from paying it; saying, 'to-morrow.' He rose and crossed the room to proceed to his bedchamber; in passing he made a friendly gesture to his attendants which seemed like an adieu. Was this one of those adieus in which the thought of approaching death shows itself? Or was it the indication of his project of voyage, of exile?

He ordered that they should call him at eight o'clock next morning; and they left him for the night. It is necessary distinctly to understand the situation of the prince's chamber. It was joined by a small passage to a *salon d'attente*. This salon opened on the one side into a *cabinet de toilette*, touching the grand corridor; on the other it opened upon a back staircase, ending at the landing-place where were the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and of Madame de Flassans her niece. The back staircase led from this landing-place to the vestibule; and by a higher landing it communicated with a second corridor in which were the chambers of l'abbé Briant, of Lachassine, the femme de chambre of the baroness, and of the Duprés, husband and wife, attached to her service. The room of the latter was immediately under that of the prince, so that they could hear when there was talking above their heads.

This night the *gardes-chasse* went their accustomed rounds. Lecomte had closed the door of the *cabinet de toilette* and taken away the key. Why was this precaution taken? The prince constantly left the door of his room unbolted. Madame de Flassans sat up till two in the morning, occupied with writing.

No noise disturbed her. The Duprés heard nothing. All the night a profound calm reigned throughout the château. At eight the next morning Lecomte knocked at the prince's door. It was bolted; the prince made no reply. Lecomte retired and returned afterwards with M. Bonnie: both knocked without receiving a reply. Alarmed, they descended to Madame de Feuchères. 'I will come at once,' she said, 'when he hears my voice he will answer.' Half-dressed she rushed from her room, and reaching that of the prince, knocked, and exclaimed, 'Open! open! monseigneur, it is I.' No answer. The alarm spread. Manoury, Leclerc, l'abbé Briant, Méry-Lafontaine, ran thither. The room was burst open. The shutters were shut, and the room dark. A single wax light was burning on the mantel-piece, but behind a screen which sent the light upwards towards the ceiling. By this feeble light the head of the prince was seen, close to the shutter of the north window. It seemed like a man steadfastly listening. The east window being opened by Manoury shed light upon the horrible spectacle. The duc de Bourbon was hanged, or rather hooked, on to the fastening of the window sash! Madame de Feuchères sank groaning and shuddering on a fauteuil in the *cabinet de toilette*, and the cry, 'Monseigneur is dead,' resounded throughout the château.

The duc was attached to the fastening by means of two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. The one which pressed his neck was *not* tied with a slip-knot: moreover it did not press upon the trachial artery—it left the nape of the neck uncovered—and was found so loose, that several of the assistants passed their fingers betwixt it and the neck. Circumstances suspicious. Further, the head drooped upon the breast, the face was pale; the tongue was not thrust out of the mouth, it only pushed up the lips; the hands were closed; the knees bent; and at their extremities the feet touched the carpet. So that in the acute sufferings which accompany the last efforts of life, the prince would only have had to stand upright upon his feet to have escaped death! This disposition of the body, together with the appearances which the body itself presented, powerfully combated the idea of suicide. Most of the assistants were surprised by them.

The authorities arrived; the state and disposition of the corpse were noted down; an inquest was held in which it was concluded that the duc had strangled himself. Indeed, the room, bolted from within, seemed to render assassination impossible. In spite of many contradictions, it was believed that the duc had committed suicide. Nevertheless this belief became weaker and weaker. It was proved that the bolt was very easily

moved backwards and forwards from outside. The age of the prince, his want of energy, his well-known religious sentiments, the horror he had always testified at death, his known opinion of suicide as cowardly, the serenity of his latter days, and his project of flight: these all tended to throw a doubt on his suicide. His watch was found upon the mantelpiece, wound up as usual; and a handkerchief, with a knot in it; his custom when he wished to remind himself of any thing on the morrow. Besides, the body was not in a state of suspension. The valet de pied, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his companion, Fife, an Irishman, had both seen many people hanged. They declared that the faces of the hanged were blackish, and not of a dull white; that their eyes were open and bloodshot; and the tongue lolling from the mouth. These signs were all contradicted by the appearance of the prince. When they detached the body, Romanzo undid the knot of the handkerchief fastened to the window sash; and he succeeded only after the greatest difficulty; it was so cleverly made, and tightened with such force. Now, amongst the servants of the prince, no one was ignorant of his extreme *maladresse*. He could not even tie the strings of his shoes. He made, indeed, the bow of his cravat for himself, but never without his valet bringing both ends round in front for him. Moreover, he had received a sabre cut in the right hand, and had his left clavicle broken: so that he could not lift his left hand above his head, and he could only mount the stairs with the double assistance of his cane and the banisters.

Certain other suspicious circumstances began to be commented on. The slippers which the prince rarely used, were always at the foot of the chair in which he was undressed: was it by his hand that they were that night ranged at the foot of *the bed*? the ordinary place for slippers, but not for his. The prince could only get out of bed in turning as it were upon himself; and he was so accustomed to lean on the side of the bed in sleeping, that they were obliged to double the covering four times to prevent his falling out. How was it that they found the middle of the bed pressed down, and the sides on the contrary raised up? It was the custom of those who made the bed to push it to the bottom of the alcove; their custom had not been departed from on the 26th. Who then had moved the bed a foot and a half beyond its usual place? There were two wax-lights extinguished but not consumed. By whom could they have been extinguished? By the prince? To make such complicated preparations for his own death, had he voluntarily placed himself in darkness?

• Madame de l'euchères supported the idea of suicide. She pretended that the accident of the 11th of August was but an abortive attempt. She trembled when they spoke of the duc's projects of voyage, and hearing Manoury talking freely of them, she interrupted him: 'Take care! such language may seriously compromise you with the king.' But it seemed strange to all the attendants of the prince, that upon the point of accomplishing so awful a deed, he had left no written indication of his design, no mark of affection for those to whom he had always been so kind, and whose zeal he had always recognised and recompensed. This was a moral suicide, less explicable than the other. A discovery crowned these uncertainties.

Towards the evening of the 27th, M. Guillaume, secretary to the king, perceived in passing by the chimney some fragments of paper which lay scattered on the dark ground of the grate. He took up some of them from underneath the cinders of some burnt paper, and read the words *Roi . . . Vincennes . . . infortuné fils*. The procureur-général, M. Bernard, having arrived at St. Leu, these fragments, together with all that could be found, were handed to him. 'Truth is there,' he exclaimed, and succeeded in recomposing the order of sense (according to the size of the pieces) of two different letters, of which the following remained.

" Saint Leu appartient au roi
Philippe
ne pillés, ni ne brulés
le château ni le village.
ne faite de mal à personne
ni à mes amis, ni à mes
gens. On vous a égarés
sur mon compte, je n'ai.

urir en aiant
cœur le peuple
et l'espoir du
bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses dépend
appartiennent à votre roi
Philippe; ne pillés ni ne brulés
le
ne
ni
On vous a égarés sur mon compte, je n'ai que mourir en souhaitant
bonheur et prospérité au peuple français et à ma patrie. Adieu, pour
toujours.

le village
mal à personne
es amis, ni à mes gens.

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P.S. Je demande a être enterré a Vincennes, près de mon infortuné
fils.

In these strange recommendations many thought they saw a proof of suicide. Others more suspicious, could not conceive that these were the adieus of a prince about to quit life. The fear of a pillage of St. Leu seemed incompatible with that disgust for all things which precedes suicide. It was moreover little likely that the prince should have experienced such a fear on the night of the 26th, the night after the fête of St. Louis, wherein he had received such flattering testimonies of affection. It was also inexplicable how the prince could attribute St. Leu to Louis Philippe, to whom he knew it did not belong. There was great surprise, that having seized the pen in the midst of preparations for a suicide, he had said nothing respecting his design, and thus saved his faithful servants from a frightful suspicion. The very mode, in which the papers were discovered, was inconceivable. *How came it that these papers, so easily perceived on the evening of the 27th, escaped the diligent search of Romanzo, Choulot, and Manoury, and all those who that day visited every corner of the room, chimney included?* Was it not very likely that they were thrown there by some hand interested in the belief of suicide? These things led some to conjecture that the document was of some anterior date, and that it was no more than a proclamation of the prince during the first days of the month of August, when the revolutionary storm was still muttering. This hypothesis was strengthened by some who remembered that the prince had indeed conceived the idea of a proclamation. For our own parts, we incline to look upon it as a forgery. It could hardly have been a proclamation, from the very form of it; and the same objection before advanced of the prince's attributing St. Leu to the king, when in reality it belonged to the prince, applies also to this. Besides, a critical inspection of the words remaining, and of their arrangement, leads to a suspicion of forgery: they are too consecutive for a burned letter.

Two parties formed opposite opinions, and maintained them with equal warmth. Those who believed in his suicide, alleged in favour of their opinion the inquest; the melancholy of the prince since 1830; his royalist terrors; the act of charity which he had confided on the 26th to the care of Manoury for fear of not being able to accomplish it himself; his mute adieu to his attendants; the state of the body, which presented no traces of violence except some excoriations quite compatible with suicide; the condition of his clothes, on which no soil had been observed; the bolt closed from within; the material difficulties of the assassination; and the impossibility of laying the finger on the assassin.

Against these presumptions, the defenders of his memory replied by words and acts of powerful effect. One of them, M.

Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself at the fatal window-sash in precisely the same condition as that in which they found the prince: and this was perfectly harmless! Another endeavoured, by means of a small ribbon, to move the bolt from outside: and this with complete success. It was said that Lecomte, when in the chapel where the body was exposed, vanquished by his emotion exclaimed, 'I have a weight upon my heart.' M. Bonnie, contradicting the formal assertions of Lecomte, affirmed that on the morning of the 27th, the bolt of the back staircase was *not* closed; and that in order to hide this fatal circumstance, Madame de Feuchères, instead of taking the shorter route when hurrying to the chamber of the prince, took the route of the grand staircase!

On the 4th of September, the heart of the prince was carried to Chantilly. L'Abbé Pélier, almoner to the prince, directed the funeral service. He appeared, bearing the heart of the victim in a silver box, and ready to pronounce the last adieu. A sombre silence reigned throughout; every one was in suspense. The impression was profound, immense, when the orator with a solemn voice let fall these words, 'The prince is innocent of his death before God!' Thus ended the great race of Condé.

Madame de Feuchères precipitately quitted St. Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon. For a fortnight she made l'abbé Briant sleep in her library, and Madame Flassans in her room, as if dreading to be alone. Soon mastering her emotion, she showed herself confident and resolute. She resumed her speculations at *La Bourse*; gained considerable sums, and laughed at her enemies. But she could not stifle the murmurs which arose on all sides. The Prince de Rohan made every preparation both for a civil and a criminal *procès*. At Chantilly and St. Leu there were few who believed in the suicide; at Paris the boldest conjectures found vent; the highest names in the kingdom were not spared. The name of an illustrious person was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères, and furnished political enemies with a weapon they were not scrupulous in using. With a savage sagacity they remarked that, from the 27th, the court had taken possession of the theatre of the transaction; that the almoner of the prince, although on the spot, was not invited to co-operate in the *procès-verbaux*; and that the physician of the prince, M. Geurin, was not called in to the examination of the body: the latter being confided to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on the most intimate relations with the court. With the affected astonishment of raillery, they demanded why the Duc de Broglie had prevented the insertion, in the 'Moniteur,' of the oration of M. Pélier at Chantilly. To stifle these rumours,

the scandal of which reached even the throne, a decisive and honourable means was in the power of the king. To repudiate a succession so clouded with mystery would have silenced his enemies and done honour to himself. But the head of the Orleans family had early shown that indifference to money was not the virtue he aspired to. On the eve of passing to a throne he hastily consigned his personal property to his children, in order that he might not unite it with the state property, after the antique law of monarchy. Instead therefore of relinquishing his son's claim to the heritage of the Prince de Condé, he invited Madame de Feuchères to court, where she was gallantly received. Paris was in a stupor. The violence of public opinion rendered an inquiry inevitable; but no stone was left unturned to stifle the affair. The conseiller-rapporteur, M. de la Huproie, showing himself resolved to get at the truth, was suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the place of judge which he had long desired for his son-in-law was at once accorded him.

At length, however, the action brought by the family of the Rohans, to invalidate the testament of the Duc de Bourbon in favour of the Duc d'Aumale, was tried. Few trials excited more interest. The veil which covered the details of the event was half drawn aside. M. Hennequin, in a speech full of striking facts and inferences, presented a picture of the violences and artifices by which the old Duc de Bourbon was hurried into consent to the will. In the well known sentiments of the prince, M. Hennequin saw the proof that the testament was not his real wish, but had been forced from him; and in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. The younger M. Dupin replied with great dexterity. But it was remarked and commented on at the time, that he replied to precise facts and formal accusations with vague recriminations and tortuous explanations. He pretended that this action was nothing but a plot laid by the legitimistes; an attempt at vengeance; which he called upon all friends of the revolution of 1830 to resent. The interest of the legitimistes in the affair was evident; but to combat an imposing mass of testimony something more than a vehement appeal to the recollections of July was necessary. The Rohans lost their cause before the jury: but, right or wrong, do not seem altogether to have lost it before the tribunal of public opinion.


The court soon ceased to feel any uneasiness respecting the noise which the affair still kept up. Nevertheless one thing was extremely tormenting in it. There was, and had been for some time in the house of Condé, a secret of which two persons were always the depositaries. This secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, at the time of his stay in London, to Sir Wil-

liam Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Châtre. After their deaths M. de Chourlot received the confidence of the prince, and having been thrown from his horse and being considered in danger, admitted Manoury also into his confidence. No one ever knew what this secret was, except that it was most important and most redoubtable.

Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at by the reader respecting this mysterious affair, there can be but one sentiment respecting part of the conduct of Louis Philippe. Decency would have suggested that such a woman as the Baronne de Feuchères should not be welcomed at court, especially when such terrible suspicions were hanging over her. Decency would have suggested that the public should have full and ample conviction of the sincerity with which the causes of the prince's death were investigated. It does not seem to us that Louis Philippe acted with his usual tact in this case. For tact he has, and wonderful ability, in spite of the sneers of M. Louis Blanc. A man cannot rule France without courage, cleverness, and tact. Louis Philippe has abundantly shown to what a great extent he possesses all three. He uses his ministers and friends as tools, it is true; but it is no ordinary task to use such men as instruments for your own ends.

M. Louis Blanc, in common with most Frenchmen, is very bitter against the king; and the episode we have selected from his work must be read *cum grano*, as it is obviously dwelt upon for the purpose of inspiring his readers with his own animosity. True, the spirit of the whole work is biographical, anecdotal, personal; nevertheless we remark that M. Blanc selects with pleasure all the facts or anecdotes which tell against the king. He dwells with evident satisfaction on the vivid picture which he draws of the irresolution, the want of audacity, which Louis Philippe displayed when the throne was first offered to him; and very strongly depicts the utter want of participation which the Duc d'Orleans had in the Revolution. He neither conspired nor combated. His name was never mentioned, his person never thought of, till the Revolution was finished: and then, wanting a ruler, they elected him. It is with quiet sarcasm that M. Blanc points to the fact of Louis Philippe, the day after every *émeute*, always appearing in public with his family, especially on the theatre of the transaction, as if to associate in the people's minds the ideas of order and peace with the Orleans family.

But we must here quit for the present the work of M. Louis Blanc: anxiously awaiting the appearance of the concluding volumes, and conscientiously recommending it to our readers as one of the most vivid, interesting, and important works that have recently issued from the French press.



ART. IV.—*De l'Agonie et de la Mort dans toutes les Classes de la Société, sous le Rapport Humanitaire, Physiologique, et Religieux.* (Agony and Death in all Classes of Society : humanitarily, physiologically, and religiously considered.) Par H. LAUVERGNE. Paris. 1842.

IN reading this book one is reminded of the practice of the French law-courts, where a good case is often disfigured by the advocate's oratorical redundancy and looseness of assertion. M. Lauvergne's 'Treatise on Death and Dying' contains a great deal of exceedingly curious and interesting matter; but his philosophic remarks are weakened by the looseness of his style; his narratives have a theatrical manner, which makes the reader sceptical in spite of himself; nor is our belief in his statements or his sense strengthened much, by proofs continually exhibited in his work of a credulity rather extraordinary in one of his nation and profession. A devout Roman Catholic, he has numberless little miracles to relate, and deals in stories of spiritual gifts and visions vouchsafed to the faithful. Such naïve confessions of faith would bring a sneer to the lips of Bichat or Broussais. We confess, for our parts, a great incredulity as to our author's supernatural flights; and in acknowledging, doubtless, the honesty, must frequently question the reasonableness, of his piety.

His religion, too, is a strange jumble of divinity and physic: he attempts to account for the mysteries of the one, by discoveries in the other; he speaks ominously on *the sexes of souls*; he says that the sublimest aspiration of the mind is 'its aspiration towards *a feminine being*,' and that 'all religions which endure, cannot arrive at the supreme and incomprehensible ideal, but by the intermediary of this feminine being, whom they have personified in the symbol of a virgin pure and immaculate.' As for the Protestant religion, it, says M. Lauvergne, '*admits the doctrines of Christianity with some variations*, and there is nothing active in it, *but good works*, &c. Hence, from the absence of the aspiration after the feminine being, the Protestant *adept* is incapable of the higher delights of religion.' It is evident that our author has not studied much the Protestant's creed, and that he would be astonished to find it word for word in his own prayer-book.

With regard to dying proper, and the physiological portion of his subject, M. Lauvergne carries his reader no farther than Bichat did forty years ago: except perhaps that he lays some considerable stress upon phrenology, which was not recognised until lately as a part of physiological science. But though it is

now pretty well proved that certain conformations of the brain will determine certain 'qualities' of the subject, we are in truth no nearer the first principles than before; we are but in possession of one little link in the chain of effects, the cause of which lies hidden in eternity; and we come to no more than this, that a man with this or that conformation of brain will die probably in this or that manner. And no wonder: for conscious death is only the last act of living, in which, as in any other, the individual will act according to his nature.

To recur to the religious point of view, our author seems disposed to hint that to certain souls, more or less favourably disposed, and immediately before dissolution, a prescience is given of their condition in a future state, a celestial revelation, and a power of prophecy: all of which he exemplifies by various tales in support of his theory, and in all of which tales we confess to believe as little as possible. Because an hysterical nun on her deathbed sees her heavenly bridegroom descending to her; because an agonized sinner, in a delirious fever of remorse and cowardice, beholds a devil at his pillow who is about to drag him from it into the fiery pit; we are not called upon to respect their hallucinations at their last moments more than at any other time. We should otherwise be prepared to receive equally the revelations of persons, who have so-called spiritual gifts, and yet do not die: of Lord Shrewsbury's ecstatic virgin; of Kerner's saint and heaven-seer of Prevorst; of the howlers of the unknown tongue in Newman-street; of the heroines of American revivals, foaming at the mouth, and shouting "Glory, glory;" of Corybantes, and Mænads, and Pythonesses; of all sects of illuminati in all countries. The Obi-woman works herself into a fit of real excitement, as she makes her fetish ready; the howling dervish is doubtless not an impostor; any man who has seen the Egyptian magicians knows that they are perfectly in earnest; and the preternatural visions of every one of these are quite as worthy of credit as are the gifts of M. Lauvergne's saints of the Roman Catholic community. The Virgin Mary will not appear to a Protestant pietist, any more than Bacchus will to a French or Spanish nun, who never heard of him. The latter lives surrounded perpetually by images of martyrs and saints. She kneels in chapel, her patroness is before her with a gilded glory round her head, with flowers at her altar, from which she looks down smiling friendly; the nun wakes at night, there is the picture of the Virgin above her lamp, the gilt glory round her head still, the dagger displayed in the mystic heart. What wonder that a woman so bred should see in the confusion or exaltation of death the figures on which her mind has dwelt a whole life through? Such apparitions are not new.

images presented to the brain, but a repetition or combination of old ideas formed there. One does not invent, one only repeats in dreams; (the story in Mr. Dickens's *America* of the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who *spoke with her fingers*, as the phrase is, in her sleep, is a very curious verification of this); and every case of vision that we have read has a similar earthy, nay individual origin. Saint Barbara or Saint Scolastica will never appear to a Bramin woman, we may depend on it; any more than Vishnu will manifest himself in a dream to a nun.

But there is little need to enter into these disquisitions in our Protestant country. The Seherin of Prevorst may have made her converts in Germany, but Lord Shrewsbury has not obtained for his Virgin many disciples here: and if we might be permitted to judge, Dr. Lauvergne has perhaps produced his marvellous stories not with a very profound credence to them himself, but from the desire that his book should have as mysterious an air as possible, and contain discoveries of some sort.

As this occasional supernatural illumination of the mind at the period of dissolution, is almost the only new point, with regard to the phenomenon of death, on which our author appears to insist, we may say that with respect to death in France or elsewhere, physiologically, humanitarily, or religiously, he has given us very little satisfactory information. But about dying, in other words *living* in France, his book is very curious and instructive, and must interest every person who approaches it. We get here a good moral picture of individuals of numerous classes in the neighbouring country. We have priests and nuns, soldiers and husbandmen, gentle and simple; and the Englishman will note many curious differences between their manner of being and his own. A late ingenious traveller in Ireland, Mr. Thackeray (whose pleasant *Sketch-Book* we recommend to all who would know Ireland well and judge her kindly), notes a French grave in the cemetery at Cork, with its ornaments and carvings and artificial flowers—"a wig," says he, "and a pot of rouge for the French soul to appear in at her last rising." The illustration is not a just one. The artificial flowers do not signify a 'wig and pot of rouge'—a mere love, that is, of the false and artificial pursued even into religion: these ornaments argue rather a love of what is real than of what is artificial. The custom of the Frenchman's religion unites this world with the next by means not merely of the soul, but of the body too. A human creature passes from earth to heaven or to purgatory almost as he does from London to Calais, carrying his individuality as completely with him in the one journey as in the other. Money is paid here towards

bettering the condition of the departed being in the other world; prayers are said here, which the priests negotiate, and carry over to the account and benefit of the soul in limbo; interest is made for him without, and offerings of masses brought by his relatives, as petitions and little gifts of money or presents are brought by his friends to a man in prison. In every way, the Roman Catholic's religion is put objectively before his eyes. The saints whom he worships have all been men like himself, are now men still with certain extra faculties and privileges; their images are the earliest shapes which he looks at from his mother's knee; his worship of them is to the full as much sensual as spiritual, and may rather be called extreme love and wonder than abstract devotion.

That service which is paid to the Virgin in Roman Catholic countries is almost as personal as the devotion which a knight of old offered to his mistress. The prayers to her in the Catholic prayer-books abound in expressions almost passionate, and in terms of regard and love such as an individual may feel for another who exhibited the extreme of purity, tenderness, and beauty. Heaven is only the dwelling-place of this adored and beautiful person, whom one day the believer will bodily meet there. The saints live there in the body as here: there kneels Saint Francis and exhibits his wounds; there, listening to each individual supplication of the faithful below, is the blessed Virgin, who intercedes for her servants with her Son; not one of the holy personages of the scripture or the legend but exists personally in heaven as he did on earth, according to the received articles of a theology with which painting and poetry have had so much to do.

And hence, as we have before said, and in regard of the visions and prophecies with which some of M. Lauvergne's dying subjects are favoured, we must ascribe them not to supernatural but to hysterical influences; which have wrought wonders at every period, and amongst all religionists of the world. But let us allow some of the doctor's illuminati to speak for themselves; they are members of a class about whom we are not much in the habit of hearing in England, and rife in the provinces of France. Here is an account, not of a dying but a living wonder, who will no doubt cause Lord Shrewsbury to set off to the department of the Var, in order to match her with the other heaven-inspired virgins whom his lordship has discovered.

"At this moment there exists in a village of the department of the Var, of which Brignoles is the chief town, a woman possessed by divine love. She has to the extremest extent the development of the organ of veneration, or pure love. She is simple, good, charitable, unostentatiously pious, and of a converse extremely agreeable. Since her earliest

infancy this woman professes the most ardent love for the Saviour; the Passion has been always her fixed idea, the object of her aspirations and thoughts, her *phantasma*, as the ancient Greeks would call it. Her life is entirely a metaphysical one; she meditates and prays, and, perhaps, in her moments of ecstasy may have confided some of her thoughts and visions to some of her friends. Of these, however, none as yet have spoken. But that which she can hide from none, that which all eyes can see, and the vastest intelligences may comprehend, is the following:—be it at a church, or at the bedside of a dying person, when her prayer is at its height, a circle or crown is seen to surround her forehead and the rest of her head, which looks as if it were opened by a regular tattooing, from each point in which a pure blood issues; the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet open spontaneously at the places where the nails of the punishment were inserted, her side offers the bleeding mark of a lance-thrust, and finally a true cross of blood appears on her chest. Cotton-cloths, applied to these places, absorb the red mark with a touch purely artistic. And what is more extraordinary still, this appearance manifests itself spontaneously *every Good Friday at some minutes past three o'clock*. It is extraordinary, but it is true, and the fact can be vouched for by hundreds in the country both of the wise and the poor of spirit.”

The Good Friday part of the story is certainly not a little strange, and a miracle which ought surely to give such a saint a place in the calendar. The next instance is that of a dying nun, not so wonderful, but more natural and pathetic.

“Mademoiselle —— embraced the life of the cloister at an early age. She was sixteen; of a melancholy and dreamy temperament. She was very handsome, but was never known to entertain thoughts of frivolity; and when her companions would give themselves up to the innocent gaieties of their age, she would retire into solitude, from which she would be seen to issue with a countenance bearing the traces of tears. On taking the veil she received the merited name of *Sœur des Anges*. During the first six months of her recluse life, it was observed that in good looks and health she quickly fell away. She complained of pain in her breast, which was found to be cancer, of which it was necessary to free her by an operation. She submitted to it, and while a surgeon was dissecting the tumour, all that she did was to utter, from time to time, the sweet and gentle name of the Virgin Mary, for whom she had always professed a particular devotion. After the operation she confessed that she had suffered very little, and that the good mother had received her in her arms. Soon after this, consumptive symptoms declared themselves, and she spoke to a friend of the favour of heaven, and prayed to die soon in her state of innocence and purity.

There was also in the convent a young nun with whom she lived in a touching state of intimacy; and, during the night, when silence was in all the cells around, she would awake her companion, whose bed was next to hers, and talk to her friend of her visions, and of her hopes of

death. It was not long in coming. Her beautiful face never beamed with brighter radiance than on that day; the disease had covered her cheeks with roses, and softened with a pearly whiteness her azure blue eyes. At nine o'clock in the morning every thing was ready for the triumph of the virgin; her modest chamber was adorned as if for a fête day; she had already confessed, and communicated in presence of all her friends. The young girl whom she loved so tenderly was herself in a desperate condition, and had obtained permission to have her bed placed at the side of the dying nun's. It is from the former that we have received the following account. Before receiving the Eucharist the canticle is customarily sung. At this moment, Sœur des Anges, lifting her arms to heaven, and with a seraphic voice, purer than that which she had been known to possess, sung a couplet.

"After the ceremony all that remained for Sœur des Anges was to die. Her ideas remained perfectly lucid to the end, and with them was mingled a sort of infantine joy at the heaven opening for her. When, for example, two nuns held her hands, and endeavoured to support her with words of kindness, she cast a furtive look on her neighbour who lay herself a prey to fever, and laid one finger on her lip. (This signified that she had but one hour to remain.) Then she raised the finger to heaven, as if to prophesy her good fortune. Then changing her gesture, she asked her friend how many hours she too was to linger before enjoying the blessing of death? But remembering that by these movements she had committed the sin of pride, she called for her director and confessed herself with inexpressible candour.

"Towards mid-day her head appeared to sink in her pillow: she remained two or three hours in a state of torpor, from which she issued, asking one of the nuns watching by her, if she had slept? 'I never,' she said, 'believed myself so completely dead. I saw in my sleep all the beauties of heaven, and believed myself already there.' Thus saying, she raised herself slowly from her bed, and stretched her arms as if to embrace a shadow at the foot of her couch; her inspired and open eyes wished to follow and speak to it; two nuns held her up; and it was thus, in the position of a girl starting forward to embrace her father, that she breathed her last. Her eyes remained open, and preserved for a considerable time all their brilliancy.

"After her death, Sœur des Anges was dressed in her religious habit, and exposed, until the day of her funeral, on a bed of state."

And so poor Sœur des Anges is laid out on a *lit de parade*, for weeping sisters to wonder at, and almost to worship. She becomes a saint in the history of her house; her sickly visions take a celestial authority; ere long other hysterical sisters will vouch for having seen the heavenly bridegroom, into whose arms the enraptured nun flung her soul. The old nuns, M. Lauvergne says, die, generally speaking, by no means so willingly. They try all the remedies of the apothecary, they make all sorts of vows to their favourite saints, and hold on to life with all their might. They

die hard, as the phrase is. They are afraid of purgatory, the doctor says, and would give any thing to buy off *ce maudit temps d'expiation*. Could not our physician have found, in his physiological sciences, some other cause for this difference between the young women and the old? In a Protestant country, Sœur des Anges, the young and beautiful, would in all likelihood have had a husband to love and children to bring up; and her affections would have sought for no preternatural issue. The glories of celibacy would never have been preached to her, or the sin and stain of marriage and maternity: ideas of duty would never have called upon her to perform this slow suicide: and she would have had other attendants at her death-bed than those visionary ones with which the poor distracted creature peopled her cell. As for admiring such an end, or believing that it was attended by any heavenly spirits or ministers, one might as well admire the death of the poor lady at the lunatic asylum the other day, who leaped out of window because she said the Lord called her.

From the story of the nun we may as well turn to that of a religious person who met with a very different end—a perjured and repentant priest, who died with demons round about him, as there were angels round the couch of poor innocent Sœur des Anges.

“A terrible example of the effects of fanaticism and jealousy is the following. A young man of an ascetic character had taken orders. Unhappily for him he subsequently made acquaintance in the world with one of those heartless coquettes, who have a score of eternal passions in the course of their lives, and whose joy it is to torment those who have been captivated by their fatal charms. Of such a creature our poor young priest was the victim; she drew him into her toils, and so completely fascinated and overcame him, that she became as much the mistress of his will, as the mesmeriser is of that of the magnetised. The history of this passion is a dreadful one: the wretched woman seemed resolved to possess her victim body and soul, and actually made him abjure his faith, and invented a service in which she took the place of the Virgin, and made the wretched priest adore her on his knees, with all the ceremonial of religious worship. It was her pleasure to make him walk the streets publicly in a trivial disguise; to take him to mask-balls, dressed as a devil; she made him wear her portrait as clergymen do the image of the saints, and sign a compact denying his faith in religion. As may be supposed, he had a rival: on venturing to remonstrate regarding him, the unhappy wretch was turned from his mistress's door, and at home opened a vein, and wrote in his own blood a recantation of his suspicions.

“But the woman's caprice was now satisfied, and she sent the rival to the unhappy priest to forbid him henceforth her door. To convince him there was no hope the rival produced a letter, in which the woman

said, ' I never loved the poor devil in the least: my fancy was to see if I could dispute a heart with heaven, and *damn an Abbé.*'

" The aspect of hell in a dream does not awaken the sleeper more suddenly than this letter aroused our seminarist. He was brought back to hate the cause of his error, as a man who recovers from an attempt at suicide by poison, instinctively hates ever after any thing which recalls his crime to mind. But cured of his love, his remorse now pursued him terribly; he flung himself in his bed, where he lay writhing like a serpent; he replied sobbing to invisible interlocutors, and saw monks in frightful red passing before him, and calling his name, coupled with intimations of damnation and execution. He fancied his bed was floating in a sea of flames, and that two demons were holding him by the head and heels, and about to fling him into the yawning gulf of hell.

" With the daylight reason returned, but with it thoughts of suicide. He knelt and prayed wildly before a crucifix, and then took poison . . . The corrosive nature of the poison he took caused him frightful agonies; he lay for some time writhing with pain, and gnawing and biting at his coverlids: and in dying he seized the cross with one hand and the consecrated taper with the other, exclaiming with Job, '*Cur misero lux data est?*' "

This tale has a theatrical air: but the author alludes to it more than once in the course of his volumes, and we must remember that the actors in the story are French people, whose passions and fancy are very much more violent than our own. And it forms another comment upon the beauties of celibacy, which certain Protestants (we beg pardon, not Protestants, only priests of the English Protestant church) are lauding just now.

Next we have a brief account of a man who escaped from the authority of his spiritual masters—that authority which the same personages proclaim to be so awful and so wholesome.

" One night, as an attendant of the infirmary was sitting by the bedside of a patient in a fever, the former was seen reading in a book which turned out to be a Latin work by one of the first fathers of the church. . . . He had been a poor self-starving Trappist—pledged to obey blindly his superior,—a crossed and unbred abbot, who was free to quit his monastery, and enjoy himself wherever his inclination led him. One day while the monk was just in the act of raising his spoon from the platter to his mouth, the abbot accused him of gluttony because he raised it too fast, and bade him as a punishment to keep his hand uplifted in that position until the superior gave him leave to put it down. His companions looked on gravely, without laughing, and with an air of contrition; and during the punishment the monk determined to quit the convent. He cast away his monk's frock—but wishing still to bear the cross of expiation in this world, he determined to become an hospital attendant, and discharge the duties of this painful and disagreeable calling."

Although our author has made, as we have seen, some dis-

inction between Christianity and Protestantism, he speaks with great respect of the Protestants on their deathbeds: he gives instances of an English manufacturer whom he attended in his dying moments, and of one or two Protestant clergymen in similar circumstances, who, if they did not depart in a rapture, died at least in a noble, calm, and pious resignation, such as perhaps may be preferred to the most wondrous of visions, and at least cannot be questioned on the score of unreason.

Military men of course call for the attention of a French writer, and in speaking of their deaths M. Lauvergne does not fail to indulge his appetite of wonder, and narrate the presentiment that many of them have had of their approaching demise in battle. It seems indeed to be pretty clear that many officers of rank have uttered prophecies regarding their fate, which have been subsequently fulfilled. But if we were to get the number of false presentiments of this nature, we suspect that these would amount to a vast catalogue, while the realized prophecies would fill a very small list. Every gambler who lays down his money on the red or the black has presentiments of this kind, and is in the habit of respecting them. In the days of lotteries men had ceaseless presentiments, and got the thirty-thousand pounds prize too in consequence of them: but there were twenty-thousand false prophets most likely in the lottery, as well as one successful seer, and we have quite as much right to consider their failure as his success. Could the chances be calculated, these wonders would perhaps be found to be by no means so wonderful. Suppose, that is to say, twenty men were to draw lots which should be shot: some would have a presentiment that they would draw the fatal lot, some would be quite sure they would escape, and the lot would still fall on the individual according to the law of twenty to one, and the prophecy would be fulfilled or otherwise according to the law of twenty to one too. When Dessaix returned from Egypt to fight the battle of Marengo, our author says he remarked to his aide-de-camp, 'Something will happen, the bullets *don't know me* in Europe,' and the general was accordingly shot. Now is it to be presumed from this, that in his former campaigns the bullets did really know Dessaix, and went out of their way in order to avoid that officer? Either that is to be believed, or the whole story is worth nothing; and amounts simply to this, that in a battle a man has a chance of being killed, that he speculates upon this chance which so nearly concerns him, and utters his hopes or doubts in the shape of prophecies, which are and are not fulfilled. But there is no use in arguing on the subject. We consider these stories as among the clap-traps with which the author has chosen to emphasize his case, and which *sur le rapport religieux* render his book exceedingly worthless.

Nor, we take it, is his system of generalizing upon particular cases at all a safe one. He describes a protestant dying, a usurer, a galley-slave, a bishop dying: it is very well: but it is absurd to talk about *the* protestant, *the* bishop, the galley-slave, &c., dying, as if the race were all alike. Mr. Newman will die, for instance, in all probability in a very different way from Mr. Sydney Smith; and as of protestants, so of bishops, usurers, convicts and the rest; their deaths will be as different as their lives, as different as their faces, their temperaments, their histories. All which too is pretty evident, and need not be argued at great length.

To return to the military men, we will give one instance of the death of a soldier, remarkable not for its heroism, but for its contrast and moral.

“ M. —, a retired superior officer, came out of the old imperial guard, which the enemies of France have called with reason ‘the iron rampart. He was married, had two children, and worked in his farm with extreme zeal. His mania, for every man has one, consisted in multiplying tulips and rose-trees. He was always among his trees, or in his kitchen-garden, and never more happy than when called upon to show them to some benevolent visitor. . . . He became daily more anxious to avoid the world, and the sight of a stranger became odious to him. His sensibility grew to be extreme: the recital of a good action would bring tears to his eyes: and soon nothing recalled in him the courageous warrior of old times. Strange to say, he feared death very much, and was only happy in receiving the visits of his clergyman or his physician. He fell ill several times, and his timidity was such that on each occasion we found it more difficult to raise and restore his moral condition, than to cure him of his bodily malady. Restored to health, diet became his great object. He dressed himself according to the weather, and his cook never prepared a dinner without consulting him as to the state of his stomach for the day.

“ One day he was suddenly seized with an attack of apoplexy. His terrors now became incessant; he passed like a child from the hands of his physician to those of his confessor; and on the day of his death, as in the midst of his terror he was about to receive the last communion, it was lamentable to look at his quailing eyes and to hear the moans he made, as if he were asking quarter of death.

“ Some days after his decease an inventory was made of his papers, and in the corner of his desk was found an old rumpled scrap of paper that we had the curiosity to read: it was to the following tenor. ‘ We, the undersigned, officers, grenadiers, soldiers, and drummers, hereby declare that the grenadier——has, during this campaign, been the bravest amongst the brave of our demi-brigade.’

“ A little below, in sharp, almost illegible letters, scrawled as it seemed on the bronze of a cannon, was written—‘ The grenadier who, according to the testimony of the bravest in the army, has honoured the soldier’s epaulettes, is worthy to have those of an officer. I appoint the grena-

dier——sub-lieutenant in the first company of the demi-brigade. Signed, Bonaparte, General in chief of the army of Italy.' ”

Another soldier M. Lauvergne instances, as illustrating the ruling passion of avarice. He was in Spain, where he contracted a complaint, for the cure of which a very expensive medicine was ordered. He had no money, he said, to purchase the medicine, on which his companions dubbed their small means together, and helped him to this costly means of health. The cure was not completed, and the regiment was ordered home. Deprived of his medicine the patient grew worse: a surgical operation became necessary, to which he submitted, and from the consequences of which he died. On examining his trunks after death, several rouleaux of gold were concealed in them, which might have saved his life had he had the courage to spend them in time.

Next follows an instance of superb courage on the part of the medical officer of a ship.

“The philosophic spirit of the eighteenth century fortified by that of the revolution, has occasioned a number of singular and remarkable dying scenes.

“I had a friend endowed with the noblest faculties of the heart and head. Brought up from his cradle with ideas of liberty and equality, he bore the name and afterwards showed the character of one of the Gracchi. His learning was considerable, his taste led him to the study of Greek and Roman antiquities, and he had arrived at last at the profound conviction that the universe was the production of a general nameless first cause, and that after death came annihilation.

“At twenty years of age, in the quality of a surgeon, he followed our armies across the Rhine, and contracted the dreamy habits of the German philosophic school. In 1815 he might be considered a dangerous and contagious materialist. His speech was grave and persuasive, his morals and conduct would not have been disavowed by a stoic. He had dissected all the great characters of the Revolution, and in regard of convictions and principles found few of them complete. The true statesman, he used to say, never flinches from what he believes to be good: the scaffold does not terrify him. The biography of a man is his death.

“He would often repeat that ‘Anatomy was the Coran of the universe: the Alpha and Omega of all truths which men have fancied they discovered. The human body is the compendium of all the exact sciences. . . .’ One of his favourite ideas was this, ‘The life of animals is a sort of germination, various in form, but equal in fact. A man is planted as a tree is: a male and female flower produce an egg from which comes the plant called man, which grows, is nourished, flourishes, droops, and has an end. As regards the individual the end is eternal: the species is of incalculable duration. Reason and evidence admit no other philosophy.’

“In 1817 this gentleman was in the Antillas, surgeon-in-chief of a

corvette, amongst the crew of which the yellow fever was making frightful ravages. Our stoic, during the course of the malady, displayed that firmness which alone stamps the great man. He was the Providence of the ship.

“At that time the question of the origin of this scourge of our colonies was much debated among our medical men. M—— thought the cause of the evil lay in the matter vomited by the patient. He made a trial of it upon himself, the result of which did not tend to convince him. Towards the end of the epidemic he died, though the cause of his death was unknown. Here is the last extraordinary page of his clinical journal.

“M. de Lansmatre, a naval officer, had reached the third day of the complaint, and M—— had been writing down hourly the progress of the fever, and the aggravation of the symptoms. It ended with this page: ‘24th June, 1 o’clock, black vomit, diarrhœa, burning thirst, pulse quick and feeble; 2 o’clock, the same symptoms, with delirium, extreme agitation, fixed eyes, and dwindling pulse; 3 o’clock, the same, death imminent, the patient undergoes *the empire of his reason*, he mentions his father and his native place; 4 o’clock, decubitus on the back, haggard eyes, skin cold, pulse fleeting, rattle, and death. He was a loyal man of war. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*’

“Up to this there seems nothing extraordinary in this entry of the journal: but what would be inconceivable but that we knew our friend’s own resolution, is the fact that he was, at the very time, himself attacked by the yellow fever; that his mind however still remained invulnerable; and that, all but dead, his intelligence yet lived strong enough within him to enable him to attend to thirty patients, and to note down every observation that occurred to him with respect to the cases of any of them!

“At four o’clock Monsieur Lansmatre died, and at five, an hour afterwards, M—— had ceased to exist, without any trace of malady, except that his whole person was yellow. It might have been supposed that some sudden attack, as of apoplexy, had carried him off; but he had written in the margin of his note-book, ‘I also am taken with the fever, but repose myself in my moral and physical temperament. *Fortitudo animi duplex.*’ This stoicism in the face of inevitable death, this calmness of thought while poison was in the heart; the sentiment of duty, and of its sacred accomplishment, up to life’s last breath; have no comparison in modern times, and antiquity makes us acquainted with nothing more sublime.”

If M. Lauvergne will read Laird’s Travels up the Niger, or the account of the last ill-fated expedition to the same river, he will find a score of such instances of heroic sense of duty, of men in the midst of their hopeless agony commanding and obeying to the last, and only quitting their duty with their life. No tales of heroic deaths are so noble as these, nor is their sublimity a whit lessened, because there is no dying speech to record it.

Here we have the story of a man who has personal courage without moral courage:

“N. —, a person of mediocre intelligence, and strongly infatuated by materialism, was likewise surgeon on board a ship visited by yellow fever. He continued his attentions to the crew up to the moment when he himself was infected with the malady. The first symptom of the fever is generally a horrible headach, to alleviate which the patient naturally will bind something round his temples. N. — seized on a sudden with the fatal headach, says gaily before the officers and men of the ship, ‘It’s my marriage day, lads; *yellow Mary* has flung me the handkerchief,’ and so saying, binds a handkerchief round his head and descends to his cabin, saying jocularly to his friends, ‘Good night, I’m going down stairs to paint myself.’ He bolted his door in order that his sleep should not be disturbed; he set out his cleanest sheets; and after carefully shaving, washing, and perfuming himself, stretched himself out in his cot as commodiously as possible, and so listened to himself dying.”

But perhaps the most curious instance of indifference to death is that which M. Lauvergne records of another naval surgeon, who, his ship being on a rock and expected to sink, while the crew and officers were aghast in terror on deck, went down to his cabin, and—*went to sleep*. They woke him in an hour to say the ship was just sinking; he grumbled at being awakened, turned round and went to sleep again; and so was found two hours afterwards, on a third summons, not to die but to dine. The ship had got off the rock during the repose of this most resolute of sleepers.

Now we come to a character curious for its entire insensibility.

“We have already cited several examples of men of instinct only: one remarkable one is that of a sailor, whom we studied for a long time, and who went, on board the vessel in which we knew him, by the name of Sans-Plume. The skull and face of this man reminded every one of a calf. He was, in a moral sense, entirely stupid and brutal. He was quite indifferent as to his dress (hence his nick-name), spent all he got without ever thinking of clothes, and was as insensible to heat as to cold. When sent on shore to tend the small live stock of the ship, he would go to sleep in a field quite regardless of the hour, and the correction which awaited him on board. Once, we remember, in the islands of the Archipelago, an intelligent goat which he had let out to feed, came down to the shore, and bleating loudly warned the sailors on watch on board ship to come to its aid and that of the goatherd, who was asleep in a wet ditch.

“Sans-Plume was all appetite: he would have crammed himself every day to indigestion with meat and wine, but that the rations were fixed: he took them in the company of the sheep or the sailors, it mattered not to him which: for as he thought of nothing and listened to nothing, he had in consequence nothing to say. And yet with such animals as were to be found on board he liked to commune, and seemed to have an instinctive penetration into their natures. I have watched him repeatedly on deck of a night when he was on duty, sitting in a corner with a cat or a dog between his legs, and talking to them about eating and drinking, or any subject of mere instinct. He had ways of pinching them too, so as to make them cry out in a manner somewhat resembling speech: and I, for my part, can vouch for having heard him so talking with a cat,

of whom he asked in an angry voice, 'Who has eaten my chop?' and the cat mewed out in a piteous tone, and in the provençal language, *es iou ! !*


"Sans-Plume was also called *Misère*. He suffered, without complaining, all sorts of torments; he was kicked and beaten, and bore all with the patience of a donkey; his only care was to look to his sheep and hen-roosts. One day, when he was asleep, the sailors covered his face with a mixture of soot and honey, and then stuck feathers into it: Sans-Plume woke, and laughed with the rest. Another time they cut down his hammock, and he fell on deck: he got up quite patient, and set himself to mend his bed without a murmur.

"Sans-Plume was of a physical insensibility which I never saw equalled. He would have endured a cruel operation for the sake of a large ration of meat; his bodily strength was like that of a bull, and the power of his blow prodigious.

"He had been at school, but did not know his letters; he had, he said, made his first communion, but he did not know with what hand he should begin to cross himself.

"After the cruise I lost sight of Sans Plume for some time, but found him once more on shore, employed at the slaughter-house (*abattoir*) of the town. Going one day afterwards to visit a farm in the neighbourhood, I found him there in the character of stable-man. He was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea, couched among the cattle, and in a state perfectly desperate. A priest came to him several times to speak to him of his Christian duties, but the clergyman said he had never in the course of his ministry met with a soul so brutalized, with a being so hard to move in respect of conscience and religion. I was present by chance at one of these conferences. Sans Plume, almost dying, his eyes shut, appeared to listen to the priest; but when the latter asked him if he wished to see him again, he answered with a careless tone, 'Leave me alone or get me something to eat.' . . . One night he disappeared, and was found dead in a cave in a hill. He had near him an empty bottle, a sausage three parts eaten, and a large loaf which he had scarcely begun. As long as I knew Sans-Plume I never thought of him as an intellect but as a stomach. I remember when on board ship he was attacked with frequent indigestions; on these occasions when his comrades spoke to him he would not reply; but if any one told him that an ox was going to be killed the flesh-eater would revive again, and tucking up his shirt sleeves he would come and offer his services to fell and cut up the animal."

The writer brings us still lower in his description of death-bed scenes, not in the scale of intellect but of crime. But of these dismal pictures our readers must by this have had enough, or the more ardent must be referred to the work itself. The last chapter especially may be noted as the *bouquet*, or masterpiece of the whole: wonderful in its cadaverous variety, and not to be read but with a discomfort which is a high compliment to M. Lauvergne's descriptive powers.



- ART. V.—1. *The Mountains and Valleys of Switzerland.* By Mrs. BRAY. 3 vols. London. 1841.
2. *A Summer in Western France.* By J. A. TROLLOPE, Esq., B.A. 2 vols. London. 1841.

AN English party, devouring sandwiches and drinking bottled stout amidst the broken walls of the Amphitheatre, might sit for the portraits of a large class of our travelling countrymen. The ruins of antiquity go for something; but they would be of no account without the *débris* of the luncheon. Eating is the grand business of a weighty majority of the English out of England. It arises partly from a certain uneasy apprehension that they cannot get any thing fit to eat anywhere else; and this very fear of not finding any thing they can eat, probably tempts them to eat every thing they can find. It is a common occurrence at a continental *table d'hôte* to hear an Englishman declare, after having run the gauntlet of twenty or thirty plates, that he hasn't had a morsel to eat.

A great deal of this feeling may be traced to the sudden conflict of habits and antipathies, brought face to face at that moment in the day when a man is least inclined to compromise his desires; but making all due allowances on that score, there is no doubt that the English carry a mighty stomach with them everywhere: the voracity of the shark, the digestion of the ostrich. Their physical sensations are in advance of their intellectual and mental cravings—even of their curiosity. The first inquiry at an hotel is—at what o'clock do you dine? They cannot stir another step without something to eat. If the climate is hot, it exhausts them, and they must recruit; if cold, they get hungry with astonishing celerity, the air is so keen and bracing. Change of air, change of scene, change of diet, the excitement of moving from place to place, the clatter of a new language—every thing contributes to this one end: as if the sole aim and business of travelling was to get up an appetite.

The French make a delicate, but important distinction between the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*; and they include us, wholesale, under the former designation. We try to get rid of the imputation by sneering at the elaborate labours of their *cuisine*, just as if we never made any fuss about eating and drinking ourselves; but they take their revenge, and ample it is, upon our grosser vice of excess. It must be granted that no people in the civilized world sit so long at table as the English. In France, the preparation of a dinner is a grave piece of science; in England, the

work of gravity begins when dinner is served up. And it is the apparition of this uncongenial seriousness which procures us such a reputation abroad as great *feeders*; and which, by the naked force of contrast, makes the people around us appear so frivolous in our eyes. We can as little understand their exuberant gaiety, as they can reconcile themselves to our animal stupor. They nickname us Roast-Beef, by way of showing that the paramount idea in the mind of an Englishman is that of substantial good living; and we resent it by calling them Soup-maigre, a sort of ignominious hint of vital animation at starvation point. There is no justice at either side. The French eat as much as the English, but they do not set about it so doggedly.

Great mistakes in national character, beginning in prejudices on the surface, and at last sinking into traditions and by-words, have their origin generally in the absurd process of applying the same test to dissimilar things; of trying opposite manners and different circumstances by the same moral or social standard. But of all nations, we have the least right to complain of any injustice of this kind, because, of all people, we are the most sullen and intractable, and have the least flexibility, the least power of adaptation, the least facility in going out of ourselves and falling into the habitual commonplaces of others. We cannot comprehend the reasonableness of usages that differ from our own. We are at once for setting them down as so much bigotry or tomfoolery. We cannot change sides for a moment, and, by the help of a little imagination, endeavour to see things from a different point of sight from that to which we have been all our lives accustomed. We allow nothing for varieties of temperament, for constitutional antagonisms. We are solidly inert and impenetrable, and oppose ourselves bodily, bone and muscle, to all strange tastes and fashions.

This is the real character of the Englishman, and the true reason why he is so uncomfortable abroad, and why he makes every body so uncomfortable about him. Out of England, he is out of his element. He misses the unmistakeable cookery, the rugs and carpets, the bright steps and windows, the order, decorum, the wealth and its material sturdiness. He comes out of his fogs and the sulphurous atmosphere of his sea-coal fires, into an open laughing climate. His ears are stunned with songs and music from morning till night; every face he meets is lighted up with enjoyment; he cannot even put his head out of the window without seeing the sun. What wonder the poor man should be miserable, and wish himself at home again! He has no notion of pleasure unassociated with care. He must enter on pleasure as a matter of business, or it is no pleasure for him. There must be an alloy to

preserve the tone of his mind, for he has a motto, that there is no happiness without alloy; and so, where there is none, he makes it. He has always a safe resource in his own morbid fancy, and has only to fall back upon himself to escape effectually from any surrounding influences that happen to throw too strong a glare upon his moroseness, or to affront his egotism by showing that other people can be happier than himself.

The fundamental error of the travelling English consists in bringing their English feelings and modes with them, instead of leaving them behind to be taken care of with their pictures and furniture. You can detect an Englishman abroad by that repulsion of manner which covers him over like frost-work, and within the range of which nobody can enter without being bitten with cold. His sense of superiority freezes the very air about him; you would think he was a statue of ice, or a block dropped from a glacier of the loftiest Alps. It would be as easy for the sun to thaw the eternal peak of the snowy Jungfrau, as for any ordinary warmth of society to melt that wintry man into any of the cordial courtesies of intercourse. Why is this? Why is it that the English alone treat all foreign countries through which they pass with such topping humours and contempt—looking down upon them as if they belonged to an inferior clay, as if they alone were the genuine porcelain, as if arts and civilization, knowledge and power, grace and beauty, intelligence, strength, and the god-heraldry of goodness and wisdom, were one vast monopoly within the girth of Great Britain? Why is this? Why, simply because the corruption of gold has eaten into their hearts; because they are the purse-holders of the world; because money is power, and they have only to put their hands into their pockets if they would make the earth pant on its axis. The English are not exempt from the frailties of universal nature; and pride and vainglory, and lustrous pomp, with its eyes amongst the stars, follow in the train of gold as surely as the lengthening shadows track the decline of light. It was so with all the gorgeous republics of antiquity, with Tyre and Athens, and with imperial Venice, when, crowned like another mistress of the world, she married the Adriatic, and thought herself immortal!

The insular position of the English, and a protracted war, which shut them up for half a generation in their workshops and their prejudices, contributed largely to foster this hard and obstinate character, this egotistic and selfish intolerance. The peculiarities of other nations, like colours in the prism, dissolve into each other at their frontier lines; but the English are water-locked; they enjoy none of the advantages of that miscellaneous experience, that free expanse of observation and intercourse, which

elsewhere have the effect of enlarging the capacity of pleasure, of furnishing materials for reflection, of strengthening, elevating, and diffusing human knowledge and sympathy. The sea has been compared to the confines of eternity; and the English may be said to have been looking out upon eternity while other races have been engaged in active commerce with their fellow men.

All this sounds very oddly in reference to a people who have amassed such enormous wealth, who have been the great navigators and colonizers of the world, who exercise sovereignty in every quarter of the globe, and upon whose possessions the sun never sets! Yet it is true, nevertheless. All this work of colonization and extension of empire is transacted at a writing-desk. The counting-house in a twilight alley, in the murky depths of the city, is the laboratory where the portable gases are generated, which are thus carried off and distributed over the remotest regions. Half-a-dozen dismal men meet round a table, scratch their signatures to a paper, and a new empire starts up in the Southern Pacific; they part in silence, and go home to dinner, with as much apathetic regularity as if nothing had happened out of the way; and for the rest of the evening nurse their family phlegm as they had done any time all their lives long. In a single morning, the basis of a teeming trade of centuries hence is laid down; but it brings no change in the inner life of the individual. The hands move outwards, but the works of the clock still keep their dark routine. It is one thing to ship off our superfluous population to distant lands, to plant the Union Jack on some savage rock, and crack a bottle with a huzza! to the health of Old England; and another to maintain intimate relations and constant interchange with nations as civilized as ourselves, to rub off the rust of isolation and drudgery, to lift ourselves out of the one idea of money-getting, and to draw in humanity and good-humour from our neighbours. In the large and philosophical sense of the word, we have never acted upon the true principle of colonization: we never conciliate the races we subdue—we conquer every thing but their affections. Our settlements are camps in a hostile country, as completely apart from the native population as swans' nests in a stream. In India, we are hedged in on all sides by jealousy and distrust; the war of races in Canada is as bitter at this moment as it was in 1760; and the animosities of the pale still flourish as rankly as ever in Ireland, in spite of free trade, two rebellions, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform. This comes of our immobility—of our elemental resistance to *fusion*.

The same thing that happens upon a great scale in political affairs, is illustrated in a minor way in the intercourse of

velling. Our social tariff amounts almost to a prohibition. Exchange of ideas takes place only at the extreme point of necessity. We are as reluctant to open our mouths or our ears as our ports, and have as profound a horror of foreign vivacity and communicativeness as of foreign corn. Habit goes a long way with us. People are so used to cry out 'The farmers are ruined,' that they must keep up war prices after a peace of nearly thirty years. We have a similar difficulty in relaxing our manners. The bulk of our continental travellers enter an hotel with as much severity and suspicion in their looks as if we were fighting the battles of legitimacy over again, and were doomed to fight them for ever.

By staying so much at home, and being kept so much at home by the pressure of external circumstances, our ideas and feelings become introverted. We turn eternally upon ourselves. We accumulate immensely, but undergo little or no sensible modifications of character. We advance in the direction of utility, but are still pretty much the same people we were a couple of hundred years ago. The only marked difference is that we are less hearty, less frank and joyous. We drop our old customs, our games and festivals, one by one, and grow more and more plodding and selfish. 'Merry England' survives only in ballads. Robin Hood and Little John are gone to the workhouse.

When a Frenchman, or an Italian, comes to England, he brings his sunshine with him. When an Englishman goes to France or Italy, he cannot leave his fogs behind him. He is like a rolling mass of darkness, absorbing all the encircling light, but emitting none. There is this remarkable point of contrast too, that the former becomes at once a citizen of the country he visits, and the latter never ceases to be the petty lord of the manor, the common council man, the great gun of the village or the county. The universe is only Big Little Pedlington to Hopkins.

But it is surprising how a little knocking about in steamboats, and railways, and diligences, and schnell-posts and voitures of all sorts, and hotels with every variety of perfumes, shakes a man out of his sluggish thoughts and opaque humours. It is the best of all constitutional remedies for mind and body, although it acts but slowly on the whipcord nerves of the English. It is good for the brains and the stomach. It invigorates the imagination, loosens the blood and makes it leap through the veins, dispels the nebulous mass of the stay-at-home animal, and, liberating the spirit from its drowsy weight of prejudices, sends it rebounding back, lighter and brighter than ever, with the fresh morning beams throbbing in its pulses. There is nothing in this levelling world of ours which so effectually annihilates conventional re-

spectability as travelling. It tumbles down with a single blow the whole wire and gauze puppet, reducing its empty length and breadth to mere finery and sawdust. All our staid, solemn proprieties, that beset and check us at every land's turn like inauguration mysteries, as if we were entering upon some esoteric novitiate every day of our lives—all our family pride and class instincts—our local importance and stately caution—paddocks and lawns—liveries, revenues and ceremonials—all go for nothing in the swirl and roar of the living tide. A great landed gentleman cannot bring his ten-foot walls, his deer-park, or his parish-church with its time-honoured slabs and monuments, in the palm of his hand to the continent; he cannot stick the vicar and the overseer and the bench of justices in his hatband; he cannot inscribe the terrors of the tread-mill on his travelling-bag; he cannot impress every body abroad as he can at home with the awful majesty of his gate-house, and the lump of plush that slumbers in the padded arm-chair; he has passed out of the artificial medium by which he has hitherto been so egregiously magnified, and he is forced, for once in his life, to depend solely on himself, docked of his lictors, for whatever amount of respect, or even attention, he can attract. This is a wholesome and healthy ordeal; very good for the moral as well as the biliary ducts. It sets a new and unexpected value upon whatever little sense or self-reliance one may really possess, and makes a man understand his manhood better in a month than he could have done in twenty years through the mirage of a false position.

And no man abandons himself so utterly to the intoxication of this new and rapturous existence as an Englishman, once he allows himself to give way to it. He rushes at once to the opposite extreme. He chuckles and screams, like a boy out of school, like a hound just released from the thong, bounding over fields and ditches, and taking every thing at a leap, as if Beelzebub were dancing mad at his heels. If he is only sure that he is not observed, that nobody sees him—for this craven consciousness, and fear of ridicule, haunt him day and night—there is nothing too puerile, nothing too gay or riotous for him. He is no longer forty or fifty, but rampant nineteen. The sudden enchantment sets him beside himself; he is under the influence of a spell; no longer starched and trammelled in frigid responsibilities, his joints begin to move with freedom and elasticity; he is all eyes, legs, ears. With what curiosity he peers into shop-windows and bazaars; with what vivacity, wondering secretly all the while at his miraculous accession of gusto, he criticises picture-galleries and museums; how vigorously he hunts through royal parks and palaces to collect gossip for the table-d'hôte; how he climbs lofty steeples

and boasts of his lungs; what mountains of ice he devours in the heat of the day; what torrents of *lemonade gazeuse* or Seltzer water he swallows; what a dinner he makes amidst a bewildering chaos of provocations; and how zealously he nourishes his emancipated enthusiasm with hock and claret, in the exquisite agony of a profound contempt for gout and indigestion. Verily there is nothing under heaven so thoroughly English, as those things which are in the very grain of their nature the most thoroughly un-English: so unnatural is the slavery of our habitual self-suppression, so natural our disfranchisement: and of these extremes are we pieced. O ye who fold yourselves up in the coil of sour melancholy, 'like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's stream,' take heed at that critical turn of life when the green leaf is beginning to get yellow and sickly, and be assured there is nothing like a plunge into new worlds of human faces for the recovery of youth, with all its giddy joys and airy fallacies.

But the difficulty is to get an Englishman to make this plunge in downright earnest. Instead of running wild amongst the people of the continent, and giving free vent to whatever youthful mirth has not been quite trampled out of him, he usually runs a muck at them. Instead of gambolling with them, he butts and horns them. He takes umbrage at every thing. It is impossible to please him. He is resolved not to be pleased, come what may. Shine or rain, it is all the same; he quarrels with every thing, simply because it is not English. It might be supposed he went on an expedition in search of England, he is so discontented at not finding England at every turn of the road. It never occurs to him how much enjoyment and instruction he loses by not trying to discover the points of mutual agreement: his whole labour is to dig out the points of difference. He has not the least glimmer of a conception how much the former overbalance the latter; how much more there is to admire and imitate, than to censure and avoid; and how much sound feeling and morality, practical virtue, and social goodness, there may be in common between people who scowl at each other 'like frowning cliffs apart' upon questions of cookery and ventilation. He delights in picking up vexations and cross-purposes, and incidents that 'hint dislike;' and he snarls at them as a dog does at a bone, which, all unprofitable as it is, he takes a sort of surly pleasure in growling over. Every step he makes furnishes fresh excuses for grumbling and getting out of humour; and the only wonder is why he ever left home, and why he does not go back again without delay. There is nothing to eat (this is universal); the wines are vinegar; the lower classes wallow in dirt and superstition; the churches are hung all over with theatrical gewgaws; the people are eaten up by the priests; the stench

of the towns is past endurance; the women are pert and affected, the men all folly and grimace; the few educated people are destitute of the dignity and reserve essential to the maintenance of rank and order; there is no distinction of persons; and one cannot go into a public company without having one's Teutonic delicacy offended by the levity and grossness of the conversation. It has been well said of the English, that their *forte* is the disagreeable and repulsive.

Is there nothing in England to provoke the acerbity of a foreigner, who should take pleasure in cataloguing annoyances and tantalizing himself with painful truths? Are we quite sure that we are exempt from public nuisances and social evils? Take a stranger into our manufacturing districts, our mines and collieries, our great towns. Is there nothing there to move his compassion, to fill him with amazement and horror? No wrong-doing, no oppression, no vice? On every side he is smitten to the heart by the cruelties of our system; by the hideous contrast of wealth and want, plethora and famine; a special class smothered up in luxuries, and a dense population struggling wolfishly for the bare means of subsistence. Out of all this, drunkenness—unknown in his own midsummer clime—glares upon him at every step. He hears the cry of despair, the bitter imprecation, the blasphemous oath, as he passes through the packed and steaming streets. True, we have fine shops and aristocratic houses, and macadamized roads, and paved causeways and footpaths; but these things, and the tone of comfort they inspire, and the ease and prosperity they imply, only make the real misery, the corroding depravity, all the more palpable and harrowing. As to priests—what becomes of our Church in the comparison? To be sure our priests never walk about the streets—they ride in their carriages: a symptom which is only an aggravation of the disease. Nor are we so free from superstition as we would have the world believe. It is not very long since Sir William Courtenay preached in East Kent; the followers of Johanna Southcote form a very thriving little sect; and witches are still accredited in the north. For credulity we might be matched against any contemporary country—witness our police reports, our joint-stock bubbles, our emigration schemes, and our patent medicines. Are we more enlightened as a nation than our neighbours? Do we treat men of letters with more regard? Is our population better instructed? Do you find anywhere in England, as you do in France and Germany, the poor way-side man acquainted with his local traditions, and proud of his great names in literature and history? All this sort of refinement is wanted: our population is bred up in material necessities, and has neither leisure nor inclination for intellectual culture. The workman knows nothing beyond

his work, and even locks up his faculties in it, from an instinctive and hereditary dread of scattering and weakening them. He has been brought up in the notion that a Jack of all trades is master of none, and so he sticks to his last, and is obstinately ignorant of every thing else. This description of training makes capital mechanics; but you must not look for any power of combination, any reasoning faculty, any capacity of comparison or generalization, where the mind has been flattened down and beaten into a single track. It is this which, in a great degree, communicates that air of gloom and reserve to the English peasantry which strikes foreigners so forcibly on their first coming amongst us. Nor is the matter much mended in the higher circles of society. An English *converzatione* is like the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Every body seems to have got into a sort of funereal atmosphere; the deepest solemnity sits in every face; and the whole affair looks as if it were got up for any imaginable purpose but that of social intercourse and enjoyment. No wonder a stranger, accustomed to incessant variety, and bringing, by the force of habit, his entire stock of spirits to bear upon the occasion, should be chilled and petrified at a scene which presents such a perplexity to his imagination. He may put up, as gracefully as he can, with being cheated and overcharged and turned into ridicule for his blunders at hotels and lodging houses; these are vulgar and sordid vices. But he looks for compensation and sympathy to the upper classes. Is he disappointed? He is too much a man of the world, too intent upon making the best of every thing, too *enjoué*, and too ready to appreciate and acknowledge whatever is really praiseworthy and agreeable, to annoy anybody with his impressions. The contrast is marked—the inference irresistible.

We are so apt to think every thing wrong which does not happen to square with our own usages, that we rarely make allowances for the difference of habits and modes of life. But it ought to be remembered that some national traits may jar with our customs, and yet harmonize perfectly with the general characteristics and necessities of others; and that many of the very traits we desiderate in them would be totally irreconcilable with the whole plan of their society—perhaps even with their climate, which frequently exercises an influence that cannot be averted over society itself. One of the things, for example, which most frets and chafes an Englishman of the common stamp is the eternal flutter of the continent. He cannot make out how the people contrive to carry on the *business* of life, since they appear to be always engrossed in its *pleasures*. He is not content to 'take the goods the Gods provide,' but must needs know whether they are honestly come by. To him, the people seem to be perpetually flying from place to

place, on the wing for fresh delights. It never occurs to him that he is making holiday himself; he only thinks it extraordinary that they should be doing the same thing. Yet a moment's reflection ought to show him that they must labour for their pleasure as we do; although they do not take their pleasure, as we do, with an air of labour. Pleasure is cheaper on the continent, as every thing else is, where people are not bowed down by an Old Man at their backs in the shape of a glorious National Debt.

This lightness of the heart, joined to the lightness of the atmosphere, produces that open-air festivity and community of enjoyment which makes the heavy hypochondriacal man stare. He is used to think of taxes and easterly winds, and cannot understand how such crowds of people can go out of doors to enjoy themselves. He wonders they are so improvident of money and rheumatism. Little does he suspect how slight their acquaintance is with either, and how much satisfaction they have in their cap and bells and their blue skies notwithstanding! He goes to an hotel, and petulantly orders dinner in a private room, his sense of exclusiveness taking umbrage at the indiscriminate crush of the *salle à manger* below. Here again he is at fault. The *salle à manger* is the absolute fashion of the place. It is the universal custom of Europe. The Englishman alone cannot reconcile himself to it. He sees a salon set out on a scale of such magnificence, that he immediately begins to calculate the expenditure, and jumps to a conclusion—always estimating things by his own standard—that the speculation must be a dead loss. To be sure, that is no business of his, but he cannot help the *instinct*. Enter a salon of this description, and observe with what regal splendour it is appointed; brilliantly lighted up, painted, gilt, draperied with oriental pomp; a long table runs down the centre, perhaps two or three, laid out for dinner with excellent taste. You wonder by what magic the numerous company is to be brought together for which such an extensive accommodation is provided; presently a bell rings; it is followed, after an interval, by a second and a third peal; then the guests glide in noiselessly, and in a few moments every chair is occupied. Cheap refuge against *ennui*, against the evil misgivings of solitude, the wear and tear of conventional hindrances to the free course of the animal spirits! Here are to be found every class, from the lord to the *négociant*; noblemen and commoners of the highest rank and their families; military, and civilians of all professions; and some of the resident *élite* of the locality, who occasionally prefer this mode of living to the dreary details and lonely pomp of a small household. From this usage, which we deprecate so much because it impinges upon our dignity and sullenness, a manifest

advantage is gained in the practical education of men for any intercourse with general society to which they may be called. Nor is it of less value in conferring upon them that ease and self-possession and versatile command of topics, for which the people of the continent are so much more distinguished than our countrymen.

An implicit and somewhat audacious reliance upon the virtues of money in carrying a traveller through every difficulty, is one of the foibles by which we are pre-eminently noted all over the world. Nor are we content merely to depend upon the weight of our purses, but we must brandish them ostentatiously in the faces of innkeepers and postilions, till we make them conscious of our superiority, with the insulting suggestion in addition, that we think them poor and venal enough to be ready to do any thing for hire. Of course we must pay for our vanity and insolence; and accordingly resentment in kind takes swinging toll out of us wherever we go. *Milor Anglais* is the sure mark for pillage and overcharge and mendacious servility; all of which he may thank himself for having called into existence. We remember falling in with an old gentleman at Liege several years ago who had travelled all over Belgium and up the Rhine into Nassau, without knowing one word of any language except his own native English. His explanation of this curious dumb process to a group of his countrymen tickled the whole party amazingly. He thought you could travel anywhere, without knowing any language, if you had only plenty of money: he did not know what he had paid at Weisbaden, or anywhere else: his plan was to thrust his hand into his pocket, take it out again filled with sovereigns, and let them help themselves: he never could make out their bills, they were written in such a d—hieroglyphical hand: what of that? *Rhino* will carry you anywhere! (an exclamation enforced by a thundering slap on his breeches pocket); he didn't care about being cheated; he had money enough, *and more where that came from*; he supposed they cheated him, but he could afford it; that was all he looked to; and much more to the same purpose. We would ask any reasonable man of any country whether an avowed system of this kind, which puts an open premium upon knavery, is not calculated to draw upon those who practise it a just measure of obloquy and derision.

The determination not to see things as they are, but to condemn them wholesale for not being something else, is another of our salient characteristics. And this determination generally shows itself most violently in reference to things which, for the most part, can neither be remedied nor altered. The phy-

siognomy of the country upsets all our previous theories of compact living and picturesque scenery: tall, crazy châteaux—dreary rows of trees—interminable roads—dull stretches of beet-root and mangel-wurzel—no hedge-rows—no busy hum of machinery—and such towns! The towns are the especial aversion of an Englishman. He compiles in his own mind a flattering ideal from the best general features of an English town, and immediately sets about a comparison with the straggling discordant mass of houses before him. The result is false both ways, making the English town better than it is, and the continental town a thousand times worse. This procedure is obviously fallacious, to say nothing about the prejudice that lurks at the bottom. We carry away with us only a few vague pictorial images, rejecting all the disagreeable details: English neatness, English order, white-wash, green verandahs, windows buried in roses and honeysuckles, gardens boxed round with faultless precision—and a serene air of contentment over the whole, as if it were a nook in Paradise. We drop out all the harsh features: the crushed spirit of the inmates of these pretty houses, who find it so hard to live in their aromatic cottages; the haggard, speechless things that hang round the door-ways and road-sides; the brusque manners; the masked misery; the heartless indifference. We not only forget all such items on the one hand, but the historical and local circumstances on the other, which might help to reconcile us to the unfavourable side of the comparison. Continental towns are generally of great antiquity, having a remote origin in forts and castles, and becoming gradually enlarged to meet new necessities. They are, consequently, built without much method, piled up of all orders and ages: narrow streets, paved all over with sharp stones—fantastic and irregular façades—all sorts of roofs and angles—every colour in the rainbow—dark entries—latticed windows—gullies of water running through the streets like rivulets—and crowds of men, women, children, and horses tramping up and down all day long, as if they were holding a fair. A comparison of one of these towns with an English town is as much out of the nature of things, as a comparison between the old Egyptian religion, all grandeur and filth, with a well-swept conventicle.

The English who settle on the continent—people who emigrate for good reasons of their own, but chiefly for one which they are not always willing to avow—are hardly less inaccessible to reason and generosity. You always find them grumbling and as murky as thunder-clouds. They never give way to pleasant influences: they are sensitive only to hard knocks. The crust of prejudice never melts: it can only be chipped off by repeated blows. And

the worst of it is that the location they are driven to select, for its superior convenience on the score of neighbourhood and economy, pitches them amongst a people the very reverse of themselves. The sullen pride of the English and the explosive vanity of the French make a compound fit for a witch caldron. They are felicitously illustrated by a story too good to be true. A Frenchman is boasting to an Englishman of the battle of Waterloo, a sore subject on both sides, and arrogantly claiming the victory. "How can that be," exclaims the Englishman, "since you left us in possession of the field?" "*Mon Dieu!*" replies the Frenchman, "we won the battle, but you were so obstinate you wouldn't be beaten, and we left the field in disgust!" Frenchmen have the best of such disputes by turning even their failures into pleasantries.

English residents in France are drawn thither by the grand motive of cheap living, cheap education for their children. A family could not exist in England, without undergoing severe privations and severer humiliation, upon the small sum which will enable them to live well in France. This is the magnet which attracts so many people on narrow incomes to the French shores. At the little town of Dinan, on the Rance, there are nearly 300 English residents; at Tours, on the Loire, there are 2000, and there were formerly three times that number, until certain unpleasantnesses broke up and dispersed the community; Avranches, St. Malo, St. Servan, swarm with English; there are 6000 at Boulogne; and they congregate at Rouen, Caen, Havre, and other places in proportion. People do not exile themselves for mere caprice to a strange land, where a strange language is spoken, where they are surrounded by strange customs, and separated from familiar faces and old ties and associations; they must have a strong motive for making so many painful sacrifices of habit, of friendship within call if not within reach of easy intercourse; and that motive must be more powerful than the claims and considerations it overrules. At home they are exposed to a thousand distresses; they cannot sustain the position to which their connexions or their tastes invite them; and then there are children to be cared for, to be educated, and put out in the world. How is all this to be accomplished upon means so limited as to keep them in a state of hopeless warfare with appearances? The alternative is to settle in a country where the necessities of life are cheap, where education is cheap, where they can escape the eyes of Argus, and do as they like: a sort of genteel emigration. Who is the wiser whether they do this on 100*l.* or 1000*l.* a year, if they can do it independently? They are out of the realms of spite and tattle. Let nobody wonder

then at the numbers of English who settle in France and other cheap countries; the real wonder is that there are not more of them. But let nobody, either out of false delicacy or falser pride, mistake the causes of their settling there. It is not from choice but necessity. The question comes home quite as forcibly to the English gentleman of 300*l.* per annum, who rents a house at Avranches or Granville, as to the practical farmer who, before he is ground into a pauper by high rents at home, turns his little property into capital, and transports himself and his family to Van Diemen's Land. The only important difference between the two cases is, that the one can return when he pleases, and the other, having embarked his whole substance in a single venture, must abide the issue.

The English resident in France is not satisfied, however, with his new mode of life after all, and must let off a little ill-humour upon the people. He exclaims, "Oh! yes, you get necessaries cheap enough; but there the advantage ends. There is no such thing as society in such places, and you must make up your mind to a mere state of vegetation. The best you can make of it is banishment with plenty to eat and drink." We should like to ask this desolate, but well-fed gentleman, what sort of society he was able to keep at home, or rather whether he was able to keep any society at all? If so, why did he condemn himself to this miserable banishment? Why, he knew very well, that the mere cost of putting himself *en regle* to make and receive visits, supposing it possible to keep aloof from the consequent expenses of seeing company, would have swallowed up his whole income.

But the assertion is not true that such places are destitute of good society; and in not a few instances the best society is too intellectual for the common run of economists, consisting as it does of the families of men of science and letters connected with the public institutions of the locality. In this respect France is essentially different from England, and it is desirable to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the culminating point of the political movements of the country, and consequently draws into its focus much of the wealth, and all the fashions of the kingdom; literature and science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college, or at all events its museum, and its public schools, and upon these foundations several professors are established. These are frequently men of a very high order of talent—antiquaries, good scholars, and ardent lovers of literature. It is scarcely necessary to observe that excellent society might be formed out of such materials; but this is unfortunately

not always the sort of society the English resident cares to cultivate. The want, however, lies in him, not in the elements around him. The French provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown in England. Every department has its own capital, towards which all its lines of interest converge, forming a minor system of centralization in every thing that concerns its local history, arts, science, and antiquities. It must not be supposed that all distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. Men of fortune do, leaving their chateaux to go to ruin, while they riot in the salons of the metropolis; fashionable novelists, dramatists and dreamers in blank verse and philosophy, fly to Paris as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but historians and antiquaries, a very large class, are content with the humbler reward of discharging a useful duty to their country in the most useful way, by staying behind to dignify with their presence the scene of their birth and their labours. Thus, while Victor Hugo, Scribe, and Sue, must of necessity engross all eyes in Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahé are content to publish the fruits of their learned researches in the midst of the regions to which they refer. Indeed, so completely is this principle acted upon, that if you want to procure a particular history, or an account of the antiquities of any particular place, your best chance is to inquire for it in the place itself. It frequently happens that such works never find their way into Paris through the ordinary channels of trade.

The gradual effect of an English settlement in a French town is to spoil it. In course of time, it becomes a French town anglicized, neither French nor English, but a bad mixture of both, like a *bifteck Anglais* with a heavy sweat of garlic in it. The English mode of settling is something in its nature utterly averse to the whole theory of French life. The English are for settling in the most literal sense—for collecting round them all the conveniences and fixtures and comforts of home—for sitting down with a strict view to the future—for shutting out the weather and the eyes of their neighbours—for keeping themselves snug and reserved and select (select above all things!)—for quiet dinners and tea in the evening—for in-door as diametrically opposed to out-of-door enjoyments, carpets, blinds, screens, and pokers—and for nursing themselves up in habits contradictory to the spirit of the people, the climate, the traditions, the usages of the country. The French are exactly the antipodes of all this. They hate staying in one spot—they are all flutter, open doors, open windows, and open mouths—they cannot keep in the house—they abhor quiet dinners—and fixtures, conveniences, cupboards, and comforts, are so many agonies in detail to them. They are in a per-

petual whirl, sleep about five hours out of the four and twenty, and shoot out of bed, like quicksilver, the moment they awaken, ready for the same round again. Repose is essential to an Englishman: it is physically and mentally impossible to a Frenchman. The latter makes the most of the present moment: the former is always laying up for his children. In fact, the Frenchman lives for to-day—the Englishman for posterity.

The French, to do them justice, would be willing enough, from an habitual preference for the lesser horn of a dilemma, to form a social union with their guests; but the constitutional frigidity of the English forbids the bans. In this respect the English, when they shape themselves into a community, keep up all their old notions to the letter, even towards each other. There seems to be no exception to this rule; they are the same in all places. There is not a solitary instance of an English settlement in which, as far as possible, the entire habits, root and branch, of the mother country have not been transplanted bodily, without the slightest reference to the interests or prejudices of the surrounding population. The English are the only people in the world who do this—the only people who could do it. The Germans, who resemble the English more than any other nation in every thing else, differ from them widely in this. Wherever they go, they adapt themselves to the country, and are uniformly distinguished by the simplicity and economy of their style, their *noiselessness* and *bonhomie*. In America they are beloved for these qualities, and for keeping clear of wounding the self-respect and national pride of the people. The English glory in running counter to the prejudices of the world, and throwing out the angular points of their character with the irritability of the hedgehog.

In the midst of all this purse-proud display, there is a real meanness, a small huckstering spirit that constantly betrays itself. In these very cheap places they are always complaining of the great expense of living, and the frauds that are practised on them. It is a common accusation to bring against the French, that they have two charges—an English charge and a French charge; but the evil must be set down, along with other petty antagonisms, to the responsibility of those who make the market. When the English shall have learned to live like the French, they may hope to be let in under the French tariff. It is not surprising, all circumstances considered, that the French should regard our Cheapside countrymen with a little distrust and no very great good will. One cogent reason for it is, that they know, as sure as the swallow brings summer, the English bring high prices. Wherever they cluster together, they raise the markets; partly by increased demand, and partly by that mammon swagger, which is one of the vices of the

national character. Formerly an inhabitant of a small town in a cheap district, might live comfortably on 1200 francs per annum and keep his servant; but the English no sooner set up a hive there, than he is obliged to dispense with his domestic, and forego a variety of enjoyments in which he used to indulge. He formerly led a life of *insouciance*; now he leads what may be called a hard life. He is borne down by the market prices, which, although cheap to the English, are ruinously dear to him. How could it be expected that he should like the people who have brought all this upon him, and who boast all the time of the benefits they are conferring on the country by spending their money in it?

The situation of a handful of English settlers is not less curious in reference to their relations with each other. The struggling pride, personal vanities, and class prejudices of the old country, are here to be seen as efflorescent upon the decayed offshoot as upon the original stock. Five hundred a year performs the rôle of aristocracy. They are in the last degree suspicious of each other. No one knows why his neighbour, just arrived, has set up his tent in this cheap district; but malice is fertile in suggestions. There are other reasons besides small means for going abroad, and it sometimes happens that a visit to the continent is merely a liberal extension of the rules of the Bench. Of course, if there be mystery in the case, people are not over-charitable in their constructions. Religion often forms a subject of contention for lack of something better to do. Unbeneficed clergymen occasionally speculate on these little communities, and the small profit to be gained by administering spiritual respectability to them is every now and then scrambled for like a beadleship. A conflict of this kind took place recently at Avranches, where the rival candidates carried their hostilities so far that they almost went to fisticuffs in the church!

When we commenced this article, it was our intention to have pursued the inquiry through a variety of details, with an especial view to the recorded opinions of English travellers; but we have already occupied all the space that can be spared from demands of a more pressing nature. Perhaps we may return to the subject, for we are confident that a searching examination into the prejudices by which it has been hitherto *tabooed* will not be unproductive of some utility.


But it may be asked why we undertake to expose these national weaknesses? We answer, because we would rather do it ourselves than leave it to be done by others, and because we are not unwilling to show the world that our integrity and courage are superior to our vanity.

ART. VI.—*Relations des Ambassadeurs Venetiens sur les affaires de France au Seizième Siècle* (Correspondence of the Venetian Ambassadors on the affairs of France in the Sixteenth Century), *recueillies et traduites par TOMMASEO*. 2 vols. 4to. Paris.

WHEN Monsieur Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction, the idea and the proposition being his own, the sum of 150,000 francs was voted for the collection and publication of documents relating to French history. A similar payment has since been made yearly: the ministry disposing of the funds under the direction of a committee composed of fifty members of the several academies, themselves named by royal 'ordonnance,' and with power to examine and decide on the works proposed for their approval. Among the most remarkable volumes which have yet appeared, are these containing the correspondence of the Venetian ambassadors.

The editor is the Signor Tommaseo; himself author of the translation which accompanies the text, and of a French and Italian preface, ably written. Obligated to make selection from a large mass of material, he has consigned into untranslated notes, in company with long geographical descriptions amusing only as they show the ignorance of those addressed, other details perhaps thought beneath the attention of an historian. Thinking better of them, we have been at the trouble to make some translations for our readers. Their very minuteness paints, much better than dignified dissertation, the character of a people and the manners of a time. We may mention, before we proceed further, that the correspondence occupies a part of the reign of Francis I.; that of his son, Henry II.; and, passing over the brief rule of his grandson Francis, a portion of those of Charles IX. and Henry III. Always held to be of great importance, they were copied, and some few printed. Navagero, Suriano, and Tiepolo, were thus published before, but incorrectly and imperfectly.

Venice was placed high enough to see well. Her envoys, if we make allowance for religious intolerance and national prejudice, had commonly judged with fairness both France and the passing events of her history. Themselves actors in some of the most remarkable of those events, in company with them we push aside the gilded panels, and pass behind the scenes. We discover the small machinery which wrought great effects, and can sound every depth and shallow of that selfish and narrow ambition which ruled the life of Catherine of Medicis, and laid her crowned sons bound before her, her earliest victims.



The first of these ambassadors, Navagero, presents us only with the notes of his journey through Spain and France. He was succeeded by Marino Giustiniano, the date of whose mission is 1535. These early French times have been recently the subject of an article in this review, and on the present occasion we shall abstain from detailed historical explanations. Our sole object is to present from an important work, very ponderous and not very accessible, a series of extracts of striking interest in themselves, and embodying much curious portraiture of persons and of manners. The reader not generally acquainted with the times, will find a sufficient guide to them in any common French history at hand: the reader already versed in them, will thank us for a most remarkable addition to his historical store.

According to Marino Giustiniano's estimate, the riches of Paris did not, in this early half of the sixteenth century, equal those of Venice. The population was not so large, though more was seen of it: since men, women, and children, masters and servants, were always at their doors or in the streets. The circumference of the town was not greater, for it was easy to walk slowly round it in three hours. The parliament, composed of one hundred and twenty counsellors divided in various classes, judged definitively such as appealed to its verdict from those of the provincial parliament.

"To be a counsellor a man must bear the title of doctor, which does not mean he must be learned, since all these posts are for sale, the king giving them to his servitors, who make traffic of them in turns."

It would appear that the Venetian ambassadors were ill paid; and it is to their honour that from these embassies they mostly returned impoverished. By all, the complaint is made: recurring in terms more or less comic. We give as a curious specimen the close of Giustiniano's discourse, in his own words.

"A short time after my arrival in Paris, the king departed for Marseilles; we traversed through excessive heat the Lyonnais, Auvergne, and Languedoc, till we arrived in Provence. The interview with the pope was so deferred, that every one thinking it would take place in summer, we waited till November. The ambassadors, who had carried with them only summer garments, were constrained to purchase others. Returned to Paris and arrived in the hotel of my honourable predecessors, a stable caught fire, and eleven horses with their harness were burned. I saved my mule only, and my loss was of four hundred crowns. A second mishap occurred to me the same year. The king being on the point of departure, I was forced to purchase ten horses more, at a time when their price was raised extraordinarily, and having waited in vain for remittances from your serene highness, I was obliged to sell a part of my plate. During the five and forty months my embassy lasted, the

court never remained in the same place ten days following. All these removals caused heavy expenses, and not only I, who am as every one knows a poor gentleman, but the richest lords would have suffered from it: wherefore I make end by commending myself humbly to your serene highness, invoking with respect a token of your goodness which may prove to me that the state has held my services acceptable. On quitting Venice, I left two daughters, since one was born eight months after my departure. The other, whom I parted with a child, I find grown so tall that she might pass for my sister. She appeared to me one night in a dream, complaining that I did not love and had forgotten her, and not only that I had done nothing to better her fortunes, but sought to render her more and more poor, and it seemed to me that I answered, 'My daughter, such sums as I expend I do but deposit in the treasury of a kind and liberal master,' and I pointed to your serene highness. I added that your generosity and piety had often remunerated the zeal of your servants, and that you promised reward to those who were devoted to you, and this appeared to calm my daughter's agitation."

The next in order, Francesco Giustiniano, remained but a brief time ambassador. He also was in straitened circumstances: with a family to bring up, and a revenue of three hundred ducats only. We pass himself and Tiepolo, though neither is without interest, to come to Marino Cavalli, ambassador in 1546, a year before the death of Francis. To bear out his assertion that nothing is so useful to those who govern as a close inquiry into the institutions of other countries, he gives with even more detail than his predecessors, information geographical and commercial, and a history of France commencing with Pharamond. When he arrives in Paris we pause by his side.

It numbered at this period 500,000 inhabitants, and was superior to all the cities of Europe. The work of its fortifications well commenced, was continued only in times when their necessity seemed specially apparent, and it was the ambassador's opinion it would never become a place of strength. The university contained about 20,000 students, and he judged the instruction given to be solid and carefully administered. The salary paid to the professors was low and their duties irksome; still those posts were greatly sought for, since the title of Master in Sorbonne was so honourable that they gained in repute what they might not earn in money. The *Maîtres en Sorbonne* were invested with authority to judge heretics, whom, says the writer, 'they punish by roasting alive.' His opinion of the state of the law, and the mode of conducting civil processes in France, was far from favourable, and his advice is curious.

"They are," he says, "never ending, so that the rich only can go to law, and even they get ill out of the scrape. A suit involving one

thousand crowns, swallows, in law expenses, two thousand more, and lasts ten years. This, which would elsewhere seem intolerable, has had one happy consequence. The government paying the judges for their attendance during a limited number of hours, if each of the parties interested in the cause next to be heard will pay an additional crown, the judges remain an hour longer, and thus rid themselves of much business to the great content of all. *I think our forty might do likewise.* The cost to those who plead would be but of two ducats per hour, and they would be spared divers consultations, useless journeys, and outlay at places of entertainment; so that to them it would be an economy, while it delivered your serene highness and the republic from many tiresome cares and the prolongation of hatred and scandal."

Our next extracts bring us within the precincts of the court, and more closely acquainted with its members than either the free speech of Brantôme or the patience of L'Etoile have done, with those to whom they more immediately refer. At the date of 1546, the eldest son of Francis had died with some suspicion of poison, but in reality of a disease caused by youthful imprudence. The Duchess of Etampes was all-powerful with the king, Diana of Poitiers with the dauphin. Catherine de Medicis, accepted for the latter's wife when there seemed no chance of his wearing the crown, neglected alike as a princess and a woman, at this time effectually concealed her hatred of the favourites, quietly accepted the nullity of the part [allotted her, and won a character for timidity and want of ambition! She was cherishing the secret motto, 'I bide my time.'

We quote the portraits of Francis and Henry; it would be difficult to decide whether Cavalli's judgment of Diana of Poitiers is given frankly or as a courtier.

"The king, Francis, is now fifty-four years of age, of aspect so royal that merely glancing at him one would say 'this is the king.' He eats and drinks largely; he sleeps even better; he loves some degree of luxury in his dress, which is embroidered and enriched with precious stones. His doublets are even worked and woven in gold. Like all other monarchs of France, he has received from Heaven the singular gift of curing the evil. Even Spaniards flock hither to profit by this miraculous property. The ceremony takes place some solemn day, like Easter or Christmas, or the festivals of the Virgin: the king first confesses and receives the sacrament, then makes the sign of the cross on the sick, saying, 'The king touches, may God cure thee.' If the sick were not restored they would, doubtless, not flock hither from so far; and since the number augments always, we must believe that God takes this method to deliver the infirm, *and to increase at the same time the dignity of the crown of France.* The Prince Henry, who is now the dauphin, is a source of infinite hope to the French, who console themselves for present ill by the thought of good to come.

He is twenty-eight years old, of strong constitution, but of humour somewhat sad; not an apt speaker, but absolute in his replies, and fixed in his opinion. He is of ordinary intelligence, rather slow than prompt. He would fain have a footing in Italy, never having approved of the ceding Piedmont: therefore entertains well such Italians as are discontented with the present state of their country. He cares little for women, contenting himself with his wife, and the intimacy and conversation of the Seneschale de Normandie, a lady of eight and forty years. Many believe that this love, great as it is, is yet pure, as may be that between son and 'mother:' the said lady having taken upon her to instruct and admonish him, leading to thoughts and actions worthy a prince: and she has succeeded admirably, for, having been vain and a mocker, loving his wife little, and having other faults of youth, he has become another man."

Francis was at this time discontented with the pope, Paul III., who was favourably disposed towards the Emperor. Amity with the Turk continued, but on unsure foundation. The German states were soothed to hold them apart from Spain; Scotland was friendly but powerless; peace with England seemed doubtful; and Portugal had become a foe. The revenue, from various sources of extortion, and chiefly from use and sale of matters connected with the church, had increased to four millions of golden crowns, but nowhere were the funds administered loyally.

"In the infantry only," says Cavalli, "the pay of soldiers never brought out is made away with by hundreds and thousands; the treasurers consent, having their share of the sums stolen. If all the guilty were hanged there would remain no treasurer in France, so deep-rooted is the evil."

This is strong language, and we find further on a still deeper imputation. Francis had discontented the republic by confiscating two Venetian vessels. An indemnity was at last promised, and was to consist, curiously enough, in ecclesiastical benefices.

"I would not," says the ambassador, "wound this ancient and noble nation, which has deserved well of your serene highness and the Christian republic, but I think it my duty to speak the whole truth as it presents itself from the evidence of facts, in order that when you have public or private dealings with France, you may secure yourself, as others have done, by better guarantees than lie in written acts or promises: reducing matters within such boundary, that either the pledges you may hold, or necessity, or utility to themselves and obvious to them, shall force them to keep their words."

Giovanni Cappello, ambassador in 1554, introduces us to Henry II. as king; to Catherine de Medicis; and to the children she had borne the king after being childless ten years.

"I have spoken to you of the grandeur of the kingdom and the good



qualities of the present king. The employment of his time cannot be more wise, more useful and honourable. In summer he rises at dawn; in winter, by candlelight; commencing the day by praying in his closet, whence he goes to the secret council; wherein the Connétable, Messieurs de Guise, de Vendome, and others, enter also. The adviser the king most values is the Connétable, as well from his age as his having ever been zealous and devoted. He goes thence to mass, assisting there devoutly, since he knows that all good comes from God, and that prayer obtains for us a happy close to our undertakings: thus by his example exciting his subjects to piety, and rendering himself worthy the title of most Christian King. After mass he dines, but with small appetite, seeming more occupied with his thoughts than his necessities. After dinner, there is held another council, but of less secret nature, the king rarely present, but spending this time in the study of letters, knowing that these bring with them profit and ornament to princes. He also rides much as well to give gaiety to his temper as health to his body. He is affable and courteous, deigning to converse even with the humblest; he is thirty-six years old, tall and well formed, and of fine face, though dark complexion. The Queen Catherine is of laudable modesty, *but one cannot praise her beauty*. She resembles Leo X. her great uncle; *her lips are thick, her eyes prominent*. Her love for the king is great as can be imagined; she dresses simply and gravely; and when the king is away at the wars, goes into mourning with all her court, exhorting to prayer for his majesty. They have three sons; the Dauphin,* who is ten years old, handsome and well-made and well-mannered, but of feeble nature, and having but little love for letters, which is displeasing to his majesty. There have been placed about him excellent preceptors, who mostly train him to granting graciously whatever is demanded of him, so that with time and habit he may learn a royal liberality; but with all this he profits ill enough. The Queen of Scotland has been given him for a wife. She is very beautiful, and of manners and high qualities which awake marvel in all who consider them. The Dauphin is fond of her, and happy in her converse and presence. The second son is Duke of Orleans;† he has an agreeable countenance and a generous temper. He is fond of study; our century may expect from him all that can be hoped for from any prince. The third boy,‡ born shortly before my arrival, is a pretty child, but has some impediment in his speech, which injures his pronunciation."

The narration of Giovanni Michele was indited after his embassy in 1561. Francis II. had died victim to disease; the power of his favourite, the Cardinal Lorraine, had vanished with him; and the star of Catherine de Medicis was now at last burning forth, bright and baneful. We quote a description of the court of Charles IX.

* Francis II.

† Charles IX.

‡ Henry III.

“I will strive to be brief and precise in what concerns the government. It would be here the place to say something of the two kings, Henry II. and Francis II., with whom I was concerned during my embassy. But as it has pleased Heaven to call them both unto himself, it is unnecessary, since their memory exercises little or no influence on the present state of affairs. I will say only that inasmuch as King Henry’s death was fatal and a presage of misfortune, so that of Francis was opportune and fortunate, I might say happy, but for the pity every one bore him—seeing him perish so miserably, not having accomplished eighteen years. It may, I say, be called fortunate, not so much because this prince, though of good understanding, showed little courage, as from the anxiety of every one to see another mode of government from the hatred borne the Guises. Forbearing then to speak of these two dead kings, we turn to the present, named Charles IX. Child as he is, yet scarce eleven years old, our judgment must be formed almost at hazard, yet it is likely to prove accurate, since his disposition is remarked to be admirable, and promising all which can be sought in princes: talent, vivacity, gentleness, liberality, and courage. He is handsome, and has fine eyes like his father’s; graceful in all his movements, but of delicate constitution, and eats very sparingly; and it will be necessary to restrain him in all bodily exercise, for he is over fond of fencing, riding, and playing at tennis: which, though exercises fitted to his rank, are too violent, and after slight fatigue he needs long repose from shortness and difficulty of respiration. He is averse to study, and though he learns, as it is his mother’s will, he does so against his own, and it will bear no fruit. He seems to have warlike inclinations, and there is no discourse he hears so gladly as those which turn on such topics, and none he caresses as he does captains and soldiers. When he was yet Duke of Orleans, and the duchy of Milan was mentioned to him as his own in flattery or otherwise, he listened joyously, and drawing aside those with whom he was familiar, he prayed their promise to follow him thither for its recovery; and since he became king, I know that one of his ministers, a Milanese by birth, being about to take leave,—he who introduced him into the presence saying to the king that he should receive him well since he was one who could do him great service in his states of Milan, the child replied promptly that he knew it, but that now, being king, he must no longer speak so openly. In order that nothing be wanting to confirm him in these thoughts, his governor, Monsieur de Sissierre, speaks to him of conquests and hostile expeditions as the only themes worthy a monarch. Since the death of Henry II., it is towards him that all eyes have turned, and it is he, rather than his brothers, whom France would have chosen for sovereign. He has two brothers: the eldest was Duke of Anjou, but the king conferred on him the title of Duke of Orleans* to increase his importance and dignity, for they were brought up together, and he loves him dearly. Likewise, when the insignia of the order

* Henry III.; the queen afterwards changed their names.

was given to himself as its grand master, he took it from his neck to bestow it on his brother. The duke's name is Edward, after his godfather, the King of England. He is nine years old ; of an amiable temper ; graver than the king ; more robust in health ; of fresh and clear complexion ; but tormented by an ulcer between the nose and right eye, which no remedies have yet cured, but as it continues to diminish, the physicians hope it may wholly disappear. The other brother is called Hercules, being godson of the late Duke of Ferrara, and retains his title of Duke of Alençon, as fourth of the brothers. He is five years old ; seems well made, and stronger than either the king or his brother Edward ; but I hear the poor prince is in danger of losing the sight of an eye, and this reminds me of a prognostic* current throughout the kingdom, and made by the famous astrologer Nostradamus, which menaces the lives of these four princes, saying their mother will see all crowned. The sister's name is Margaret,† from that of her godmother, the Duchess of Savoy. She is seven years old, and if she improve in the grace and beauty I already left her mistress of, she will become a rare princess, far surpassing her sisters, Isabella, Queen of Spain, and Claude, Duchess of Lorraine. Even during her father's life she was affianced to the Prince of Bearn, who is of her own age. The king's minority will continue till his fourteenth year, the power remaining till then in the hands of the queen, the King of Navarre,‡ and ten of the chief nobles of the kingdom. The queen, Catherine de Medicis, is now forty-three, esteemed for her goodness, (!) gentleness, (!!) modesty, (!!!) and understanding : *capable of rule, which is a quality common to her house*. As mother to the king she keeps him under her own eye, *herself alone sleeping in his chamber, and never quitting him*. She obtained the rank of Regent as an unwonted favour and the reward of her great dexterity with all, but most with the nobles : for she is a foreigner, and not come of high blood, since her father, Lorenzo de Medicis, was merely a noble citizen of Florence, even though nephew of Leo X., and bearing the title of Duke of Urbino. As Regent, she governs absolutely, naming to all places and benefices, granting pardons and keeping the royal seal. *Formerly thought timid*, as having undertaken nothing of importance, she is yet possessed of great courage, as she showed at her husband's death : for notwithstanding that she loved him singularly, and he loved her and esteemed her above all, as soon as she saw him past hope *she restrained her sorrow, and then seeming to forget it, went forth the following day perfectly calm, to dine in public and grant audience to all who sought it, and at once seize on the royal authority*. She reconciled, at least apparently, the King of Navarre and the Guises to prevent discords fatal to the kingdom and young monarch ;

* The prediction of Nostradamus might have been prompted by the health of the princes, each of the four being afflicted by some disease. Francis II. had an abcess in the head ; Charles IX. a difficulty of breathing ; Henry III. the ulcer above mentioned ; and the Duc d'Alençon was threatened with blindness. It was a safe prediction.

† Afterwards first wife of Henry IV.

‡ Antoine de Bourbon : chosen for lieutenant-general of the kingdom, as the prince of the blood most near the crown.

and I know from persons who have known her long and intimately, that she is *profound in her designs*, not allowing them to be penetrated or guessed at. Like Leo X. and other of the Medici, she knows how to feign, as in the detention of the Prince of Condé :* not only showing no evil disposition towards him, but deceiving his partisans also ; saying that if he came he should be well received and better treated, and then acting as your serene highness knows : treating him not merely in a manner unsuited to a prince of the blood, but the poorest gentleman in the land. *She likes the comforts of life well, and is immoderate in her enjoyment of them* ; she eats and drinks largely, but afterwards seeks a remedy in violent exercise, walking, riding, being ever in motion. Strangest of all she hunts, and last year, never leaving the king, *she followed the stag along with him, riding through wood and brushwood*, from their trunks and branches dangerous to any one not an able horsewoman. Notwithstanding all, *her complexion is always livid or olive, her size enormous*, and her physicians do not judge her state of health favourably. The King of Navarre (Antoine de Bourbon†) is forty-four or forty-five years old, his beard already gray, tall and strong. Renowned for his courage ; rather good soldier than able leader. He is affable, not pompous ; his manners truly French, free and open. By his ease of access and generosity he has gained over every body. As to words he discourses well, but is reputed in his actions vain, inconsiderate, inconstant. Till this present time he has been accused not only of carelessness in religious matters, but of impiety, having foregone mass, and accepted the Genoese rite : rather, it is believed by all, in the hope of causing divisions in the kingdom, and placing himself at the head of a faction, than through zeal or knowledge : being looked on as a hypocrite even by the Protestants, and as accommodating himself to all roads, provided they lead to his advantage. His brothers are the Prince of Condé and Cardinal of Bourbon ; very various in religious opinions ; the latter being a zealous Catholic, the former deeply infected with the Protestant contagion, and favouring all who are corrupted likewise : but he also hath a view to create a party against the Guises. He was author of disturbances which had religion for pretext, but were raised in reality to murder them. Had the late king lived his designs might have ended unhappily, as well for himself as the Connétable also, whose life might have been in danger, since all the Prince of Condé had done or meditated in this conspiracy the Connétable not only knew but counselled. He holds (next the queen) the first post of dignity and authority ; that which the Connétable filled near Henry, and the Cardinal of Lorraine‡ near Francis II. The Connétable counts among the Bourbon's partisans since King Henry's death, when the Guises declared themselves as his opponents ; before this event he and the King of Navarre had been on no amicable terms, but the offence offered at the same time to both united them as friends. The Connétable

* After the conspiracy of Amboise.

† Husband to Jeanne d'Albret, father to Henry IV. of France.

‡ Uncle to the Cardinal and Duke de Guise, murdered at Blois by order of Henry III.

is robust as ever, notwithstanding his age, which is past sixty, and he has preserved the vigour of his mind as well as that of his body. But as to his conduct and his nature they remain unchanged. He daily obtains more influence, wherefore it is believed that he is reconciled to the queen, who hated him till now—not only because during King Henry's life he had been on friendly terms with the Duchess of Valentinois, beloved by herself and by the king, but also because after some discussion with his majesty he had mentioned her with slight, and called her a merchant's daughter."

This Constable of France was the same venal and cruel Anne de Montmorency, who rose so high in the favour of Francis I., and showed to his royal sister, Margaret of Angoulême, such deep ingratitude. Disgraced by Francis at last, he was restored to power on Henry's accession to the throne despite the dying injunction of his father. The Guises at this time were isolated and apart, and we get some curious details respecting them: for the Venetian envoys had been of service to them during the reign of Francis II., and at the time of the troubles of Amboise. Michele praises their piety; their family concord; their beauty of person; but when, weary of generalizing, he arrives at individual description, we find no unfair estimate of character; nor one which either differs greatly from that paper of the time which called them the 'Affamée famille,' or leaves us much to wonder at their achievements of duplicity and murder in the wars with the Huguenots, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

"The cardinal, reputed the chief of his house, would be esteemed by universal consent, but for the imperfection for which he is noted and I will by-and-by detail, the most fitting instrument to be employed in the government of a state: with few, perhaps none of his age equal to him, for he has not yet completed his thirty-seventh year. Besides that he possesses such promptitude of intelligence that, a speaker's mouth barely opened, he comprehends the tenour of the sentence which is to follow; he has also a happy memory, and a wondrous eloquence on all subjects, and all this set off by a grave and noble presence. He has cultivated letters, he is deeply versed in science. His life, at least to outward appearance, is pure, and suited to his high dignity: which cannot be said of other cardinals and prelates, whose habits are licentious to a scandal. But his great fault is not the mere avarice *which is natural and proper to his nation*, but a sordid greediness and rapacity which is said to avail itself of criminal means. I speak all this openly as I have done other things, since they remain consigned in secrecy here. He is also of great duplicity, which suffers him to speak truth but very seldom: *resembling the rest of the French nation in this also*: and worse than all, he takes offence with light cause, and is revengeful, and being envious is slow to grant a benefit. While he was in possession of authority, he showed such inclination to injure as excited universal hatred; it would be too long to enter into details, but his vio-

lence was such, that, throughout the kingdom, only his death was desired. As to Monseigneur de Guise, the eldest of these six brothers, we speak of him as a great captain and good soldier.* No one in France has fought more battles or braved greater dangers. Every one praises his courage, his presence of mind, his coolness: *a rare quality in a Frenchman*. He is not choleric; he has not an overweening opinion of himself; his faults are avarice as regards the soldiery, and that, always promising largely, even when it is his intention to keep these promises he is overslow in their execution. But we must never depend too much on the assurances of princes, less on those of the French than any. Their object is their interest always, and, yielding their affections by this rule, they are from hour to hour friends or enemies. If the alliance with your serene highness should ever prove an obstacle to a French design, it would be at once broken off without regard to its ancient date or to any other consideration."

The correspondence of Michele Suriano, who succeeded in 1561, is less cramped and more pleasing in its style: though written with an intolerance only equalled by that of the writer who followed him, Marc Antonio Barbaro. Passing as usual over his abridgment of French history and a geographical treatise, we find a detailed view of the privileges of the nobles and the oppression of the people, and a long discourse on the heresy which was advancing with rapid strides. The *Tiers Etat* was now obtaining more importance, from the necessities of the higher grade.

"It comprehends," says Suriano, "men of letters who are called *de longue robe*, merchants, citizens, artisans, and peasants. He of the long robe who is president or counsellor, is elevated by such office, and treated as a noble. The merchants, as masters of the money, are petted and caressed, but may hold no dignity, *since every kind of traffic is considered derogatory*. They therefore belong to the third estate, and pay taxes like the non-noble and the peasant. The last is hardly treated as well by the king as the privileged. The Emperor Maximilian said of the French monarch that he was king of the asses, since his people carried peaceably, and without any complaint, any weight laid upon them."

Suriano states that the profession of arms had remained a privilege of the nobles from various reasons, and among the rest, that the plebeians if armed might rise up against their masters and take revenge for the oppression they had suffered. Still the third estate supplied some holders of important offices: either because they were disdained by the nobility, or in obedience to ancient custom: the chancellor of France, the secretaries of state,

* Assassinated by Poltrot in 1563.

presidents, judges, receveurs-généraux, and treasurers, were all men of the long robe.

“Therefore,” adds Suriano, “every noble sends one of his family to the schools, whence the number of students in Paris is greater than elsewhere. Latterly even princes have done so with younger sons; not to qualify them to hold these places, but designing them for the church; wherein the ignorant no longer obtain ecclesiastical honours with the same facility.”

The *droit d'aînesse* kept up the grandeur and power of the noble. But the remark of St. Bernard was remembered, that princes only should inherit by right of primogeniture, that citizens should divide equally, and that the peasantry should possess every thing in common! And Suriano describes the spread of the Huguenot heresy.

“It is about twenty years, or a little more, since this contagion of heresy spread over France. It was mere pleasantry first; papers called placards, being pasted at the corners of the streets, denouncing the solemnities of the mass. But the progress of the evil was determined by bringing the French people in contact with others; notably with the Germans and Swiss, who came in 1536 to defend France against the invasion of Charles V. The freedom they affected in their lives, speech, and belief, infected the kingdom; not only the soldiery, but entire towns. The king sought a remedy to the disorder in severe measures, putting many to death, and confiscating the property of more who could not be taken, laying waste whole districts, and turning their inhabitants forth to wander. Terror maintained tranquillity till the time of Henry II. The king, occupied by a war, given up to pleasure, and a man of little talent, neglected the disease, and failed to employ the caution and diligence of his father to purge his kingdom of the poison. He perceived its ravages too late, and when he had concluded a disadvantageous peace with the most catholic monarch, in order that he might find time to arrest them, he died.”

Francis II. had formed the project to assassinate the principal leaders. He was naturally harsh and severe, according to Suriano; but it being difficult to accomplish this design,—under the direction of the Cardinal of Lorraine, who was unmatched for dissimulation, he threw them off their guard, arrested the Prince of Condé, and tranquillized the country through its fear. ‘Had he lived he might have extinguished the flames which devoured France,’ adds Suriano! who deplores that Charles IX. should be too young, and the queen mother too little confident in herself; and who certainly would have heartily applauded, had he foreseen, St. Bartholomew! He goes on to specify the mistakes committed by the administration as regarded this ‘plague.’

“There was first published an edict, pardoning all inculpated in mat-

ters of religion, and this should never have been done; it was with a view to recall French fugitives; but for one who had gone there came back ten. And as if those of the country did not suffice to corrupt it, they arrived from England, Flanders, Switzerland, and many from Italy; and each went about preaching here and there, all over the kingdom; and though they were mostly ignorant men, and preached mere folly, every one had his suite of hearers."

He praises the queen mother for having prevented the Admiral Coligny from becoming governor to Charles IX.; judging her to be a woman 'of sense and merit,' from whom great things might have been expected had she possessed more experience and a 'firmer character.' But she was at this time, in truth, only wavering as to the rule which would best secure her own. As to her feeling on subjects of religion, it would seem that opinions were divided. She was accused of giving too much authority to Marshal Strozzi, who had neither faith nor creed. It was known that many of the women nearest her person were tainted with heresy, and that the chancellor was enemy to the pope and church of Rome; yet Suriano affirms that if she did not manifest her displeasure by her actions, it was not from want of faith, but lack of authority. He adds a few touches to the portrait already drawn of Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre: who, he says, wore rings and earrings; despite his white beard was ruled by his wife (who had inherited the high qualities of Margaret of Angoulême and Henri d'Albret); and, inconstant and irresolute, believed implicitly in his favourites, who assured him he was adored by France, feared by Spain, honoured by Germany!

The next of these writers, Marc Antonio Barbaro, ambassador in 1563, is as intolerant in his views, and sanguinary in the cure he proposes to the woes of France, as his predecessor Suriano.

"Would to God," he exclaimed, "that the remedy of Francis I.—that of burning the heretics—had been continued! It was good and suitable, but not administered with fitting constancy!"

We quote his complimentary and most curious portrait of Théodore de Bèze.

"I must remind your serene highness that he was born in Picardy, which was Calvin's birthplace also, and is now aged fifty. He is of low birth; his father a good catholic, who would fain see this perfidious son dead. He is of handsome appearance, but of hideous soul, being, besides a heretic, stained with vices and villanies, which, for brevity's sake, I will not mention singly. He is apt and acute, but wants judgment and prudence. He appears eloquent because he has fair and spontaneous phrases, and a subtle method of deceiving; but he is superficial and devoid of science. He professes to be a scholar, but he has rather collected laboriously, than made a wise and judicious choice. He pretends to a knowledge of theology, but his perverse opinions and the false authorities

he quotes prove how small it is. This villain enjoys the protection of the Prince of Condé, and others preaching the false doctrine; and has done so much with his tongue, that not only has he persuaded an infinite number, principally of the high placed and noble, but he is adored by half the kingdom, who keep his portrait in their chambers. He urges to arm against the catholics, and pillage and profane the churches, and to other injuries and seditions; all this in his sermons. The king, the queen mother, the King of Navarre and others, who take part in the government, heard his horrible blasphemies at Poissy; and these conferences, which have done so much evil, and added to the reputation of Bèze and the sectarians, were permitted and provoked by the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the chancellor, the admiral, and others."

It would appear, from all these memoirs, that Charles IX. of bloody memory was the best and mildest of the four princes brought up by Catherine. He was fourteen years old when described by Barbaro; gentle and clever, fond of violent exercise, but also of the arts of painting and sculpture, and having no will in opposition to his mother; who, though still ruling in apparent concert with the King of Navarre, personally conducted all the affairs of the kingdom, held secret correspondences with the Duke of Guise, and was well pleased to show her authority as main-spring of all. And this 'all' is summed up by the ambassador as lawless administration, violated justice, mortal enmities; passion and caprice urging the powerful; self interests of princes ruling their actions; confusion in religion; disobedience and turbulence in the people; revolt and impiety among the nobles.

Giovanni Correro, ambassador to France in 1569, found the state of public affairs still aggravated, the bonds of blood and affection broken, and each with his ear anxiously turned to guess whence the next echo of disturbance should proceed. The Huguenots assembled nightly in private houses; the signal which brought them together, being not the ringing of bells, but the firing of their arquebuses; the queen alarmed, no longer showed them suspicion but apparent favour; the catholics seemed cast down. It was now that the conspiracy of Meaux took place. Its extent and secrecy were surprising, many thousands being concerned therein, but not a syllable having transpired till all was ready for execution.

"It would be difficult," observes Correro, "to paint by words the flight and the fear of Meaux; the irresolution which prevailed among them at Monceaux—for in remaining there was no safety, and to depart was not less perilous; the danger incurred in going to Paris, and the confusion which reigned in that town: it may suffice to say that a thousand horse proved enow to lay siege before the largest city in Europe."*

* "I was present at the memorable day of Meaux, as afterwards in the city, when all there was disorder; and in obedience to the commands of his majesty,

By no means leaning to the Huguenot persuasion, we find Correro at least wiser and more humane than his predecessors, advocating another policy and viewing parties with less passion. Two hundred thousand persons had already perished on this theme, he wrote to the senate: and the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois had not yet rang in the festival of St. Bartholomew. According to him, bishoprics and abbeys had become merchandize in France, as were pepper and cinnamon in Venice; and he began to think it would be well to name for pastors men competent to teach the doctrine, and whose lives might efface the evil impression made by priests and monks heretofore, since steel and fire would without this change be unavailing. His sketch of Catherine de Medicis seems drawn with more than common care.

“ She is still in robust health, though adhering to her habit of eating so immoderately as often to bring on maladies which lay her at death's door. She is mild and amiable, and makes it her business to content all those who apply to her, at least in words, of which she is not parsimonious. She is most assiduous to business, not the smallest thing being done without her knowledge; interrupting therefore her meals and sleep; following the army without care for her health or life, doing all which men might be bound to do; *and yet loved by nobody*. The Huguenots accuse her of deceiving them, the catholics of allowing these first named to go too far. I do not say she is infallible, sometimes she relies on her own opinion too entirely; but I have pitied more than I blamed her. I said this to herself one day, *and she often reminded me of it since*, when speaking of the misfortunes of France and her own difficulties. I know more than once she has been found weeping in her closet, *and then suddenly would wipe her eyes and show herself with a gay countenance*, not to alarm those who might judge of the march of affairs from its expression. She sometimes will follow one counsel, sometimes another. *Every one fears her*. The king, who is now nineteen, is tall and stoops much, and from this and his pallidness, one would not judge him to be strong. Public affairs do not interest him, he hears their details patiently sometimes during three or four hours in the council. In all decisions he rests on his mother, whom he honours with a respect most admirable. There are few sons so obedient; few mothers so fortunate. But this filial respect, which might be called fear, detracts from his reputation in as much as it augments hers: otherwise he is mild and affable to every one.”

The Duke of Anjou (Henry III.) is again described. He had some years been cured of the fistula near his eye; he was of

and following the example of other ambassadors, priests, and monks, who all doffed the gown and took up arms, I myself armed the persons of my suite. I had water always ready in the street, since there was fear of being burned alive. I had sentinels on foot during the night, and I acquired the habit of waking at the slightest noise or signal.”—*Relazione di Francesco Giustiniano*.

better complexion and more agreeable countenance than his brother; and his authority was great, since he had always been Catherine's favourite. It is known that he aided her in urging Charles IX. to sanction the night of St. Bartholomew.

The embassy of Correro took place in 1569. The next correspondence is dated 1575. Purposely or otherwise the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place in 1572, is passed over in silence. Giovanni Michele was named in 1575 with Andrea Badoaro, ambassadors to France to felicitate the king on his coronation and marriage. The prophecy of Nostradamus seemed likely to attain fulfilment. Henry III. had ascended the throne, whence Charles IX. had sunk down into his grave, a victim to grief and remorse in his twenty-fourth year.

The close of our task, comprehending the narrations of Michele and Lippomano, is perhaps the most interesting part of it. Commencing his reports to the doge, Michele applauds himself for the dignified manner in which his mission had been graced and attended by the company of twelve gentlemen, noble in conduct and origin, with a suite of eighty horses and twelve baggage mules: nothing spared in the beauty of their steeds, dress, and liveries. The unsafe state of the country necessitated an escort from Lyons, but they arrived without accident: having been received with due honours on their way, deputations coming forth to meet them and offer flasks of wine, a present made in France to princes only. At the gates of Paris three noblemen in the king's service waited with the royal carriages: bringing for him, Michele, one all over gold, used by his majesty himself, and followed by a suite of six hundred horses. They were thus accompanied to the palace of Monsieur de Guise, chosen as one of the most splendid of the city. Michele numbers the rooms which composed his apartments, and describes them hung with cloth of gold and silver, and his bed rich with gold and embroidery. His table was served with splendour and profusion. They had five courses of five dishes each; and besides game and poultry, little wild pigs called 'marcassins,' and some fat birds from Flanders, whose names are unknown to him; and on maigre days there were always pikes, much esteemed in France, and sometimes costing each fifteen golden crowns. Such were the details thought right to be set down for the doge. Michele also self-satisfactorily tells how he received with other visitors the provost of Paris, who came with his officers to proffer his services in the name of the city, and to present flambeaux of white wax and boxes of sweetmeats, gifts the town make only to royalty. He was at last presented at court, and well received by Henry III., who remembered him. They had met in Venice,

when he was Duke of Anjou, and saw the young Queen Louisa of Lorraine, and Elizabeth of Austria, the youthful widow of Charles. The following sentence gives a specimen of the manner of the court.

"I saw," he says, "as we were about to enter the queen's apartments, a woman, who had been, we were told, the king's nurse. As soon as she perceived us, she came to meet me, and said joyously, 'Oh Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, you are welcome! You who treated so well and showed so much honour and friendship to the king my son and my master!' I must also inform your serene highness that a song full of the praises of our excellent senate has been composed on the reception of the king, and sung publicly."

Another and most memorable passage will prove the growing importance of the *Tiers Etat*: judging from its tone, it might have borne another date.

"In the same mode that in the beginning the war had broken out in the interest of religion of those called Huguenots, so at present religion is little spoken of, and the general denomination is no longer Huguenot, but Malcontent. The number of these is great: composed of some of the nobility, and of the citizens, and men of all conditions, whether Huguenots or Catholics: *the combat no longer engaged in the name of religion but of the public good*. The malcontents have shown forth their claims in a writing, published after Monsieur the Duke of Alençon had quitted the court. They demand *full and complete reform* in the head and members; in all which concerns religion, justice, policy, the army and the government of the state. They protest against the alienation of royal property always forbidden heretofore; against the numerous and intolerable charges which weigh down the kingdom; against other taxes invented by foreigners. They insist on the examinations of the accounts of those who have managed public expenses and royal revenues. They would have inquiry made into the affairs of such ministers and officers as have enriched themselves during their period of office from Henry II.'s time down to ours; such as the Connétable, and the Cardinal de Lorraine; and would have the heirs of those lords pursued. They hate the Guises, as being of foreign and almost German house; they murmur against the queen mother, not on account of her possessions, but because she interferes in the government and administration. To end all these disorders the malcontents demand *the convocation of the states general*, and, in order that the sectarians may be included in the benefits obtained, *the free exercise of the new religion* till the holding of a council general composed of natives, and not of foreigners."

The ambassadors seem to have thoroughly followed, as regarded Venice, Charles V.'s advice to his son—"Try to know the humours and characters of the principal ministers of the king of France, that you may make the knowledge useful in case of necessity!" Here is a remarkable despatch:

"Messieurs de Guise find civil war their interest, since they hold the most eminent places on his majesty's part; on the other hand, Monsieur d'Anville is sold to Spain. As to the king, he is little changed since you saw him; but that little is in his favour; his complexion is not livid as formerly, it has grown white and animated, and he is even a little fatter. It is believed by every one in France he cannot live long, having, it is said, several hidden and severe maladies, among the rest a continual indigestion, and for this he has been advised to drink wine, which he had given up from his early youth. He possesses intelligence and judgment, for they are apparent in his conversation; and those who know him well say he does not want ambition; but he is of a nature inclined to quiet and repose, truly far removed from the liveliness of spirit common at his years, which are twenty-four, and the impetuosity which seems peculiar to the youth of France; averse to all warlike exercise, such as hunting or horsemanship, he has no love for tilt or tournament. The knowledge of his feeble nature, and the belief that his life will be brief, weaken his authority, while they augment his brother's influence and the hardihood of the opposing faction: neither prince nor noble finding esteem in France, if wanting in warlike propensities. At his accession he caused displeasure by certain manners, strange and unwonted, particularly to the nobility. They, as every one knows, live in great familiarity with the king; and he, not content with their assisting at his dinner with their head bare, conformably to propriety and the custom of other monarchs, surrounded his table with a barrier to prevent any from speaking to him, as was easy to do in all liberty before. But, as he perceived, and was even made aware, that this offended deeply, he returned to the old habits of those who preceded him.* The choice of the young queen, his wife, pleased no one; bringing neither gain nor honour; and it was feared that the crowning a princess of Lorraine would add to the already overweening authority of the Guises, so envied and hated. The king wished this marriage, since she was a beautiful woman, but it is a curious fact, and told me by a great personage, that it would not have taken place if the Cardinal of Lorraine† had lived. The queen mother did all in her power to prevent it, fearing the cardinal's credit might lower and supplant her own. His death calmed all doubts: since she esteemed the other princes of his house too little to dread them, and she hastened to accomplish the king's desire. I might here speak at length of Catherine de Me-

* "Henry III., the present king of France and Poland, is now twenty-eight years old, born Sept. 19, 1551. At the font he was named Alexander Edward; but his mother, in memory of the dead king, called him Henry. He is tall, rather than of middle size; thin, rather than well-proportioned. His face is oval, his lower lips and chin pendant like those of his mother; his eyes handsome and soft, his forehead broad, his carriage graceful; and he delights in being superbly dressed, and loaded with jewels and perfumes; he has almost always his beard shaven, and wears rings, bracelets, and earrings. Bodily exercise does not amuse him, though he succeeds in managing a horse and in fencing. If he take exercise, it is rather to dance and play at tennis than hunting. Thus he is thought more inclined to peace than war."—*Lippomano's Relazione*.

† Died in 1574.

dicis, who governs alone and absolutely. She is accused as cause of all the misery which desolates the country. A foreigner and an Italian, she was never loved and is now detested; since every one knows that to maintain herself in her authority she fomented division and discord, making use of one and the other party by turns according as it fell in with her own private passion; and holding her sons, grown to manhood, aloof from serious affairs or thoughts, that they, being weak and inexperienced, might turn for aid to her. Her power over the king is so great that he dares contradict her no more than the rest; she cares neither for hate nor accusation; and, *knowing that books against her are sold in the shops almost publicly, nothing disconcerts her.* Hardy and intrepid, she braves fatigue and danger, undertaking long journies, and occupied more than ever with the state of the kingdom, since both country and king are indeed in imminent danger. It is affirmed by those who see most closely and best, that these troubles, should they last much longer, will divide the kingdom irreparably between those who head them: it is feared Monsieur and the Prince of Condé. Predictions having been made on the brevity of the king's life and his death without heirs, the queen mother,* who puts faith in them, is seriously alarmed for herself; for she knows that monsieur, who would succeed, does not love her, as having been most illtreated of the brothers. Now, therefore, she strives to conciliate his goodwill, and draw him more near the king; she promises him riches and power, and her own large inheritance; and calls to her aid the cunning peculiar to her; trying to separate him from his partisans, and, as she knows his hatred to the chancellor and others, promising that the king shall on his return disgrace and exile them from court, even though they be her own creatures. To show you the extent of her calculations—as the astrologers announce to monsieur also a life short and childless, and as the crown would thus revert to the King of Navarre (Henry IV.), she makes use of her daughter Margaret, who is his wife, to win him over to her, and says she has succeeded already. With the same view to conciliate she attaches to herself his uncle, the Cardinal of Bourbon, a man wholly inoffensive; and also to the Duke of Montpensier, being nearly related to the King of Navarre. All this in the hope of remaining mistress and in possession of the regal power, even when her son-in-law shall come to the throne! as if she believed that she would never die, though being now fifty-nine years old. Monsieur (the Duke of Anjou, formerly Duke of Alençon), is two years younger than the king, being, as your serene highness knows, in his twenty-second year; he is short of stature but well made, and strong and squarely built, and, unlike the king, fitted to bear corporeal fatigue and violent exercise. Those who know him best say he is not of evil nature, but has some fine qualities: being liberal, considering his means,

* Her credulity is well known. In one of her letters, lately published, she speaks of a conspirator who had fabricated a waxen figure, to the head of which he gave many blows. She says he intends it for the king, and desires, if he has done aught to injure his majesty's health, he may be made to revoke his enchantments.

a man of his word and gentle with every one, and as yet uncorrupted in his religion. But he never was on terms with his brothers; least of all with this one, now king; neither with his mother. The fault is hers, from the difference she made between them; lowering monsieur and elevating the other, whom she held dear as her eyesight. Hence their hatred is deadly: and it is said that beneath the walls of La Rochelle, having commenced by outrages, they had well nigh come to blows. The dislike deepened most when monsieur became apprised of the ill offices his brother rendered him at the time of his own departure for Poland, when he entreated the late king Charles not to bestow on their younger brother the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom, which himself left vacant, adding evil reports of the duke which induced Charles IX. also to detest him. On the subject of monsieur's escape from court, which took place in the September of this same year, I will only say that if he had not prevented it by departure he would have been flung into perpetual prison. His mother had averted this before, but it was again in deliberation, and would have been accomplished had he delayed a day. And although where he is now he seems free and honoured, he may say and do only what is prescribed to him. He is more bound and captive than ever; and as to his trusting himself at court and with the king, no one believes he will do so, having the admiral's* example before his eyes. It remains to me to give you some account of the King of Navarre.† This prince and monsieur are about the same age; he is well made, but not tall; his hair is black, and he has yet no beard. He is brave and full of vivacity like his mother; most pleasing and amiable, familiar in his manner, and very liberal; loving the chase well, and attending little to aught beside. He is of enterprising spirit, and asserts, perhaps too openly, that he will one day recover his provinces held by his most catholic majesty. He is now free and goes where he will: on the word of Monsieur de Guise‡ pledged secretly for him, that he will not leave the court without the king's permission."

We take our leave of Michele here, passing over with but a few words the long complaints which, in common with the rest of these writers, close his recital. The dangers and fatigues of his mission, which lasted five months; his journeys through the

* Coligny: murdered at St. Bartholomew.

† He is mentioned but once before in the narrations of the ambassadors, as being a fine youth, carefully brought up by his mother, and in the reformed religion. Jeanne d'Albret died a few days before her son's marriage and the massacre.

‡ "The duke Henry de Guise is of the same age with the king of Navarre, taller, better made, having great majesty of countenance, bright eyes, and curled light hair; and a beard not thick, and fair; also with a scar of the face, which he received gloriously from a traitor soldier who fired his arquebuse, as the prince, seeing him at his feet, called to him to yield. In all exercises, he is admirable from ease and grace. In swordsmanship none can resist him. He is poor, spending more than his revenues; not quite content with the march of affairs, since he also is of the catholic race which maintains the true religion of France."—*Lippomano's Relazione*.

heat of summer and the cold of winter; accelerated, he says, the death of his companion Badoaro. His expenses were heavy, since he was obliged to light many and continual fires, and the journey from Paris to Venice, through Burgundy, occupied fifty days, without reckoning those lost through accidents to horses, or the sickness of any of his suite. The king sent him indeed, after his last audience, the twenty pieces of gilded silver which he himself in turn presented to his serene highness as being by right his own. But their value did not even attain that of ordinary presents made in other times to Venetian ambassadors. And if the liberality of his serene highness and the most gallant lords would accord this gift to him to pay his expenses in part, they might feel it given to the republic itself, since its ambassador would be ever ready to expend it in its service. Poor Michele!

Girolamo Lippomano was ambassador to France in the year 1577. The narrative before us, given with all possible detail, is by his secretary's hand, and entitled, 'Viaggio del Signor Lippomano.' The French roads were at this date far from safe, and the ambassador dreaded alike to fall into the hands of highwaymen, or those of soldiers of the disbanded army which had just besieged and taken La Chareté. We quote an amusing and characteristic adventure which occurred to him at Dijon.

"The first magistrate of the city of Dijon (I do not speak of those of the parliament) is called mayor, as in all the other towns of Burgundy, and of several provinces of France. He is elected annually either from the class of nobles or of citizens; he has a guard of halberdiers, and his authority is of some importance. I went to him as I am accustomed to do elsewhere, and politely requested, beside the usual bills of health, a passport for all Burgundy, that the ambassador's progress might suffer no obstacle. The good man commenced by doubting that I was really an ambassador, saying I might be a private personage who had taken the title. I showed him vainly the letters patent of his serene highness, of the governor of Milan, the Duke of Savoy, the governor of Lyons. At last he said, '*How is it possible that this can be a Venetian ambassador, since last year at Venice all the inhabitants died of plague?*' (!!) I replied this was not exact; that the fullest extent of the loss had been of between forty and fifty thousand persons. 'Well,' said he, 'am I not right then? there can be none or very few remaining?' I was forced to say that *the death of thousands in Venice left less vacuum than would that of ten in Dijon*, and so left him adding, I cared little for his passport, and that the king should know of it. *So he hastened to deliver me one in good and due form!*"

The ambassador and his train passed on not without fear and peril. The 'lieutenant du roi' of the province, being of higher authority than the mayor, gave an escort of foot and mounted men. At Chatillon sur Seine, they had stayed to see the town and sleep

at the Lion d'Or, and it would seem they dined here in a public apartment. The account of this narrow escape on the road, is highly dramatic.

“ While we were at table arrived a traveller on foot, who hearing some of us speak Italian, came up to say ‘ If you are as I believe Venetians, I will tell you what it concerns you to hear. To-day passing forth from Aisnez le Duc, near the Fontaines Amoureuses, there rode up to me four horsemen, asking if I had seen five mules bearing the red housings of a Venetian ambassador, and when I replied, I had not, I heard them say among themselves, ‘ Certainly we have missed them on the road, but we will come up with them at Mussy l'Evêque,’ and leaving me they galloped into a road near.’ Shortly after arrived in the same Inn of the Lion d'Or, another person, a lackey of the Grand Ecuyer on his way to Dijon, came to say that a league and a half beyond Chatillon he had seen a troop of horsemen, about twenty-five in number, ford the Seine ; that one of them, well mounted and armed, detached himself from the rest, and rode up to ask whether he had met various mules covered with red clothing ; and that this man appeared to him a spy of robbers—that species of poor gentleman, who hold the highways, plunder the travellers, and then take refuge in their neighbouring houses and castles.”

But notwithstanding the demoralized and impoverished country, they arrived with their horse and arquebuse-men in safety at Barleduc. At Mussy l'Evêque, indeed, they excited fear themselves: for the inhabitants closed their gates, mistaking the ambassador and his suite for the banditti ! They were besides in peril from their own escort, who said openly that the ambassador carried with him a sum of 800,000 francs, lent by Venice to the king, and at last so bitterly assailed the Venetians in Nagent on this ground, that had it been in a less considerable town, their escape from thorough fleecing would have been impossible. The court was at this time in Touraine, and Lippomano remained but a day or two in Paris ere he departed for Amboise: passing four leagues from Orleans through the village of Clery, where he found the ruins of the church raised by Louis XI., whose devotion to our lady of Clery is well known, and in the centre of which stood the miraculous waxen torch, too heavy to be moved by ten men, but which shook with a heavy sound whenever, in shipwreck or other danger, a vow was made to this virgin. The day, hour, and minute of the shock noted, were always found to accord with the vow ! Presented to his majesty, Lippomano accompanied him to Tours and Poitiers, the state of the roads preventing their travelling more than four leagues a day.

The queen mother was now desirous of peace; the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé had severally retired to Perigord and La Rochelle. The worst plague of this time arose from the un-

disciplined state of either army. It was impossible to ride two leagues beyond Poitiers without the risk of meeting this uncurbed soldiery, who pillaged friend and foe, sacking each village in turn, and following the shores of the river to seize on horses and on the grooms who brought them thither to water. Peace was at last concluded, though the public exercise of the reformed religion was forbidden at court, and within a circle of two leagues, as well as in Paris, and ten leagues round. The memory of Coligny, and other victims of St. Bartholomew, was rehabilitated, and their heirs exempted from taxes during six years; while Henry III. in his edict called the massacre 'the disorders and excesses of the 24th August and following days, which took place to our great displeasure and regret.' The winter had passed tranquilly in fêtes and tournaments, in which the king himself joined. But there took place quarrels between the king's 'mignons,' and a nobleman high in the Duke of Anjou's favour; the Bussy d'Amboise, so often named in the memoirs of the time. Eighteen or twenty of the former attacked Bussy unawares; two of his suite were wounded, and one died. Hereupon the duke made furious by this event, and by the king's backwardness to avenge it, threatened to retire to his own estates, in spite of the prayers of Queen Louisa of France and the queen mother.

"The king," says the recital, "went himself to Monsieur at the moment he drew on his boots, and repeated the same arguments. But as the duke would not renounce his determination, the king rose up in anger and said, 'since you are resolved to depart, go then if you can.' He called a captain of his archers, and ordered him to guard the duke in his chamber. He arrested at the same time various favourites of his highness, and ordered the arrest of Bussy, who was hid in Monsieur's palace and in his own closet, where he had remained all the preceding days, though it was said he had left the city. He was found between the wool and straw mattress of the bed, and brought before the king; trembling at the idea of instant death, for it was believed he had urged Monsieur's departure. He talked like one out of his senses, asking the king if he chose to take his head, or that he should ask pardon of Monsieur de Caylus. The king replied by a reprimand paternal rather than severe; reminding him how often he had offended the royal dignity, and adding, that he had not yet decided on his own course, but that the faults should be exceeded by the clemency, and that he should have a chamber for prison. Monsieur's attendants were all greatly alarmed, and hid or disguised themselves as if the storm had been destined to crush them; and as the house of the Venetian ambassador was their only asylum, they all crowded there. Some extreme measure was expected: when the Queen of Navarre went to visit Monsieur about noon, advising him to yield to circumstances, and since he was resolved to go, to dissimulate and wait a favourable opportunity which could not

fail him. The duke accepted her advice, asked to see his majesty, excused himself, promised to be henceforth a true brother and servitor, and to do nothing which could trouble the kingdom. The king and queen mother embraced him tenderly; Bussy and Monsieur de Caylus were reconciled."

But Monsieur in reality placed small confidence in the king, and made his escape a few days after; his thoughts turned to Flanders, which he determined to deliver from Spanish oppression; while at the same time Spain protested against France, and threatened invasion with an army if she did not interfere to calm the Flemish rebellion. The duke having gone to Flanders, the queen mother, disregarding her own age and infirmities, conducted her daughter Margaret to her husband, Henry of Navarre, occupying herself on her way with the re-establishment of the catholic rite wheresoever she tarried: 'so that,' says the ambassador, 'it was she who raised once more the almost-crushed religion.'

The project of a marriage between the Queen of England (Elizabeth) and the Duke of Alençon was now negotiated more warmly than heretofore: precious gifts, and even portraits were exchanged, so that its accomplishment seemed sure. Lippomano's scribe thus gives an account of the duke's expedition to England:

'Monsieur crossed the sea, arrived in London, and lodged the first day with the ambassador of France, and afterwards in the royal palace, at the queen's expense, who saw him the second day, two miles without the town. It is said that, relating to the marriage, there were rather vague words spoken than any likely to lead to a conclusion, though presents were exchanged. It is said also that every morning *the queen carried him a cup of broth with her own hand, and that the duke showed himself to her in a doublet of flesh-coloured silk to prove he was not humpbacked as had been told her.* But from all we heard they negotiated any affairs rather than those of the marriage; or to express myself with more propriety, the sage queen held out this bait to keep Monsieur in check, and strengthen him in his hatred to Spain. It was believed that the Queen of England, the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, the Prince Casimir, and the Prince of Orange, were all agreed to carry the war into Spain. But this report was unfounded, though the king himself communicated it to the foreign ambassadors, excusing himself by declaring he had not been in the secret of the enterprise, and was sorry for it: whence we may see the precipitancy or rather the levity of the French, who at times give wind to projects ere they execute, then at others execute without previous reflection."

During the duke's absence, the king fell ill of a dangerous malady, and the French court feared lest Queen Elizabeth, in the event of his death, should keep Monsieur as hostage till the delivering to England of Boulogne and Calais, which she claimed

still. The queen mother was absent also, employed in soothing, if she could not put a stop to, the disturbances in the south of France. We must here insert a recital of the tragic end of Bussy d'Amboise. It is amusing to find the whole indignation of the writer concentrated on the injured husband, and to observe his exquisite allusions to some lady beloved by himself. This wild mode of obtaining justice was not uncommon in other offences of the age,* though extraordinary at a time and court whose licence was unbounded.

“About this time Bussy d'Amboise was killed. He was the first gentleman and the favourite of Monsieur, and the lover of a fair lady whom he saw very often. Her husband, though ‘homme de robe,’ yet held a post of importance in Brittany. He became apprized of her conduct, and told her she could save her own life but in one manner, which was to summon the Seigneur de Bussy to her house at the hour he should command and without previous warning. The lady (if indeed she deserve the name), either in fear for herself or love for another, wrote to Bussy that she was going to the country, and would expect him the following day, and that he should come in all confidence, since her husband could not arrive to molest them. Bussy d'Amboise came fearlessly with but two gentlemen. As soon as he was in the court, and the gates closed and barred as was the order, he was assailed by twenty arquebuse men, who shot himself and his comrades. The woman who thus caused her lover's murder, was left with the perpetual stain of an impurity and a cruelty unexampled. She might have warned her friend and warded off this misfortune; and if she were, as was affirmed, forced with a dagger to her throat to write this letter, she should have chosen a thousand deaths rather than such treason. *Not thus would have acted my most glorious lady* the Signora N—, whose soul is generous as her blood is noble, and as decided in her divine actions *as unhappy in being in the power of a husband so unworthy of her*. But this crime served this poor husband nothing: it was a weak and dishonourable vengeance. *For a fault, of which the blame was not his, and which few people knew, is now published to the world*. Little noise was, however, made about it, and although Bussy was a great personage, the assassin went unpunished. It appears that in France, in these affairs of honour, every man is permitted to right himself as did Monsieur Villequier of Poitiers. After a long absence from court, returning to his wife he found her about to give birth to an infant; he therefore killed her instantly, and with her two female attendants, who rushed forward in her defence, one of these being pregnant also! Thus, among his murders, murdering two innocent creatures who had not seen the light; and yet he is unmolested, and pursues his career as if nothing had happened, *or as if he had killed five animals hunting*.”

But for considerations of space, we might be justified in quoting

* See Brantome, with whom the writer seems to have some sympathies.


another description of the court, as it had become in Lippomano's time. There is a mournful interest cast over the person of the beautiful young queen, Louisa of Lorraine: perfectly without influence (since Catherine would have borne with no power in a daughter-in-law); adoring her unworthy and effeminate husband, serving him herself on all solemn occasions; and sitting 'with her eye turned on him ever, as on one beloved, of which he takes no note;' pious and charitable in church and hospital; while his time was occupied in his private apartments, sometimes indeed with alchemists and with mechanics, oftener still with the dogs, birds, and dwarfs, kept there for his disengaged hours. The queen mother, grown old, still preserved a certain freshness, and showed no wrinkle. She always wore her mourning habits, and a black veil which fell on her shoulders but not her forehead, and when she went out, a woollen bonnet over it. As in the former time, with a view to keep power in her own hands, and render herself always necessary, she fomented troubles and kept private hatreds alive, so now, it was Lippomano's belief, she tried to pacify all parties. Since the king disliked public concerns, and left them to her, she had henceforth no motive for irritation, and she preferred that her dexterity and prudence should now only be made evident. We transcribe a portrait, not elsewhere drawn, of Margaret of Navarre, and a curious anecdote of Henry IV. her husband.

"The queen is not tall, of figure well formed and rather full, and though her features are less delicate than those of the reigning queen (Louisa), she is yet esteemed beautiful from her vivacity of countenance, and her hair bright as gold; though she also, like her brothers, fails in the defective shape of the lower lip, which is pendant; but some esteem this an additional grace, and that it makes the throat and neck appear to more advantage. Of a masculine spirit like her mother, she is clever in negotiation, and during the time she staid at the baths of Spa, undertook and nigh concluded the treaty between monsieur and the Flemish lords; and this without waking suspicion in Don Juan of Austria, with whom she dined daily at Namur. It does not appear that she has the sainted disposition of her sister-in-law, since she delights in things which usually please women, such as dressing superbly, and appearing beautiful, *and all which follows*. Her husband, Henry of Navarre, is thought to believe in nothing, and it is said he makes sport of his own Huguenot preachers even while they are in the pulpit. Once, he being eating cherries while one of these villains preached, he continued shooting with his finger and thumb the cherry-stones in his face, till he wellnigh put out his eye."

Prejudice against France seems strong in Lippomano, as in others of these writers. And from the corruption of court and city, we can well believe his criticisms to be for the most part

just. The prodigality of the king to his unworthy favourites, with the disorders of the administration, had ruined the kingdom. The court was always in a state of privation. The army wanted pay and supplies, and pillaged the villages. In Paris the prisons were numerous, and filled; while every day, in some part of the town, malefactors were seen in the hands of justice, 'the greater part being hanged.' His remarks on dress and manners are richly worth extracting.

"From the salubrity of the climate, the natives would live long, if they did not ruin their stomachs with over-eating, spending on food and habiliments without rule or measure. Male dress so various in form, that to describe it were impossible. A hat whose broad brim falls on the shoulders, or a 'beret' which hardly covers the top of the head; a cloak which descends to the ankle, or barely reaches the loins; the manner of wearing these habits not less curious than the habits themselves. One sleeve buttoned, the other open, and the cloak pendant from one shoulder; and the change of costume usual among men, necessitating an extraordinary expense in woollen stuff and cloths of silk and gold; since no man is esteemed rich if he has not twenty or thirty suits of different kinds, so that he may change daily. The women have a mode of dress more modest and less variable. The noble lady wears a hood of black velvet, or a coiffe, wrought in ribbons of silk or gold, or in jewels, and has a mask on her face. The citizen's wife wears a cloth hood, the mask and silken head-gear being denied to her rank. All wear gowns and cotillons as they please. Noblewomen distinguished by the size of the sleeves and variety of colours, while other females wear black only. Widows have veils, and the clothing high to the throat, and over all a spenser. In mourning for parent or husband, they have also robes trimmed with hair or swan's down. Men wear mourning only on the day of burial. It is easy to recognise unmarried women in the street; they follow closely their mothers' footsteps, and the domestics male or female again come after. Frenchwomen have generally the waist slightly formed, and using as they do hoops and other artifices to increase the circumference below, their appearance becomes more elegant still. The cotillon is of great value. As to the gown which is worn over all, it is usually of coarse serge or ordinary stuff, since the women at church kneel down anywhere and sit upon the ground. The bosom and shoulders are slightly veiled with gauze. The head, neck, and arms, are ornamented with jewels; the headdress differs widely from that of Italy, as on the top of the head are ornaments and tufts of hair which apparently increase the breadth of the forehead. They commonly wear black hair, since it sets off the paleness of the cheeks, and this paleness when not occasioned by malady is looked on as a charm. The French females are seemingly full of devotion, but in fact very free. Each chooses to be treated as worthy esteem, and there is none, whatever her conduct, who does not find something to say against that of her neighbours. They are very insolent, and the cause is their husbands' over confi-




dence, and allowing them to govern not only their households but themselves. They converse publicly with those they meet in the streets, and also go alone to church and market, remaining absent three or four hours without their husbands' asking whether they are gone. Very agreeable in their manners, they have perhaps but one fault, avarice ; it is said that gold is omnipotent with all the women in the world, but with French women silver suffices. A gentleman asserted, not without reason, that three things are proper to the nation—' never to do what they promise ; not to write as they speak ; and, to remember neither benefit nor injury.' In trade and business the Frenchman is of faithless nature, willing to promise largely when anxious to obtain any thing, but having obtained, at once repenting. And thus he either will refuse payment or defer it as much as possible. The ceremonies of the holy week resemble ours, and if more care were given to the church, or rather if all benefices were not bestowed on women, children, or incapable men, it might recover its splendour. We followed their example in eating meat the four or five Saturdays which follow Christmas, since we should otherwise have passed for Huguenots. They aver that during these weeks the Holy Virgin having lately lain in did not fast. The French priest is not much addicted to debauch ; he has no vice but that of gluttony ; which is common to him, with the remainder of that people. It would thus be less difficult to ameliorate this clergy than that of other nations where excesses are more extreme. They have good and clever preachers, capable of preaching three and four hours in succession as they do on Good Friday, not resting a moment, and hardly ever spitting : a thing incomprehensible.....It was then," he says, a little farther on, " that the ambassador, my master, took leave of their majesties, to whom he was singularly dear, since surnamed by all *il deletto Ambasciatore*. At his departure, the king created him knight of his own order ; and besides this, gave him a very fine diamond set in gold, of the size of a nut, and a beautiful Turkish dog, which was his delight ; but the little dog jumping back on the king, the king took him in his arms, kissed him, and offered him to the ambassador, saying, ' Accept him for my sake.' The 26th of November, 1579, we quitted Paris to return to Italy."

We believe it not necessary to excuse the length of our article, or the number of our extracts. Since the taste for ' literary curiosities ' began, there have appeared no volumes whose contents so well deserve the name. They are precious to the historian, for their sketches of character and policy were so studied as to guide and enlighten a subtle and cautious state. They are amusing to the lover of lighter literature, for the closeness of their personal details. And they are important to the philosophical observer, who studies their dissertations on national habits and failings, and contemplates how these have been much or little modified by other governments and the lapse of three hundred years.

- ART. VII.—1. *Mémoires touchant la Vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bourbilly, Marquise de Sévigné, durant la Régence et la Fronde.* Par M. le BARON WALCKENAER.—*Deuxième Partie durant le Ministère du Cardinal Mazarin et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* Paris: Firmin Didot. 1843.
2. *Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Reaux. Seconde Edition. Précédée d'une Notice, &c.* Par M. MONMERQUÉ. Paris: Delloye. 1840.

IN the memoirs by the Baron de Walckenaer we observe the influence of the historical novel upon the writing of history. The events selected are vivified by local colouring; scenery and costume are painted with fidelity; and the principal personage of the book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, is a heroine worthy of the pen of novelist or historian. Nor is a half wicked hero wanting. We see her path beset by the Lovelace of the age, her own cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, against whose seductive wiles her high animal spirits, gay laugh, unrestrained speech, and pure heart, are more potent defences than were the graver graces of the less fortunate Clarissa. And these are but the central figures of a series of groups who represent the private history and public events of a remarkable period. The connexion, certainly, is often of the slightest. We understand the relation of Madame de Sévigné to the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but we do not readily discern the pretext her name should afford for a lengthened episode, embracing in all their complex details the intrigues and combats of the Fronde. But M. de Walckenaer is not writing a formal life of Madame de Sévigné. He is filling a broad canvass with figures; the heroine only occupies, as of right, the first place in the foreground; and as he has much to do before his work is brought to a termination, we shall perhaps act most fairly if we refrain from passing judgment upon his plan until we find ourselves in a position to estimate its entire effect. One of his episodes will suffice for our present purpose; and we select it because to us it seems the most curious and interesting, and generally is the least known. We take the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Madame de Rambouillet was of Italian extraction. Her father, the Marquis of Pisani, represented Henry the Third at the court of Rome under the pontificate of Sextus the Fifth. During his embassy the queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, lost a favourite Italian lady; and, to afford her consolation, it was communicated to the French ambassador that he must espouse, and bring to court, one of the family of the Strozzi to which the late favourite belonged! The queen named a charming young widow of the



noble Roman family of the Savelli, nearly related to the Strozzi, and although the Marquis of Pisani was sixty-three years of age, he had so distinguished himself in war and in politics, and retained yet so much manly grace, that the marriage, promptly agreed upon, was solemnized within three days from the first interview, and the accomplished Italian borne away to the court of France. Subsequently the Marquis attached himself to Henri Quatre, and of his conduct and character the famous De Thou has left the brief, but expressive memorial, that he did not know of a life more worthy to be written.

Madame de Rambouillet was the only child of this marriage. From her mother, a woman of talent, she received an excellent education, having learned from her to speak the Italian and French languages with equal facility. The daughter, like her mother, was married to a man much older than herself, and that at the age of twelve years. Her elderly husband appears to have regarded her with passionate fondness, which she returned with reverential respect, such as is due rather from a child to a parent than from a beloved wife to a tender companion. The early years of her married life were passed at the court of Henri Quatre, at whose death she was twenty-two years old, and of whom she seems to have received and retained a most unfavourable impression. Her friend, Tallemant des Reaux, who has left even in his laconic 'Historiettes' the fullest details of her habits, tells us that from the period of her twentieth year she used to shut herself in her room, and feign indisposition, that she might so avoid appearing at the assemblies of the Louvre: 'strange conduct,' he adds, 'for a young lady, handsome and of quality!' That she had been accustomed to special marks of favour is certain; for at the coronation of the queen she was '*une des belles qui devoiente être de la cérémonie.*' Nor did repugnance to the court arise, as it will occur to us to show, from any indifference to pleasure, or disregard of elegant splendours and tasteful magnificence. But she preferred solitude and the study, as we learn, of the classic authors of antiquity, to sports too rude for a mind whose refinement was in advance of the court society of that day. Her health, indeed, giving way before such hardy studies, obliged her, a little later, to content herself with the easier conquest of Spanish. Yet was she not a prude nor a pedant; not stiff, harsh, or unamiable; though she *did* disrelish the joyous Henri Quatre.

That monarch, with his many excellent qualities, was no doubt better fitted for popular love, than to win the homage of the Marquise de Rambouillet. The wars of the League, amidst which he passed so many of his early years, experiencing reverses in every shape, among evils more prominently recognised had the

effect of arresting civilization. Intercourse of that nature which supposes the easy undisturbed and unalarmed presence of elegant women, was stopped. The men ever in the camp or in the field, fell into rude camp manners; and the women left to themselves and subjected to the agitations of the times, had but little leisure or inclination for refined pursuits. To the absence of the cultivation which can alone command respect, was also added a source of positive degradation in the example of Catherine de Medicis. It is not the least of the crimes which lie upon the memory of that queen, that she filled her court with corrupt women, themselves the devoted instruments of her treacherous policy. Wherever she travelled a body-guard of sirens accompanied her, and many were the fatal secrets won in moments of lulled suspicion. These causes combined may serve to explain the character of Henri Quatre's female associates, and of Madame de Rambouillet's repugnance not only for such acquaintances, but for the monarch whose notions of woman were derived from such a school. Henry the Fourth was amiable, but, like many very amiable men, shared amply the vices of the society by whom he was surrounded. The most partial of his biographers, Perifexe, unconsciously paints him in manners as but a jovial, boisterous boon companion, who loved his bottle, his mistress, and his *bon mot*, and took part with vigour and address in all manly sports and diversions. He was fond of dancing, 'but to tell the truth,' adds the good old bishop, 'he danced with more gaiety than grace.' True it is that no man ever sat upon a throne possessed of more endearing qualities. In qualities of mind and heart, and in his estimation of solid virtues, he had few equals in his age. But to such a woman as the Marchioness of Rambouillet no amount of good disposition will atone for gross manners.

If Henri Quatre sinned upon the side of jollity, Louis the Thirteenth fell into the opposite extreme. He was a moody anchorite, from whose court gaiety and grace were banished. Ruled by the inflexible Richelieu, he was forced to exile his own mother, and to resign himself submissively into the hands of the minister master, who denied him friend or favourite from among that turbulent nobility which he had determined to bend to the throne. Mazarin, more pliant, and making up by address and subtlety what he wanted in will, never lost sight of his predecessor's principle: his sense of the importance of which was quickened by the wars of the Fronde, and was left by him as a legacy of council to his royal pupil, Louis the Fourteenth. Between Henri Quatre corrupted by the League, and Louis the Fourteenth taught by the Fronde, lies an interval, which in respect of all that is elegant, accomplished, and refined in society,


would have presented a dreary waste but for the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the several literary reunions created by its example. As the absence of refinement caused by the first civil war suggested the necessity of a school for which the court afforded no place, so the second civil war was in a large degree fatal to the work which it had found accomplished. Throughout the troubles of the Fronde the chief characters were distinguished women. If their conduct was not in all respects irreproachable, it must be allowed that the talents displayed and the more than womanly courage exhibited by the Longuevilles and the Montpensiers, proved an extraordinary advance in the course of but half a century. Its origin may be plainly traced to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, to whose accomplished mistress it is time we should return.

Madame de Rambouillet was only thirty-five years of age when she was attacked with a peculiar malady, the nature of which the medical science of the day could not determine, nor its skill alleviate. She dared not approach the fire, even on the coldest day of winter, without immediate suffering, nor could she in summer stir abroad unless the weather happened to be cool. Thus she was, for the most part of the year, a prisoner in her own house ; and in winter obliged, for sake of warmth, to keep her bed even when in good general health. But the infirmities of Madame de Rambouillet tended to her celebrity. Among her many tastes of presumable Italian origin, she had a talent for architecture which she brought to aid in this necessity ; for she to whom her house was an unchanging scene, resolved to beautify this prison ; and even her bed, instead of sustaining a solitary invalid, was by ingenious contrivance made a portion of the salon furniture, and so picturesquely as to be destined to general imitation and consequent fame. Not to be debarred the pleasure of society, Madame de Rambouillet borrowed from the Spaniards the idea of an alcove, where was placed this bed : occasionally concealed from the salon by means of a simple screen. Here, with legs wrapped up in warm furs, she received by turns her intimate friends : or, the screen being withdrawn, enjoyed the general conversation. When the Hôtel de Rambouillet became the vogue, fashion imitated infirmity. An alcove and a *ruelle*, for so the space between the bed and the wall was called, became essential to the happiness of the fashionable belle. Ladies attired in the most coquettish morning costumes, reclining upon pillows of satin fringed with deep lace, gave audience to their friends singly or by two's. Here were whispered the anecdotes of the day, and people repeated stories of the *ruelles* as they now do of the salons or the clubs. The Hôtel itself was pro-

nounced such a model of good taste, that Mary de Medicis ordered the architect of the Luxemburg to follow its designs.

Having said thus much of the famous Hôtel, we will take a view of the interior upon one of those occasions when the best society of the day were there assembled. M. de Walckenaer draws aside the curtain. The time stated is the autumn of the year 1644, and the object for which the society meets is to hear a tragedy read by the great Corneille. There are present the *élite* of the town and of the court; the Princess of Condé and her daughter, afterwards the famous Duchess de Longueville, and a host of names then brilliant but since forgotten which we pass for those whom fame has deemed worthy of preserving. There were the Duchess of Chevreuse, one of that three (we have already named a second) whom Mazarin declared capable of saving or overthrowing a kingdom; Mademoiselle de Scudery, then in the zenith of her fame; and Mademoiselle de la Vergne, destined under the name of Lafayette to eclipse her. There were also present Madame de Rambouillet's three daughters: the celebrated Julie, destined to continue the literary glory of the house of Rambouillet, and her two sisters, both *religieuses* yet seeing no profanity in a play. At the feet of the noble dames reclined young seigneurs, their rich mantles of silk and gold and silver spread loosely upon the floor, while to give more grace and vivacity to their action and emphasis to their discourse, they waved from time to time their little hats surcharged with plumes. And there, in more modest attire, were the men of letters: Balzac, Ménage, Scudery, Chapelain, Costart (the most gallant of pedants and pedantic of gallants), and Conrart, and la Mesnardière, and Bossuet, then the Abbé Bossuet, and others of less note. By a stroke of politeness worthy of preservation, Madame de Rambouillet has framed her invitation in such wise that all her guests shall have arrived a good half-hour before the poet: so that he may not be interrupted while reading, by a door opening, and a head bobbing in, and all eyes turning that way, and a dozen signs to take a place here or there, and moving up and moving down, and then an awkward trip, and a whispered apology, the attention of all suspended, the illusion broken, and the poor poet chilled!

The audience is tolerably punctual. All are arrived but one, and who is he that shows so much indifference to the feelings of such a hostess? Why who should he be, but an eccentric, whimsical, impracticable, spoiled pet of a poet: who but Monsieur Voiture, the life, the soul, the charm of all? He at last comes, and Corneille may enter. But a tragic poet moves slowly; Corneille himself has not arrived; and a gay French company cannot endure the *ennui* of waiting. Time must pass agreeably; something must



be set in motion; and what that is to be, is suddenly settled by the Marquis de Vardes, who proposes to bind the eyes of Madame de Sévigné for a game of Colin Maillard, *Anglicè* blind man's buff. Madame de Rambouillet implores: but the game is so tempting, the prospect of fun so exhilarating, that she herself is drawn into the vortex of animal spirits, and yields assent. The ribbon intended for Madame de Sévigné is by the latter placed upon the eyes of the fair young de Vergne, then only twelve years of age; and she is alone in the midst of the salon, her pretty arms outstretched, her feet cautiously advancing—when the brothers Thomas and Pierre Corneille enter conducted by Benserade, a poet also and one of extensive reputation. Now without abating one tittle of our reverence for the great Pierre Corneille, we can sympathize with those light hearts whose game with the then young Madame de Sévigné and her younger friend, was interrupted for a graver though more elevating entertainment. Corneille, like many other poets, was a bad reader of his own productions; fortunately for him, upon this occasion the young Abbé Bossuet was called upon to repeat some of the most striking passages of the play, entitled 'Theodore Vierge et Martyre,' a Christian tragedy, which he did with that declamatory power for which he was afterwards so remarkable. Then, of that distinguished company, the most alive to the charms of poetical expression had each, as a matter of course, some verse to repeat; and repeated it with the just emphasis of the feeling it had awakened, and with which it harmonized, and thus offered by the simple tone of the voice the best homage to genius. And so the morning ended with triumph for the bard, and to the perfect gratification of his auditors.

Monsieur de Walckenaer, having opened so agreeable a view of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, closes the picture and darts away with some degree of abruptness into the entangled history of the Fronde. Perhaps, as his memoirs propose to have relation to Madame de Sévigné and her writings, a more ample development of the literary society of the time might with advantage have engaged the author's attention. Upon the mind of that celebrated woman the Hôtel de Rambouillet appears to have exercised sufficient influence, to have warranted somewhat more than a description of a game of Colin Maillard or even the reading of a tragedy by Corneille. With the events of the Fronde she was hardly in any way connected, and yet the history of that struggle between the Cardinal Mazarin and the nobles who affected to side with the duped and despised parliament, fills the greater part of the first volume. From this time forward M. de Walckenaer affords us but little assistance, and we cannot but regret the absence of so able and accurate a guide.


But we turn to the sarcastic Tallemant des Reaux, whose ten tomes of *Historiettes*, each a portrait, tell a story to the initiated as expressively as one of Hogarth's series.

And first for some members of the family of the excellent old lady herself: such as her daughter Julie, and her suitor the Duc de Montausier: next for Voiture the poet, Madlle. Paulet surnamed the lioness, and one or two others chosen for their originality of feature: we will then glance at some of the more remarkable persons of the time, who were the most in connexion with this famous Hôtel.

Julie had so imbibed the high-flown notions inculcated in the writings of Madlle. de Scudery that she became, alas! a votary of Platonic love: to the cost of the devoted Montausier whom she led a devious chase of a dozen long years. She had arrived at the ripe age of thirty-two, before she was satisfied that the term of probation had been sufficiently protracted. His manner of wooing was characteristic. Having taxed his invention for an offering worthy of his mistress, he decided upon a poetical gift; and thereupon opened what at the present day would be called an Album, bearing the title of '*La Guirlande de Julie*.' The garland was to be composed of flowers of fancy culled from the imagination of his numerous poetical friends. When the bouquet was sufficiently large, or to drop a metaphor which we did not originate, when all the odes, sonnets, madrigals, and lines, had left no more to be said in the lady's praise, they were handed over to a celebrated pensman of the time: and so worthy was the calligraphy of the poetry, and the flourishes of the similes, and the illuminations in the margin so rivalled the glories of the composition, that Julie could no longer resist that phalanx of poets marching over that field of the cloth of gold, and the Garland being placed upon her brow, she yielded her hand.*

Voiture, of whom the Duc de Montausier had been weak enough to feel jealous, was what was then considered of very humble origin, being the son of a wine-merchant attached to the court. A friend whom he made at college introduced him to Madame Saintot, the wife of the Grand Treasurer; and the mode of the introduction was so characteristic of the time as to be worthy of mention. Paris was at that time a fortified city with narrow streets, and without those fine shops which make so much of the adornment of modern large cities. Traffic was carried on principally in immense market-places, called Foires; and these were so showy

* This curious production, having been put up for sale in the year 1784, was bought by an English gentleman, who bid up so high a sum as 14,510 francs, or 580*l*. It however found its way back into the family of Lavallière, who were descendants of the Montausiers.



and attractive as to form the chief places of rendezvous. The Foires were not only bazaars for trade, but afforded means of pleasure: having booths laid out in the most seductive way. The habit of wearing masks was universal: the sermons of the day are filled with denunciations of a practice which covered much vice. Men went abroad masked and even habited as women, and women not unfrequently assumed the male attire. Now Madame Saintot had a passion for gaming, and to gratify it went disguised as a man to the Foires. At a gaming-table she met Voiture, led there by his college friend, and being a woman of wit was so struck with his sallies, that she at once sought his acquaintance. Shortly after she received from the poet a copy of Ariosto, with a letter so well conceived according to the reigning ideas of taste, that she showed it to M. de Chaudébonne, one of Madame de Rambouillet's particular friends, who by exhibiting it produced such a sensation that Voiture himself was sent for, and soon rose to the highest place in our little aristocratic republic of letters.

We are tempted by the fame of this Epistle, to offer a few of its high-flown passages. The writer begins by telling Madame Saintot that the present is the finest of all Roland's previous adventures. That even when alone he defended the crown of Charlemagne, and when he tore sceptres from the hands of kings, he never did any thing so glorious for himself, as at that hour when he had the honour to kiss hers (the hands of Madame Saintot)! And then the lady is told that Roland will now forget the beauty of Angelique——but perhaps we had better cease description and offer a brief quotation.

"This beauty, against which no armour is proof, which cannot meet the eyes without wounding the heart, and which burns with love as many parts of the world as are lighted by the sun—all that was but a badly-drawn portrait of the wonders to be admired in you. All known colours, aided by poetry, could not paint you so fine as you are—the imagination of poets has never yet soared to such a height. Chambers of crystal and palaces of diamonds are easily enough imagined; and all the enchantments of Amadis, which appear to surpass belief, are after all no more than yours. To fix, at first sight, the most resolute souls and the least born to servitude; to cause a certain sort of love, known to the reason, without desire and without hope; to crown with pleasure and glory those minds whom you deprive of liberty, and to render those perfectly satisfied to whom you nothing grant; these are stranger effects, and more removed from appearance of truth, than Hippogriffs and flying chariots, or all the marvels recounted by our romancers."

When M. de Chaudébonne read this letter, he exclaimed, 'Monsieur Voiture is too gallant a man to be allowed to remain in the *bourgeoisie*,' and the letter was turned into a patent of literary nobility! No wonder Mademoiselle Julie, with ideas of love transcendently Platonic, should at the moment have persuaded herself she had found at last her ideal of a love-laureat,

in him who was able to comprehend that ‘certain sort of love known to the reason,’ and to the reason only. And so poor M. Montausier, condemned to wait and linger over the perfume of the gay garland woven for the fading beauties of his Julie (the *femme de trente ans* of her day, who had her Balzac too—but not *the* Balzac, who loves to gild with delicate hand the first slight pressure of the solid thirtieth year), was piqued at the notice bestowed upon the poet. But the poet soon undid his favour by a practical heresy against his own doctrine, for he, one day—oh! tell it not in the Hôtel de Rambouillet—raised Julie’s hand to his lips, and was dismissed on the instant to the herd of vulgar lovers. Voiture, under the mask of his high-flown style, concealed a malicious wit, and avenged his disgrace by turning it against Mademoiselle Paulet.

She was a fine tall young woman, with a profusion of pale yellow hair, and vivid eyes, which gave her head some fancied resemblance to a lioness. Hence her sobriquet, *la lionne*. Voiture himself was very small, and neat in his appearance, but his face was inexpressive almost to silliness. Perhaps the contrast between his own figure and that of the grand Paulet, suggested the idea that he of all others, should set himself to torment the haughty prude. Accordingly, he left no artifice untried; and is described to have gone to the uttermost extent in his outrage of her notions of *convenance*, by deliberately drawing off his boots and warming his feet at the fire! ‘If he were one of *us*,’ said a proud noble one day, as he saw him at these tricks, ‘he would be intolerable.’ Yet if Voiture had been called upon, according to custom, to assert these whims with his sword, he would not have shrunk from it: for he was brave, and had fought four duels after the most romantic fashion of a poet; one by moonlight, and another by the light of four torches. And whatever the prouder nobles thought or said, such was the interest felt for this lively, capricious, eccentric creature, that when he travelled in Belgium his letters were looked for with unexampled avidity, and read with the deepest interest. One of his sonnets excited so much admiration, that Benserade published a rival sonnet; and this appeal to the literary world, comprising as we have learned from Chaudubonne’s exclamation the *élite* of fashionable society, was answered by the formation of two parties, headed, the one by the Duchess of Longueville, in the zenith of her fame, the other by her brother the Prince de Conti; and with such heat was the battle contested that its leaders lost temper, and the brother and sister quarrelled over the respective merits of these two poets: who, strange to say, were at that time held in equal estimation with Corneille himself!

Were we called upon to test the acumen of court critics before the appearance of Boileau, by the enthusiastic encomiums passed upon these sonnets, we should be obliged to pronounce it very low indeed. An attempt at readable translation would fail, because of the utter feebleness of the original of either one or the other. We must content ourselves with merely general description. Voiture's sonnet is addressed to Uranie, in love of whom he must end his days, because neither time nor absence can cure him. Still, when he thinks of the charms for which he is to perish, he blesses his martyrdom and is ready to die. Reason comes to his aid, but after a vain struggle, declares Uranie so amiable and beautiful as to confirm his attachment.

Elle dit qu'Uranie est seule aimable et belle,
Et m'y rengage plus, que ne font tous mes sens.

Benserade's sonnet was entitled Job, and may be more briefly described. He draws a picture of Job's sufferings and patience, for the purpose of adding that there are worse torments than even Job endured, for Job could speak and complain, while the lover must hold his tongue.

Job souffrit des maux incroyables :
Il s'en plaignit—il en parla :
J'en connais de plus misérables.

The contest at last grew to a poetical civil war, and the partisans at each side, like Guelphs and Ghibelines, took the respective names of Uranistes and Jobelins. Votes were canvassed, and each name, as it was declared, hailed as a victory. The field of battle was at last cleared by a stupidity which answered the purpose of a *bon-mot*, for it set all laughing; and when people laugh reconciliation is at hand. A maid of honour, less poetical than pretty, was canvassed by the Jobelins with success, and when, amidst the silence of the anxious combatants, her opinion was called for, said—'Well, I declare for Tobie.' This happy stroke of *naïve* ignorance proved more effective than the fiat of the beautiful Longueville.

Madame de Rambouillet was not herself affected with the pedantry and affectation, which sprung up thus like tares in the field where she had sown good seed. Learned and wise she was, but also most amiable. With none but a thoroughly good-humoured and little exacting woman could such liberties as those of Voiture be practised, according to the anecdotes told by Tallemant. 'Having found two bear-leaders one day in the street, with their bears muzzled, he induced them to steal gently after him into the chamber where Madame de Rambouillet was reading, with her back as usual to a large screen, up which climb

the bears, and when she turned her head, lo ! there were two grave figures peering into her book.' Was it not enough, asks Tallemant, to cure her of a fever? We know not the effect of the experiment in that respect; but we know that she laughed at its silly author and forgave him. Tallemant's subsequent account of the love amounting to adoration felt for her by her domestics, paints a happy home. After her death a friend of hers happened to dine with her son-in-law, when an old servant, recognising him, threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, 'Monsieur, I adore you! Since you were one of the friends of *la grande Marquise*, no one shall, this evening, serve you but myself.'

In the year 1644, when Corneille was received, as we have seen, in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, it was in the zenith of its influence. During the lifetime of Louis the Thirteenth there was no attraction at the court, and Madame de Rambouillet reigned supreme in the world of taste and letters. The first civil war of the Fronde broke out in 1649, six years after the king's death, and on its renewal was protracted to the year 1654. The agitations of this period were fatal to the ascendancy held by literary reunions; but they were remarkable for having developed an extraordinary amount of female courage, of womanly devotedness, and in some instances of womanly heroism; and it must not be forgotten that the women who took the most distinguished part in these troubles had graduated, if we may so speak, in the college of Rambouillet. Thus we find the high-flown sentiments, which at a later period fell like rank weeds before the scythe of the author of the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' translating themselves here into bold and chivalrous conduct. In the adventures of Madame Deshouillieres, for example, we see a characteristic specimen of the Rambouillet days.

Her husband was a lieutenant-colonel of the Prince de Condé's infantry, and from gratitude to his patron took part in his rebellion, and passed with him into Flanders, leaving Madame Deshouillieres with her parents. Educated and accomplished according to the existing standard of female teaching; for she was acquainted with Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and rode and danced with grace; she, a young woman of nineteen years, resolved to combat the pain of separation by the study of Descartes and Gassendi, whose works had a little time before begun to attract attention. The Prince de Condé having taken Rocroi, the 29th September 1653, in the name of the king of Spain, gave the command of the place to Colonel Deshouillieres; and he having at length a fixed position, sent for his wife. She remained here two years, and afterwards went to reside at Brussels. At this time the capital of the low countries was crowded with young

Spanish and Italian nobles, desirous of studying the art of war under the great captain then in league with Condé against his native country. The assemblies held in the hotels of the nobility were of the most brilliant kind, and Madame Deshouillieres, by her beauty and surpassing accomplishments, won universal homage. The Prince de Condé avowed himself an ardent admirer, but her discouragement became so marked, that he withdrew his solicitations. Then, for some reason of which we have no satisfactory account, Madame Deshouillieres during her husband's absence on duty was arrested, and conducted a state prisoner to the Chateau of Vilvorde, at two leagues distance from Brussels. It was said that the pretext for her imprisonment was her too urgent demand for payment of the arrears due to her husband, rendered indispensable by the expenses to which their mode of life had subjected them. Thus the Spanish government would deter its numerous creditors from further importunity ; and Madame Deshouillieres was selected, not as the most troublesome but as the most conspicuous victim, from her position calculated to serve as a warning to the rest. Her husband appealed to the Prince de Condé, who declined interference. Stung by this injustice, he determined to return to the service of his country from which gratitude to the Prince had seduced him. In the mean time, in order to lull suspicion, he performed his military duties with exactitude. Having matured in his own mind a plan for his wife's deliverance, a favourable opportunity for carrying it into execution after some time presented itself. With a forged order from the Prince de Condé for admittance into the Chateau of Vilvorde, he succeeded in entering at the head of a few faithful soldiers, by whose assistance he carried off his wife and brought her safely into France. Had he failed in his enterprise, husband and wife would infallibly have been put to death. In the course of their escape the lady's courage was tried in a less dignified, but yet very effectual way. A chateau in which she slept, was said to be visited every night by a troubled spirit, who, in strict conformity with all ghostly practices, displayed a preference for one particular chamber; but in that very chamber, Madame Deshouillieres, notwithstanding her advanced state of pregnancy, resolved to pass the night. Soon after the awful hour of twelve, the door opened—she spoke, but the spectre answered not—a table was overthrown, and the curtains drawn aside, and the phantom was close to her. Stretching forth her hands undauntedly, she caught two long silky ears, or what so seemed to her touch, and these she resolutely held until the dawn revealed a large quiet house-dog, who preferred a bedchamber to a cold courtyard.

The reception which Colonel and Madame Deshouillieres met with at the Court of France was most distinguished. Cardinal Mazarin was charmed with so valuable a defection from the ranks of his chief enemy. Madame Deshouillieres became once more the centre of the accomplished world; and the universal mark for compliment, in the elaborate form which literary compliment then assumed, and to revive which, under the name of portraits, some futile attempts have been lately made in the Faubourg St. Germain. But at length Deshouillieres and his wife were fated once more to separate, and from the same cause—poverty. They were obliged to give up every vestige of property. He rejoined the army, and by his remarkable skill as an engineer rose to distinction; while she, for solace, devoted herself to the cultivation of poetry. Their last days were spent in comparative comfort, and they lived together to a good old age.

This short notice of Madame Deshouillieres will introduce the observation we have to offer upon the style of writing of the time. Between the manners of society and the style in vogue, there is of course a plainly perceptible analogy. Both delighted in masquerade: but highly artificial as manners were, they could not so press down the natural tendencies of the heart, that upon adequate occasion it should not throw off its trammels,—and so with the style of the time, which, artificial as it was, could not quite exclude minds of the higher order from a sound, strong, and healthy mode of expression. The traditional notion formed of Madame Deshouillieres is that of an elegantly attired lady shepherdess, wearing high-heeled shoes, a robe looped up with ribbons and flowers, a very small hat perched lightly upon the right side of her head, a languid feather drooping therefrom, with rouge and those coquettish little black marks called *mouches* upon her cheeks, a crook in her hand, and by her side a lamb looking up to her face, as if it mistook her for its mother. Yet in turning over the neglected pages of this high-minded, courageous, and accomplished woman, we find, apart from those fulsome displays into which she was seduced by misjudging fashion, lively satires against the false taste with which her own writings are supposed to be identified, and pictures of manners of evident truth, which furnish illustrations of general as well as private history.

Her epistle to Père la Chaise, the King's Confessor, dated 1692, exposes with admirable sarcasm the hypocrisy made fashionable by the example of Madame de Maintenon, then in complete ascendancy over the king. The epistle is in the form of a dialogue. She asks by what hitherto unknown merit can she, the victim of so many wrongs, re-acquire estimation in the eyes of the world? on which her supposed companion, recalling

to mind the fifty years of unfruitful services of her husband and family, invokes her in order to procure compensation to turn devotee. The advice is indignantly rejected for the following reasons.

Devotion ! No ! Hypocrisy is made
By beggar'd debauchees their safest trade ;
By women from whom Time hath stol'n all charm,
Or scandal on their name breathed fatal harm :
Let these alone bereft of merit, try
To put on Bigotry's deceitful eye :
All is forgotten—all is varnish'd o'er—
And taint, or crime, or folly, seen no more.
Oh, that I could some deep dark colours find
To paint the blackness of the treach'rous mind !
How I, who hate all falsehood, e'en the streak
Of simulated red rouged o'er the cheek,
Must more detest the gloss o'er manners thrown,
And hate all forms that are not Nature's own !

In a poem of an earlier date, Madame Deshouillieres had painted the torments to which a literary lion is exposed.


Ah ! think, my friend, how onerous is fame !
You call to pay a visit—at your name
The whole assembly changes tone and looks :
' Here comes an author,' now they cry ;
' Let language take a lofty range :'
And in a manner, stiff and strange,
Their *precious* syllables they try.
They bore you all the while about new books,
Ask your opinion, too, about your own,
And beg the favour of a recitation :
When, if you give the first in simple tone,
Or speak the other with shy hesitation,
The whisper will run round—' A *bel esprit* ?
Why she talks like another—you or me !
Calls herself an author, and none grander,
While any one with ears can understand her !'

The reader has remarked the word *precious* in the preceding extract. It is an epithet of signification so important, as to call for a word of explanation. *Précieuse* implied originally *distinguished*, in the most elegant and elevated sense of the word.—Madame de Rambouillet was herself a *Précieuse*, meaning thereby a woman of accomplishments and distinction. But by degrees the epithet, or to speak more properly, the title *Précieuse*, was attached exclusively to *Beaux Esprits*, until at last it came to be synonymous with pedantic. To Mademoiselle de Scudery, the friend of Madame de Rambouillet, may be specially traced the origin of the delectable style of speaking alluded to by Madame Deshouillieres, and to which Molière gave the blow of which it lingered and died. This once celebrated woman, when she wrote the first and second of her interminable romances, either through timidity, or to please a half-witted tyrannical brother who fancied himself an author, published them under her brother's name. But the fame

the works acquired drew too much attention upon their reputed author to admit of his strutting long in borrowed plumage. Mademoiselle de Scudery once known as the real author, her popularity became unbounded. She opened her own salon, and upon the Saturdays received the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Nor did the rivalry excite jealousy, for the ladies were friendly to the last.

The romances of Mademoiselle de Scudery are long-spun disquisitions upon love, in which the passion is sublimated to an essence as pure and as cold as the highest region of the atmosphere. The characters introduced for the purpose of saying, not doing, are real; that is to say, they represent some of the most remarkable of then living persons. These are introduced under names composed of the letters of their own, from under which thin mask they talk like gods and goddesses. Thus Madame de Rambouillet was the Arthenice, and her daughter the Duchess of Montausier, the Parthenie of the novel of Clelie. The language of the books, out of compliment to the authoress, soon became the language of the salon, and taking the course of all artificial things, by growing every day more artificial, swelled at last into insupportable bathos. Many of her originals, too, felt called upon to sustain the ideal that Scudery drew of them, and hence restraint and affectation. So, as each person of the novel was known to be drawn from a life original, it came to be esteemed the highest honour to be allowed to sit for this literary Lawrence. And as Scudery (or Sappho as she was dubbed by general consent) possessed all the refined delicacy of sentiment she loved to paint, every artifice was needed to induce her to accept presents for her portraits. The Duchess of Longueville, while in exile, sent her a portrait of herself in a circle of diamonds. Those who desired to convey more useful tokens, had them left by an unknown hand at an early hour in the morning. And we have before us a proof of her delicacy of sentiment which does so much honour to all parties concerned in it, that we cannot refrain from detailing the circumstance.

When the extravagant but magnificent Fouquet, in whose hands was the direction of the finances of the kingdom, was thrown into the Bastille as a public defaulter, his fall was accompanied by the desertion of many who had lived upon his bounty. The exceptions were women, and illustrious women: Scudery, Sévigné, and Lafayette: and so true did they remain to the fallen man, that he has left it upon record as the testimony of his experience 'that a woman is an unfailing friend.' Of his male friends and dependants one poor rhymester named Loret, whose poetical chronicle of the court balls and masques is now a valuable picture of the past, composed a lay in praise of his patron for which



he was deprived of his pension from the Court. Poor Loret had also held a pension from Fouquet, who was a generous friend of literary men and artists. Fouquet was so touched with the poetical chronicler's devotion, that he determined, ruined as he was, to continue the pension from the fragment of his fortune. To this Loret, equally deprived of all, would by no means consent. Fouquet sent for Madlle. de Scudery, placed the money in her hands, and induced her to undertake the delicate task of having it conveyed. She in order the more completely to blindfold Loret, engaged a female friend, of whose object no suspicion could be entertained; and the latter, after a long conversation with the poet purposely protracted, contrived during a happy moment, while his back was turned, to place the money in a corner where it afterwards met his eye. Fouquet, after a confinement of many years, died in the Bastille, his fate as much the result of Louis XIV.'s vengeance as of his sense of justice: for Fouquet had had the audacity to rival his royal master in the good graces of La Vallière. Not to wander further from our subject, we shall just observe that in the second volume of these memoirs of M. de Walckenaer, there is an ample account of this extraordinary affair of Fouquet's, which is well worthy of perusal.

Madlle. de Scudery, though not handsome, for she was tall and lank with something Quixotic in her appearance, made the conquest of two distinguished literary men, Pelesson and Conrart. But the impracticable tests she had invented for sounding the truth, depth and sincerity of the tender passion, were by herself applied to her own case, and she died an old maid at the advanced age of ninety-four: an instance of the happy effects of an innocent indulgence of the imagination, without the alloy of violent sensations, upon the duration of life. Her map of the land of love, or, as she quaintly called it, her *Carte de Tendre* was considered a masterpiece of *esprit* and skill. It was a Lover's Pilgrim's Progress as ingenious as John Bunyan's. From the village of *Petits soins* she leads you to the hamlet of *Billets doux*. But before you arrive even at the outpost of *Propos-galants*, there remain to be crossed the three broad rivers of *Tendre-sur-Estime*, *Tendre-sur-inclination*, and *Tendre-sur-reconnaissance*, and these can only be reached by *Complaisance* and *Sensibilité*. Then there were the dangerous quagmires of *Tiédeur* (*lukewarmness*), and *Oubli* (*forgetfulness*), and that slough of Despond, the lake of Indifference. Gallant and stout-hearted must be the knight, who threaded his way securely through this enchanted country. Nor did Sappho's disciples confine their studies to ideal geography—subjects were proposed for discussion of which love and friend-

ship formed the theme. Even the severe Richelieu, puerile in hexameters as he was grand in policy, was so smitten with the prevailing taste, that he wrote with his own hand various themes for the *salon* of his niece the Duchess d'Aiguillon. But to sum up a whole question in a sparkling antithesis was esteemed the triumph of philosophical ingenuity. And to efforts of this kind we owe certainly the famous 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld, while to the fashion of making descriptive portraits we are equally indebted for a work of no less celebrity, the 'Characters of La Bruyère.'

The mention of the former name takes us to the romances of Madame de Lafayette, of whose house, long after the intrigues of the Fronde in which he was so reduced had ceased, La Rochefoucauld became the charm. He it was who throughout these troubles had acted brilliant Mephistopheles to the gay, giddy and eccentric Duchess of Longueville. His real passion for her, met by its object with her accustomed fickleness and inconstancy, perhaps first gave his writings their tone of bitterness. But such a man must have been also strongly disgusted with the selfishness of the leaders engaged in that petty but ruinous civil war, which spread desolation over the whole country. Originally, he was of ardent rather than sarcastic temper, and in conversation is said to have been overwhelmingly brilliant. And it is certain that his intimacy with Madame de Lafayette and her friend Madame de Sévigné, much tended on the whole to alleviate his dissatisfaction with the rest of human nature. The former boasted with allowable pride that she had improved his heart, as much as he had improved her head.

We have already seen that when Mademoiselle de Scudery assisted at the reading of Corneille's tragedy, she being at that time in the full blaze of her reputation, Madame Lafayette, then Mademoiselle de la Vergne, was a little girl of twelve years of age. That little girl, with the red silk bandage over her eyes for a game of blind man's buff, was destined to eclipse the renowned Sappho. Her father, who directed her education himself, had her instructed in French and Latin, in both which languages she made remarkable progress. Her first romance, like those of her predecessor, appeared under the name of a male friend. Their success was immediate: and for this reason, if we may trust Voltaire, that they formed the first attempt at painting manners as they were, and of describing natural events with grace. Let us take a specimen from the best of her romances, the 'Princess of Cleves,' of what the philosopher who could not relish Shakspeare looked up to as natural writing. The author describes the court of Francis I., meaning in reality that of Louis XIV.

"Never did any court possess so many beautiful women, and men admirably

well formed ; it seemed as if nature took pleasure in showering her choicest gifts upon the greatest princesses and princes."

This was indeed a step in admiration of nature, enough to satisfy the high-bred predilections of Voltaire himself. Her hero, the Duc de Nemours, is thus introduced :

"This prince was a masterpiece of nature: the least admirable part of his good qualities was to be of all the world the finest and best made man. That which placed him above all others was his incomparable worth, the vivacity of his mind, of his countenance and manners, such as never appeared before in any but himself. His gaiety was alike pleasing to men and to women. His address in all manly exercises was extraordinary. His manner of dressing was followed by the whole world, but never could be imitated. His air, in fine, was such that he absorbed all attention wherever he appeared. There was not a lady in the court who would not have esteemed it a glory to see him attached to her. Few of those to whom he was attached could have boasted of having resisted him; and even many to whom he paid no attention, could not refrain from feeling a passion for him. He had so much gentleness and such a disposition to gallantry, that he was unable to refuse some little attentions to those who sought to please him. Thus he had several mistresses, but it was difficult to guess which of them it was he truly loved."

When we say that such writing as this was popular, we must be understood to mean that it formed the delight of the high-born and court circles for whom alone novels were written. Madame de Lafayette would have shrunk with horror from the idea, that a citizen's thumb turned over one of her pages. So, when the aristocracy forsook Sappho for the more 'natural' Lafayette, it was because they relished her more direct flattery of their rank, and descended with more ease of comprehension from epic heroes in prose to the positive dressing and dandyism of the new school. The style of such descriptions was so general, that it fitted all alike. There was no fixing of peculiar features; no graphic turns of expression applicable to some one individual and to that individual only; all were great, grand, fine, beautiful, noble. In what proportions these qualities were blended, or what their degrees in different individuals, the author was never troubled to think of. Madame de Lafayette's success, in short, lay in the wideness of the contrast between her ideas of an accomplished man, and those of her predecessor. A heroine of Scudery would have shrunk from a bold eye, or the profanation of a rude touch: no woman could resist Lafayette's Duke of Nemours. The same aristocratic spirit ascended the pulpit with the clergy, the highest posts in the church being now filled by scions of noble families. When Flechiér preached the funeral sermon of the Duchess of Montausier, our before-named Julie, in presence of her two sisters, the *religieuses* of whom we have previously made mention, he addresses them not as *mes sœurs* but *mesdames*, and pronounces an eulogium upon the deceased and her mother, Madame de Rambouillet, under their romantic appellations of Parthenie and Arthenice! In reading the funeral orations of the time, one

would suppose that heaven was complimented by being allowed to receive the most high puissant and noble Condés and Turennes, and that the earth upon which they condescended not to live any longer, was eclipsed by the passing of their spirits between it and the sun.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet declines with Louis Quatorze. The troubles of the Fronde taught Louis to distrust alike, the parliament, the nobles, and distinguished women. With the first he made short work. His appearance in his hunting-dress, booted and spurred, and whip in hand, with his contemptuous order to mingle no more in state affairs, is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. So, by alluring the once turbulent nobles to a voluptuous court, and there plunging them into extravagant expenditure, of which he set the example, he reduced *them* to such a state of dependancy for distinction upon his own favour, that we find the great Condé soliciting as an honour, permission to wear a hunting-dress in all respects made after the fashion of the king's. As for women of talent, they were utterly discouraged. Frivolity became the order of the day; court masques the ruling passion. Invention was taxed for suitable decorations, and the king himself took the chief *rôle* as actor, and even as dancer in this sort of entertainment.

Benserade was the fashionable writer of those court masques, in which figured Louis le Grand. Never was Poet Laureat more honoured by royal notice, even by royal friendship; and certainly Poet Laureat before or since was never so well paid. He was very different in character from his rival, the thoughtless and eccentric Voiture. Benserade had studied the weaknesses of men, which he learned to turn skilfully to his own advantage. With the most unscrupulous flattery in constant service, he made it a principle not to offer homage to less than royal blood, with the one exception of a prime minister. He set value upon eulogies, made a regular market of them, and blamed Voiture for showing subserviency in his necessities when he might have commanded assistance. Louis' intrigue with La Vallière raised the fortune of the poet to its supreme height. He contrived to win the confidence of both. Poor La Vallière not being a *Précieuse*, blushed at the rustic turn of her naturally formed periods, and secretly engaged Benserade to deck her phraseology in a court suit. Louis, who had not yet acquired sufficient self-confidence to emancipate himself from the yoke of his mother (Anne of Austria) called in the services of Benserade to express his secret passion. Parts were composed for the king, and speeches put into his mouth, of such ingenious contrivance that while the queen saw not their hidden meaning, La Vallière, standing by her side, should under-

stand it. A ballet upon 'Impatience,' in which that feeling is illustrated in a variety of forms, was chief part of one of his entertainments. Lawyers dispute over a lawsuit, their unfortunate clients regarding them with looks haggard with impatience. Then the scene changes, and we have a troop of Muscovite savages taking lessons from a French dancing-master, who foams with impatience at their grotesque efforts to acquire Parisian graces. At last enters the king under the form of Jupiter, and Olympus is shaken with his impatient anger, that he cannot pursue his amours undisturbed: but, a god being fertile in resources, Jove metamorphoses himself into the figure of Diana, and Callisto is deceived. The court were of course enraptured at the delicacy of these allusions, and encouraged the king's resolution by unanimous plaudits.

In another masque the king as Pluto disregards the absence of day, because of the secret flame which ever cheers his dwelling—that flame understood by La Vallière, seated in the queen's box. And Benserade displayed his ingenuity in other ways. Not only were all secondary characters tamed down for the purpose of giving exclusive prominence to that sustained by the king—but they were made to criticise their own defects, and contrast them with the all-perfection of his majesty. Even this was not enough for so capacious a swallow. The king himself utters such extravagant self-praise, that it is startling to think how great must have been the hardihood of the man who could have dared to ask a mortal possessed of common sense to speak it. Greater still the wonder at the self-complacency of the stage monarch, acted by a real king. In one speech he is made to draw a parallel between himself and Alexander the Great, very much to the disadvantage of Alexander. Whatever question might arise as to their respective political and military capacities, there could be no doubt at all as to which was the handsomer man. Who, asks the royal mime, would for a moment attempt to compare us both in what relates to beauty, air, and bodily graces.

Et toute chose égale, entre ces grandes âmes,
Alexandre eût perdu devant toutes les dames.


Thus, having in these masques personated Jupiter, Pluto, Mars, and Apollo, with sundry lovelorn shepherds—the king crowned the climax by bursting out upon the stage as the Sun! and like the Sun had his worshippers. Happy were the courtiers allowed to live in his rays. There were those to whom a frown would have been death, as his smile was life; who hung about his path in the hope of being handed his cane or cloak; and to whom it was supreme happiness to throw crumbs of bread to the gold-fish in the basins of the park of Versailles, and thus have to boast they contributed to the king's amusement. Louis appro-

priately rewarded the high priest of his worship by bestowing upon him the moiety of a bishop's revenue. Benserade was a clever fellow! He contrived to insinuate himself into the favour of the stern Richelieu; he hoodwinked the wily Mazarin; he steered through the Fronde without offending either party; and he won the personal friendship of the vain and fickle Louis. Yet he was said to have been generous at heart, and to have solicited more favours for his friends than for himself. Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters, mentions her having met him at a dinner party of which he was the grand attraction, and calls him a delightful fellow. Molière disturbed his happiness, and affected his renown.

The king, whose literary taste, at least in early life, may be judged by the Masques, in which he himself cut so strange a figure, showed always a marked dislike for female authorship. There is strong reason to conclude that when Molière, in 1659, wrote his 'Précieuses Ridicules' he was as much incited to his attack upon literary ladies by a desire to please the monarch, as by the palpable pedantry into which the disciples of the Rambouillet school had declined. This little farce told fatally against *bas bleuism*. Ménage, the tutor of Madame de Sévigné, has recorded his testimony of the effect produced by its first representation. All the Hôtel de Rambouillet were present, and at the close of the piece Ménage acknowledges that he thus addressed his friends: 'We may now say as St. Remus said to Clovis—we must burn the idols we adored, and adore those we would have burned:' then descending from his own pedantic tone, he adds quaintly, 'This satire knocked down *galimatias* and the forced style of writing.' The weakest point presented to the attack of the inimitable satirist, was of course the extravagant affectation of language.

Having sketched thus briefly and rapidly the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, from its foundation by the noble, frank, generous, or as her faithful servant better termed her, *la grande Marquise*, to the period of its decline, we arrive at the immediate object of M. de Walckenaer's book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné.

Ménage, whose name we have last introduced as her tutor, was so fascinated by his pupil that he fell in love with her. Poor old pedant! he must have had some excellent qualities, for he had many enemies: provoked more by the incautious exhibition of his self-love than of his enmity, for his nature appears to have been amiable. We are drifting into a digression we cannot avoid—but this tutor meeting us at the threshold, we must have a word with him, or about him, before we claim brief interview with his




charming pupil. The latter amused herself with a passion, which it is needless to say could have only been made matter for diversion. But this Ménage could not understand. He wondered that Madame de Sévigné showed no fear of him—a gallant of such attraction. One day, she quietly desired him to take the place in her carriage vacant by the absence of her *dame de compagnie*. He opened his eyes, astonished at such a mark of contempt for public opinion, and at such a challenging of personal danger. ‘Come, come,’ said she quickly, ‘and sit beside me: and if you do not well behave yourself, I shall visit you at your own house.’ To his bewilderment she kept her word. Ménage was not so fortunate as to meet in every friend a Madame de Sévigné. Never did unhappy author excite such a host of enemies. Fleeting however would have been the effect of enmity or friendship on his name, had it not become linked with the attachment of a Sévigné and the enmity of a Molière. The comedy of ‘*Les Femmes Savantes*,’ written eleven years after the ‘*Précieuses Ridicules*,’ was levelled chiefly against Ménage (introduced under the name of Vadius), and gave the *coup de grace* to pedantry and philosophical jargon.

In looking over the collection of reflections, criticisms, and anecdotes which this author left under the title of ‘*Menagiana*,’ we are inclined to think he was dealt with hardly. Under the surface of his learned display there runs a current of wholesome thought and good feeling. We find him lamenting, as authors have in all ages of civilization lamented, that his own age was not poetical, and learnedly accounting for the more poetical character of the ancients by the poetical form of their religious worship. Of Mademoiselle de Scudery he is a fervent admirer, for the characteristic reason that he finds in her romances an analogy with the Epic poem: which, giving but one event of a hero’s life, would, he assures us, be wanting in impressiveness were it not ingeniously lengthened by well-contrived digressions. He wrote most of his poetical pieces in the ancient languages, and says it was not until he began to write in his own that he was made the victim of so much enmity and jealousy. It is indeed true, that however men may consent to superiority in one branch of art they rebel against assumed versatility. It will be fair to add, that an anecdote told by Ménage of himself justifies the discriminating friendship of his clever pupil, even against Molière. He says that the attacks of his enemies became at last insupportable, and he determined to abandon the city, and to pass the remainder of his days in solitude. In the rural retreat which he selected, he amused himself with rearing pigeons. One day a

favourite was shot, and Ménage grieved bitterly over his lost bird, but 'Alas!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'I find that no human residence is free from troubles. Let me then have only those to encounter which confer in the contest some degree of dignity' — and he returned to Paris.

Since we first saw Madame de Sévigné binding the eyes of Mademoiselle de la Vergne for a game of Colin Maillard, we have only from time to time caught glances of her. Although the author of these memoirs links to her name a history of the troubles of the Fronde, she was in no way mixed up with them; nor do they appear to have directly affected either her genius or character until her daughter had grown up, and she felt it her duty to forward her prospects in life. Madame de Sévigné did not abandon her solitude in Brittany. When she did appear at court, then deemed a sublunary paradise reserved for the *élite* of mortals only, her stay was not long nor continuous: her fortune not being equal to the expenses attendant upon such costly favour. With the removal of her daughter to her husband's château on the Rhine, comes the first of that inimitable collection of letters, which have made her name immortal.

What freshness do they breathe—what boundless animal spirits—what exquisite truth and heart—what sound sense—what mild and gracious insinuations, rather than inculcations, of wise maxims—what pictures of rural happiness—what delicious rustic repasts! Her books too—history, poetry, philosophy—Pascal and Nicole—all the sound food of a healthy mind. Then the vivid pictures of passing events, caught in her visits to court, or reflected from the pens of such correspondents as Madame de Lafayette, or Bussy de Rabutin. And all the offering of an overflowing tenderness to a well-beloved daughter! Who does not think and speak of Madame de Sévigné, indeed, as almost a beloved friend that he has known, Even M. de Walckenaer, calm historian as he is, introduces her in this referential, take-for-granted way: 'This complexion of such rare freshness, this rich fair hair, these brilliant and animated eyes, this irregular but expressive physiognomy, this elegant figure, were so many gifts from nature. And then her 'sweet voice, cultivated to the highest degree, according to the musical science of the time, and her brilliant *danse* which drew out with *éclat* the liveliness and habitual gracefulness of her movements.' We have all that general description which is as the recalling to mind of a friend whom every body has seen, and all appreciated, and upon whose traits we love to dwell. It has been charged by some that affection for her daughter was too prominently put forward, as if in abandoning literary pedantry she had



fallen into an affectation of another kind, not less obnoxious. But no! In solitude when at home, surrounded by a highly artificial society abroad, she needed an object for the currents of her warm impulses to overflow upon, and towards that object they rushed with giddy delight, and painful and even foolish fondness. With our present unerring and rapid means of communication, and our general penny post, we have but a feeble idea of the elixir of happiness which in old times could be enveloped in a sheet of paper. Poor Madame de Sévigné cannot contain her delight at the post-office improvement of her time, according to which a horse courier was despatched from Paris once a week! She tells us of the pleasure the faces of these couriers, whenever she met them upon the high-road, used to afford her—and no wonder, for at that time the journey of a courier was one of peril and adventure. Of pleasant excitement too! How the smack of his whip, and the sound of his horse's hoof, must have brought every face to the windows of a country château. With what honours he must have been received. An ambassador, even he of Siam, delivering his credentials at Versailles, would have cut but a poor figure beside the bearer of a packet of letters from Madame de Sévigné. He was 'a mercury alighting upon a heaven kissing hill'—a god! What prayers must have accompanied his departure—what blessings hailed his arrival. How his horse must have been patted and fed, and the best bed given to him—and then picture the family circle around the adventurous letters, and, provided there were no very special family secrets therein, fancy the kind friends and neighbours invited to partake of that family joy and the family repast.

It is probable that serious secrets were seldom thus conveyed because of the danger of the times. When Mazarin was obliged during the Fronde to yield to the clamours of his enemies, and to withdraw into voluntary exile, he and Anne of Austria corresponded by word of mouth, through confidential couriers who carried their despatches in their heads. A serious family affair would, even at a later period, demand a journey from one of its heads. But a letter then filled many of the objects now supplied by a newspaper, and hence we read in Madame de Sévigné's letters descriptions of public events, to convey which a friend would at present have no more to do than write an address at a newspaper office. See for example her account of the death of Turenne, and the particulars given of the funeral procession to Saint Denis: an event which at the present day (we talk not of style) would be done for all the world at a penny a line. At the same time the circumstances in which they were written give these charming

compositions a serious historical importance, and hence those researches, in relation to them, which have conferred upon the names of Monmerqué and Walckenaer so much honour.

Madame de Sévigné was religious, and in the best sense of the word, for she was charitable, forgiving, and tolerant. 'Have no enemies,' is one of her most energetically expressed councils to her daughter, to which she adds, 'and plenty of friends.' Such was the maxim of her mature years, but in her youth she practised it from feeling. We know of nothing more touching than her conduct upon arrival in town after the death of her husband, who fell in a duel that had originated in dispute about a mistress. To that mistress, Madame Godoran, the young bereaved wife sent to beg a lock of the hair of her husband, whose sins against herself she forgave, as she prayed Heaven to forgive them. Her pardon of the outrage against herself committed by her cousin Bussy Rabutin (he introduced her portrait in an indecent book), was in a similar spirit. She reserved it until he was abandoned by all the world, a ruined man: and then she visited him, affording him the consolation of her matchless conversation, with all the aid he stood in need of.

Thus lively, hearty, and wise, religious and tolerant, instructive and unaffected, natural and loving, with a reflecting mind, an expansive heart, accomplished manners, and boundless animal spirits, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal Marchioness de Sévigné was the most perfect woman of whom we have an unconscious self-record. Molière did good, but from mixed motives. His fine common sense revolted, no doubt, against the affectation which his satire demolished—but he acted, too, in obedience to the will of a monarch whose disdain was all egotistical. Madame de Sévigné did better: she instructed by presenting a model which won all hearts, in the contemplation of which people rather forgot than hated, and insensibly abandoned the tawdry idols to which they had before paid homage. For this reason, teaching by example is the best teaching; and sight of the good far better than exposure of the bad. Let those however who are dull, or sad, or oppressed, or disappointed, or dissatisfied with the world, have recourse to either one or the other. If Molière or Sévigné cannot administer relief, the case is all but hopeless.

With Madame de Sévigné closes that brilliant train of intellectual women of whom Madame de Rambouillet was the first.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Essais Littéraires et Historiques*. (Literary and Historical Essays.) Par A. W. de SCHLEGEL. Bonn. 1842.
2. *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur*. (Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.) By A. W. SCHLEGEL. 1809-11.
3. *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*. By A. W. SCHLEGEL. Translated from the German by JOHN BLACK. Second Edition. 1840.

THE reputation of A. W. SCHLEGEL is not undeservedly European. He has 'done the state some service;' he has stimulated the minds of many thinking men, directing their attention to points of literary history which had before been overlooked; and he has been useful to the science of criticism, by his paradoxes which have roused discussion, no less than by his principles which have received assent. His works are distinguished amongst their class by a splendour of diction, a felicity of illustration, and attractiveness of exposition rarely equalled; nor has their popularity been injured by the affectation of philosophic depth of which they are guilty. Although more Rhetorician than Critic, his writings contain some valuable principles luminously expressed, much ingenuity and acuteness, and are, in spite of all their drawbacks, worthy of serious attention. But in merits and in faults he is essentially a popular writer, and stands, with us, in the very false position of an oracle. As a popular writer he is efficient, and merits all the applause he has received; but as an oracle—as a rational, serious, philosophic critic—he is one of the most dangerous guides the student can consult. Freely admitting that his influence in England has not been on the whole without good result, we are firmly convinced that it has been in many things pernicious. And while we are constantly deploring the evils he has caused, we as constantly see him held up to our admiration and respect as the highest authority on Dramatic Art.* Whatever benefit it was in his power to confer has been already reaped; and now it is important that his errors should be exposed. We beg the reader therefore to understand this article as polemical rather than critical: not as an estimate of Schlegel's work, but as a protest against his method, and examination of his leading principles.

In the preface to his recently collected volume of Essays he com-

* *Ex uno disce omnes*. "We consider the Dramatic Lectures every way worthy of that individual whom Germany venerates as the second, and whom Europe has classed among the most illustrious of her characters."—*Quarterly Review*.

plains that his countrymen have forgotten him; but rejoices in the conviction that in other lands his name is mentioned with respect. This is true. In Germany he has no longer any influence because he can no longer teach: the new generations have left him far behind, and all his best ideas have become commonplaces. Gossip, not Fame, is busy with him; his coxcombry is sometimes mentioned, to be laughed at; his writings have not even the honour of detraction. Yet must he always occupy an honourable place in the literary annals of his country, both on account of what he has done and the men he has been connected with. As the translator of Shakspeare and Calderon he will deserve the gratitude of his countrymen. Nor can literary history forget that he was one of the chiefs of the Romanticists, whose wit and eloquence came to celebrate the victory that Lessing, Herder, and Winckelman had won; that he was the friend of the hectic Novalis, that strange, mystic, unhealthy soul; of Tieck, whose light and sunny spirit takes such glorious revenge of his misshapen form; of Wackenroder, who died in his promise; of Schleiermacher, whose unceasing activity was ennobled by so lofty and so generous a purpose; and of Madame de Staël, who terrified Napoleon,—and talked.

He will also long be honourably mentioned amongst us as one of the first who taught us to regard Shakspeare as the reverse of a 'wild, irregular genius.' The precedence we know is claimed by Coleridge, and many of his admirers admit the claim; while others wonder at the 'singular coincidences.' As a point of literary history this is worth settling. Every one is aware of the dispute respecting the originality of certain ideas promulgated by Coleridge, but no one we believe has sifted the evidence on which the matter rests. The facts are these. Schlegel lectured in Vienna in 1808; five years afterwards, in 1813, Coleridge lectured on the same subject in London. On examining the printed lectures we find the most singular resemblances: not, be it observed, mere general resemblances, such as two writers might very easily exhibit—not mere coincidences of thought, but also of expression; the doctrines are precisely the same, the expression so similar as to be a translation of one language into the other, the citations are the same, the illustrations are the same, and the blunders are the same. On so large a topic as that of the Greek Drama, coincidence of opinion is extremely probable; but coincidence of expression is in the highest degree improbable; and if we add thereto coincidence of illustration, citation, and blunders in point of fact, the conclusion is irresistible that one of the writers has plagiarised from the other. We would beg attention to the following examples:

Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem.

SCHLEGEL—on 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey, or St. Stephen's at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakspeare.

SCHLEGEL.

In the Old Comedy the form was sportive, and was characterized by an apparent whim and caprice. The whole production was one entire jest, on a large scale, comprehending within itself a world of separate jests, and each occupied its own place without appearing to have any concern with the rest.

SCHLEGEL.

The subdued seriousness of the New Comedy, on the other hand, remains always within the circle of experience. The place of Fate is supplied by Accident.

SCHLEGEL.

With Juliet love was all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring.

COLERIDGE.

And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakspeare.

COLERIDGE.

In the Old Comedy the very form itself is whimsical; the whole work is one great jest, comprehending a world of jests within it, among which each maintains its own place, without seeming to concern itself as to the relation in which it may stand to the rest.

COLERIDGE.

The Entertainment or New Comedy, on the other hand, remained within the circle of experience. Instead of the tragic Destiny, it introduced the power of Chance.

COLERIDGE.

Not to tire the reader, let these examples suffice, although we could cite twenty others equally striking. Most of what is said in the 'Remains' of Coleridge on the subject of the Greek Drama and respecting Shakspeare (pages 12 to 83 of the second volume), is to be found in the 'Lectures' of Schlegel. This passes the possibility of casual coincidence. Yet Coleridge, accused of plagiarism, boldly declared that "there is not a single principle in Schlegel's work (*which is not an admitted drawback from its merits*) that was not established and applied in detail by me."

Unfortunately Coleridge, with all those great and admirable powers which we are far from wishing to depreciate, was notoriously a plagiarist, and not a very honest one. He did not simply appropriate the ideas of others, but always endeavoured to prove that he was but recovering his own property. It is worthy here to be remarked that many of the opinions and happy illustrations of certain topics, to which Coleridge gave currency, and for which he daily receives the credit, are plagiarisms. His famous saying that all men are born either Aristotelians or Platonists is in Frederick Schlegel. His still more famous saying respecting Plato, is what Socrates uttered of Heraclitus. The philosophy in his 'Biographia Literaria,' is translated, often verbatim, from Schelling. If, therefore, with this knowledge of his

literary honesty we examine the present question of plagiarism, we shall find little difficulty in detecting the culprit.

Coleridge lectured in 1813, five years after Schlegel; and by this time the German's ideas were pretty well known over Europe, for Madame de Staël had then published her '*De l'Allemagne*.' On the other hand Coleridge, by an artful assertion, throws a difficulty in the way. He says that his rival did not lecture till two years after he did; referring to the lectures at the Surrey Institution in 1806. We call it an artful assertion, and the artifice is this: the fact that he lectured in 1806 is brought forward as a proof of his originality, *implying* that in those lectures of 1806 he delivered the same opinions as in those of 1813. His friends have taken the implication as if it were a necessary consequence of his having lectured. But it is by no means a necessary consequence: indeed we have his own express testimony against it: for he says that he always made a point of so altering the matter of his discourses that two on the same subject differed as much as if they had been by two different individuals. These lectures of 1806 have perished; no trace of them remains to support his assertion; the only remains are of those of 1813; and, until it can be proved that the 'resemblances' were in those of 1806, he must be accused of the theft by all impartial judges. For (and the case is remarkable as a specimen of boldness) in one place Coleridge calls Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Hazlitt to witness that he delivered his views upon '*Hamlet*' two years before Schlegel. The fact is indubitable; but he forgot, in the anxiety for his '*moral reputation*,' to add this other fact—that *in his criticism on Hamlet there are no resemblances to the criticism of Schlegel*. Let the reader compare '*Remains*,' vol. ii., pp. 204—234, with '*Dramatic Lectures*' ii., pp. 199—204, and he will appreciate the importance of Coleridge's witnesses.

We here quit this topic, to confine ourselves to the '*Dramatic Lectures*.' Schlegel's method we regard as the most injurious portion of his work; the more so as it dignifies itself with lofty names, and wishes to pass off easy theorizing for philosophic judgment. We owe the jargon of modern criticism, which styles itself '*philosophic*,' principally to Schlegel; for the Solgers, Röschers, Hegels, &c., are but little read. Every body knows that the criticism of the last century was bad, but at any rate it was positive; it was intelligible; it treated of the matter in hand, and measured it according to standards which were appreciable, if limited. Bad as it was, it was more satisfactory, more instructive than much of what passes as philosophic in the present day. Ridiculous though it be to talk of the '*elegance and sublimity*'

of Homer, or the 'irregularity' of Shakspeare, we prefer it to the rhapsodies of Schlegel on Calderon, wherein he defends the glittering nonsense of his favourite upon the ground that it is 'a sense of the mutual attraction of created things to one another on account of their common origin, and this is a refulgence of the eternal love which embraces the universe.' If there is better criticism in the present day than in the last century, it is because knowledge of art is greater and taste more catholic; not because 'analysis' has given place to 'synthesis,' as many people maintain.

In the eloquent introduction to the last edition of the translation of the 'Lectures,' Mr. Horne deems it worthy of especial and enthusiastic praise that Schlegel eschewed 'analysis.' Mr. Horne has an angry contempt for analysis; deems truth and appreciation solely on the side of synthesis; will see no danger in wholesale judgment. In this respect we may take his introduction as the expression of an opinion prevalent with a large class. Opposed to this class is another which sneers with unlimited contempt at 'philosophic criticism' as vague, dreamy, and fantastic. Both parties are right in what *they* mean by these terms; but neither of them affix the right meaning. One scorns analysis, meaning incomplete analysis. Another scorns philosophy, meaning bad philosophy.

Though ranging under neither banner, we confess our inclinations lean towards analysis. Bad analytical criticism is better than mediocre philosophy. A review of a poem, which consists in quoting a few passages, may not be satisfactory, but it at least selects something whereby the reader may form an opinion. A dissertation on the philosophic or artistic import of that poem must be excellent to be endurable; and at the best it is an essay, not a judgment. Mr. Horne thinks analysis 'akin to the taking an inventory of furniture in an edifice as a means of calculating the abstract spirit of its master:' as we said, he means *incomplete* analysis. He has also described his favourite method thus:

"It is the synthetic principle to work *with* nature and art, and not against them; collaterally and not in the assumed superiority of the contemplative and investigating power over the productive power and the things it produces."

In other words, the synthetic critic is an advocate, and not a judge: an accurate description of Schlegel himself.

The greatest of modern critics, Lessing and Winckelman, were men of great analytic power, and it is to them that we owe the best appreciation of works of art. They were not declaimers. They studied patiently, and reasoned profoundly. One aspect,

one limb, did not to them represent the whole. They strove to evolve the meaning *from* each work, and not to force some *à priori* meaning *on* the work. They were judges and not advocates. It will be the scope of our remarks to show that Schlegel's 'synthesis' is rash, and not founded on a due 'analysis:' that he is an advocate and not a judge.

The first principle of classification is to trace constant uniformities amidst varieties: applied therefore to works of art, it consists in ranging under one head all such various specimens produced by various nations as have some principle in common; so that the diversities of language, customs, and tastes, are set aside, and the real generic resemblance made the ground of classification. This would be the scientific method; but Schlegel in his celebrated classification of art into classic and romantic has acted in direct opposition to it. He has grounded his classification on a single diversity instead of a constant uniformity. Except for historical purposes, the division of art into ancient and modern is fatal: it is assuming that the spirit of art is entirely religious, whereas we hope to prove that it is *national*. The ground of classification must be ethnic not chronological: it is a question of races not of periods.

Struck with the revolution operated by Christianity in men's opinions, Schlegel and others have jumped to the conclusion, that it also operated a revolution in the *spirit* of art. This is tantamount to saying that a change of belief brings with it a change of nature and of organic tendencies. Great as must always be the influence of religion upon art, it can never entirely change its spirit. Let us be understood. By the spirit of art we do not mean *opinions*. As a distinction is made, and justly, between the mind and its beliefs, so we would distinguish between the spirit of art, and the ideas therein expressed. There is in every nation an organic character, which no changes of opinion can efface; this sets its impress upon all its works, so that we never confound them with the works of another. This impress is the sign of what we call the spirit or the national tendencies of art. It cannot therefore be true that the spirit of Art is dependant on religion; the more so as religion itself is modified by the national character. We do not here allude to sectarian distinctions, or to varieties of interpretation; we point to the fact, that Christianity becomes a *subjective* religion with a northern race, while with a southern race it becomes *objective*; as we endeavoured to illustrate in the article on the Spanish drama in our last Number.

But while we deny that any form of religious belief can be taken as the ground of classification of works of art, we are im-

pressed with the conviction of its influence on the national tone of thought, and consequently on the forms into which art moulds itself. What we contend for is, that the division into pagan and Christian, classic and romantic, is unwarrantable; that the real distinction is national and not religious. The national distinctions are very broad. We believe they may be ranged under two general classes of objective and subjective, or of southern and northern; each class is of course to be subdivided, but the above two we regard as the most general. Let us for a moment examine the characteristics of two nations, the Italians and Germans, which may be taken as types of the two classes.

In the Italian character, feeling predominates over thought; in the German, thought predominates over feeling. "The stern nature of the north," Schlegel has well said, "drives man back within himself; and what is withdrawn from the free development of the senses must in noble dispositions be added to their earnestness of mind." We use the word in no ill sense, when we call the Italian nature *sensuous*; neither do we imply any superiority when we call the German *reflective*. As far as single words can express such complex things, we believe these two express the distinctive characteristics of the nations; or we might call the former plastic and definite; the latter dreamy and vague. Every thing in Italian art is definite; in its plastic hands all things assume distinct form; Italian poetry has no *reverie*. Nothing like reverie is to be seen in the southern character; neither poetry nor music, though both so fitted to express this peculiar mental state, have been used by the southerners to express it. German art delights in it. But then the sensuous passionate nature of the Italian is averse to that dallying with thought which constitutes a reverie, while in the German it is the source of exquisite delight. The thoughts of the Italian grow quickly into passions; in the German, passions when not highly excited, have an irresistible tendency to weave themselves into thoughts: so that while in the one all ideas stimulate to action, his tendency being to throw every thing *out* of him; in the other, actions stimulate thoughts, his tendency being to connect all outward things with his inward life.

"Is an Italian cold? he runs into the sunshine. Does he seek distraction? he resorts to spectacles and society. The Englishman must stir his fire, and fall back upon himself." So pithily remarks the late Stewart Rose; and whoever looks carefully into this observation will find it pregnant with meaning. The influence of climate upon character is far greater than has generally been suspected. The Italian derives much of his preference for 'the outward,' much of his objectivity, from the out-of-door life he leads. He is on friendly terms with nature. Look at the laz-

zarone basking in the sun during the day; and at night sleeping on the marble steps of some palazzo, still warm from the noonday sun; watch those children dabbling their feet in the water, and casting pebbles into it for hours together; walk into the innumerable cafés, loud with gesticulating idlers, or pass into the opera where ladies are "at home" to their society; everywhere you see the same love of sensuous enjoyment, the same preference for the world without. How different is the life of a German! His climate admits of no such friendly intercourse with the external world: its sudden changes, its cold, and vapoury gloom drive him in upon himself, and force him to regard nature as an enemy to be conquered, not a friend to be lived with. It is no wonder that the Italian delights in form, his perceptions of it are so keen, and so habitual; the clearness of his atmosphere bestows a clearness of outline upon all objects; he sees every thing defined. The northern looks constantly through a mist; in the brightest days the outlines of distant objects are wavering or confused. To state our notion in a few words, we should say that the southern climate generates a sensuous activity, a love of continuity and of definite form; and that the northern generates a reflective activity, and a love of variety and rapid transitions.

To the proof. What are the essential characteristics of Italian music? Continuity, simplicity, melody. It is full of 'linked sweetness *long drawn out*.' The melody alone is considered of importance: the harmonies are mere accompaniments, having no further meaning. In all the productions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Caldara, Scarlatti, Porpora, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Rossini, Bellini, and the hundred lovely names that throng upon the memory, we may observe, amidst all the varieties, certain characteristics: and these are an uniform simplicity in the structure, which consists of a few large outlines, and the sensuous or passionate expression. If we then compare the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, or Spohr, we shall at once perceive the opposite characteristics of complexity in structure, rapidity of transitions, and the greater importance of the harmonies; moreover the harmonies in German music have a meaning of their own. If an Italian air be played and the accompaniment omitted, the expression of the feeling will nevertheless be preserved; but to omit the harmonies of a German air is to destroy it altogether.

Italian music is the expression of feeling; German of both feeling and thought. There is emotion in the one, but in the other imagination and reverie have equal share. The effect of each corresponds with this description. The Italian excites a sensuous musical delight, and often a touching emotion. The German, deficient perhaps in that sensuous beauty, compensates by its

reverie. Beethoven's music, though trembling with feeling, and piercing the heart with plaints of melody more tender and intense than ever burst from any other muse, has yet a constant presence of Titanic thought which lifts the spirit upwards on the soaring wings of imagination. It does more: it lights up the dim recesses of the mind, and recalls those indefinite, intense half-feelings and half-ideas (if we may use the words), which are garnered in the storehouse of imaginative experience. We have all a vast amount of emotions and ideas, to which we can give no definite form; links that connect us with former states; half-remembrances of joyful and painful emotions, which have so far faded in memory as to become indistinguishably shadowed into a thousand others. These, music of the highest class excites in us, by mingling with the recondite springs of imagination and awakening long dormant feelings.

We have selected music as the fittest illustration of our views, but we could examine the other arts with the same result. This result we must repeat is,—that southern nations are sensuous, passionate, and plastic, in a word objective; and northerns reflective, dreamy, vague, in a word subjective.

It is obvious that the distinction here stated must, if correct, be of all the most fundamental, and consequently the one on which to ground a classification. We must range the various races under these two classes, and speak not of classic and romantic, but of objective and subjective: for although the latter terms are ambiguous, the former are meaningless. The Greeks, Italians, and Spaniards differ amongst themselves, but one spirit reigns above all differences; they belong to one genus and differ only in varieties; while from the Teutonic races they are separated by a distinction of genus.

The foregoing remarks, if they have not established our classification, have at least shown the incompatibility of Schlegel's. Let us add also that Schlegel who uses the words 'romantic spirit' as if they contained the key to all the problems of modern art, utterly fails in applying his classification. To call the Greeks classic was easy enough, but the Italians puzzled him: he felt that they belonged to the same class, and felt also that in spite of Christianity they were not romantic. In one place he reproaches the Italian drama "with a total absence of the romantic spirit;" but he does not say that Italy was not Christian; how then, if Christianity is the source of the 'romantic spirit,' are Christian poets not romantic? This dilemma he seems never to have felt. Dilemmas and contradictions never trouble his 'synthetic mind.' Yet would a true philosopher have seen, in this case, either that the notion of Christianity being the cause of the 'romantic spirit'

was erroneous; or else he would have investigated the causes of the apparent contradiction.

What is this 'romantic spirit?' has doubtless often been asked. We have tried to understand what Schlegel means by it; but in vain. We hear that certain things are in 'accordance with the romantic spirit,' and that others are not; what this is we are left to conjecture; all he gives us is rhetoric. In one passage, however (page 102, of the English translation), we find him descending for a moment into the positive. "The antique art and poetry," he says, "separate in a strict manner things which are dissimilar; the romantic delight in indissoluble mixtures: all contrarieties, nature and art, poetry and prose, seriousness and mirth, recollection and anticipation, spirituality and sensuality, terrestrial and celestial, life and death, are blended together by them in the most intimate manner." This at the best is simply a fact, and not a principle; unfortunately it is by no means a fact. Never was a grosser prejudice than that current about the rigid ideality of Greek art. Is there no mixture of 'things dissimilar' in Homer? Do not Achilles and Thersites jostle each other? Have we not combats and dinners? intrigues, celestial and terrestrial? Does not that poem of the Iliad reflect almost every aspect of human life? Then the Greek drama, so often cited as an illustration of this prejudice, how will it bear examination? The mixture of the divine and human—of heroic persons in gigantic masks, buskin and cothurnus, with the dancing chorus dressed like ordinary men—is striking enough; and in the action of the drama other incongruities occur. Glissa in 'Æschylus' is as comic and prosaic a character as the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and the furies are as *grotesque* as any thing in Shakspeare. The fact therefore is not as Schlegel states it, and the principle for which it is meant to stand, falls with it. We would beg the reader's attention, however, to the very characteristic passage which follows. Having attempted to state in intelligible terms the distinction between classic and romantic, his rhetorical nature soon reasserts itself, and enlarges the statement thus:

"The whole of the ancient poetry and art is as it were a *rhythmical nomos* (law), an *harmonious promulgation of the permanently established legislation of a world submitted to a beautiful order, and reflecting in itself the eternal images of things*. The romantic poetry again is the *expression of the secret attraction to a chaos which is concealed beneath the regulated creation even in its very bosom, and which is perpetually striving after new and wonderful births; the animating spirit of original love hovers here anew over the waters.*"

This is the staple of what passes as 'philosophic criticism,' to which in reality it bears the same relation as *fine writing* does to

science. Schlegel is full of it; in his followers it becomes galimatias. Every penny-a-liner knows it is easier to spin phrases than to convey ideas; yet this, certain critics tell us, is the only way of writing about art. O thrice welcome, bad analysis, to any such torrent of verbiage!

A very strong example of the rashness of Schlegel's 'synthesis,' and its defiance of due analysis is what he says of the Greeks: "The whole of their art and poetry is expressive of the consciousness of the harmony of all their faculties. *They have invented the poetry of gladness.*" We are subsequently told that the great distinction between ancient and modern art, arising from the opposite tendencies of polytheism and Christianity, consists in the one being the poetry of *enjoyment* while the other is that of *desire*: the former has its foundation in the scene which is the present, while the latter hovers betwixt recollection and hope. This is an antithesis fit to captivate a stronger head than Schlegel's; yet it is an antithesis and no more; facts are directly opposed to it. To talk of the Greeks having invented the poetry of gladness, is downright absurdity. Almost all poetry is the expression of a regret or a desire: enjoyment finds very little place in the poetry of any nation, and in that of the Greeks less perhaps than any. It was, as Lucretius finely says, in the pathless woods, among the lonely dwellings of shepherds that the sweet laments were sounded on the pipe.

Inde minutatim dulceis didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentum,
Avia per nemora ac sylvas saltusque reperta
Per loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia.

Where is this gladness which the Greeks invented? Nowhere but in the *Anacreontica*: and they are but a collection of songs composed for festivals. It is not in the elegies of Tyrtæus. The patriotism of Mimnermus is mingled with regrets and ceaseless melancholy, caused by the subjection of his country to the Lydian yoke. Simonides is celebrated for his pathos, and Sappho for her tenderness. What place has gladness amidst the fierce carnage and perpetual quarrels of the *Iliad*? or in the wanderings of that Πολυδάκρυτος ἀνὴρ—Ulysses 'for ever roaming with a hungry heart?' What place has it amidst the intense bitterness and horror of Æschylus, the pathos of Sophocles, the crime and rhetoric of Euripides? Where is the gladness in Pindar? Where is the enjoyment in the Labdacidan tale? There is wit and fun in Aristophanes; but where is the 'consciousness of the harmony of his faculties?' Schlegel's idea is founded upon an *à priori* view of the consequences of such a religion as polytheism, not upon an examination of the facts. He thinks the Greeks were

conscious of no wants, and aspired at no higher perfection than that which they could actually attain by the exercise of their faculties. We, however, are taught by a superior wisdom that man through a high offence forfeited the place for which he was originally destined: consequently that the Christian is more dissatisfied with this life, than the pagan is, and hence the poetry of desire. We reject this reasoning. It seems to us that if religion had the effect on art which he asserts, then would polytheism more than Christianity be the religion of sadness. The Christian dies but to be born into a higher life. This hope compensates him for much of this life's ills; and makes him look on death as a subject of rejoicing, not of grief. The polytheist has not such a hope. Achilles—the haughty Achilles, declares that he would rather be a tiller of the earth, than a king in the regions of Erebus. The Christian weeping o'er the vanity of earthly wishes, has a consolation in the life to come. The polytheist can only weep. Thus is Schlegel's notion contradicted by the facts; and we believe unsupported by his reasoning.

The part played by Destiny in the Greek drama, is another instance of that rash synthesis to which unphilosophic minds resort. "Inward liberty and outward necessity," he says, "are the two poles of the tragic world." The success of this formula is owing to its want of precision: it will stretch wide enough to admit the most contradictory opinions. For instance, one might accept it as meaning that the free soul of man in a majestic struggle with outward circumstances, affords a tragic spectacle, yet this is by no means what Schlegel intends to express; indeed he subsequently says that the "necessity ought to be no natural necessity, but to lie beyond the world of sense in the abyss of infinitude; and it must consequently be represented as the invincible power of Fate; (*folglich stellt sie sich als die unergründliche Macht des Schicksals dar*)." This is plain enough; let us now confront it with the facts.

The part actually played by Destiny, in the Greek drama, is extremely small. It is to be seen there, of course, as the doctrine of immortality is in our drama; but in both cases this is only as a portion of the national creed, not as an artistic principle; it was not there the poet sought the elements of tragedy. Shakespeare is a Christian poet, and his works are addressed to Christian audiences; yet would it be a very absurd criticism which asserted that moral responsibility and a future state formed the groundwork of the tragedy of 'Lear,' or 'Othello.' Such, however, is the reasoning of Schlegel. He finds the Greeks believed in an irresistible Destiny, and forthwith declares Destiny to be the ground of tragedy. Bad as this logic is, it is not the

weakest portion of his famous formula. Let any one examine the nature of the several Greek dramas extant, and he will find that, in scarcely a dozen of them, can Destiny be said to have any prominence; and that in the rest it has no place. It is to be observed that Schlegel lays down principles in his introductory lectures which he never afterwards applies; and having stated Destiny to be the ground of tragedy, he never, subsequently, points out the use made of it by the poets. What could he have said to the 'Philoctetes?' This most tragic play has not a glimpse of the struggle of man with Destiny; the pathos arises from the accumulation of woes upon the suffering solitary Philoctetes; and this play alone is sufficient to overturn the notion about Destiny.

But we may more completely expose the error by looking at the dramas of Æschylus, who is universally regarded as the most religious of the three great tragedians. He has left seven plays. The 'Persians' is more an elegy than a drama. It opens with a chorus of Persians, who express their fears lest the army of Xerxes should be vanquished by that of the Greeks. Atossa, the widow of Darius, appears and relates an ominous dream. The spirit of Darius is evoked. He recognises in the destruction of Persia the 'too speedy fulfilment of oracles,' which might have been delayed but for the arrogance of Xerxes; 'but when man of his own accord hurries to his ruin, the deity seconds his efforts.' Xerxes appears as a wretched fugitive, and the piece ends with the exhibition of his despair. It cannot be maintained that in this piece inward liberty and outward necessity are the two poles of the tragic world. Still less can it be said of the 'Suppliants.' In this play Danaus and his daughters have fled to Argos to escape the violence of their suitors, the sons of Ægyptus. They sit as suppliants at the public altars. The king convenes an assembly to deliberate respecting the reception of these suppliants, which the assembly decrees. The sons of Ægyptus arrive, and the heralds attempt to carry off the maidens as rightful property. The king interferes, and threatens war. The play concludes with prayers to the gods against forced marriages. Of the 'Orestia,' we shall speak anon. Meanwhile, we may examine the 'Prometheus,' because Schlegel says that "the other poems are tragedies, but this is tragedy itself: its purest spirit is revealed with all the annihilating and overpowering influence of its first unmitigated austerity." The subject of the 'Prometheus' is too generally familiar to need any account of it here. The struggle is between Zeus and Prometheus. The chained Titan glories in his deed—*έκων έκων ήμαρτον, ουκ άρνησομαι*—he knows that Zeus himself must one day lose the sovereign power, and therefore he suffers proudly. Zeus is here a Tyrant, not the symbol of

Destiny, since he himself is subject to it. The tragic ground is, therefore, the same as if the struggle were between a king and a subject, instead of between a Titan and a god, and in nowise the struggle of man's soul with Destiny. The more we meditate on this piece, the more we shall feel convinced that Schlegel's notion is unfounded. The strongest application of his notion is not in the 'Prometheus,' but in the 'Œdipus.' Here, indeed, we see a great mind 'struggling in vain with ruthless Destiny;' yet most men would have suspected 'Œdipus' to be tragic on the same principle as 'Lear' or 'Othello,' and would have referred the cause to some eternal facts of human nature, rather than to any religious dogma.

It has been forgotten by most writers on the subject that much of what looks like the operation of Destiny is in truth only 'poetical justice' shaping the legend. Crime leads to crime and to punishment. Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter, and is sacrificed by his wife. Orestes avenges his father's murder by a matricide, and this matricide in turn is avenged by the Eumenides. "From the feast of Atreus and Thyestes," says Gruppe, "nay, even from Pelops and Tantalus, descends an unbroken chain of suffering and crime, till it ends with the death of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra."*

Schlegel's view of the Chorus next deserves our attention, as another instance of his vicious method. "The modern critics have never known what to make of it," he observes, and endeavours to explain it philosophically for their instruction. Scholars generally have spoken but little on the subject that rational men can accept. We have met with none who had endeavoured to estimate the influence of all the facts. One set of facts has generally been taken as typical of the whole, and the rest set aside. So convinced is the excellent Bode of the insufficiency of what has been done towards explaining the matter that he says, "Upon the character of the Chorus in general, little that is satisfactory can be said, inasmuch as each separate drama has its peculiar chorus, which must be gathered from a consideration of the piece itself."† Any one who looks at the Greek Drama with ordinary attention will be struck with the fact, that the Chorus has a different position in each of the three tragedians; and, as Bode observes, a somewhat different character in each different play. Many remarks, true of what we find in Æschylus, are false if applied to Euripides, and necessarily so: in the rapid strides of an advancing art, in the

* 'Ariadne, oder die tragische Kunst der Griechen,' p. 712.

† Bode: 'Gesch der Hellenischen Dichtkunst,' iii. 189.

progress of development from a religious hymn to a tragedy, many and material changes must occur.

Schlegel, in his usual 'synthetic' manner, pronounces the "Chorus a personification of opinion on the action which is going on". . . "it represented first the national spirit, and then the general participation of mankind. In a word, the Chorus is *the ideal spectator*." Confronted with facts, this explanation is incompetent. What had the personification of opinion to do with the singing and dancing? Yet singing and dancing formed such important elements in the Chorus, that Schlegel himself, in objecting to Schiller's employment of it in 'Die Braut von Messina,' says "modern poets have often attempted to introduce the chorus in their pieces, but for the most part without a correct, and always without *a vivid idea of its destination*. *We have no suitable singing or dancing*: and it will hardly ever succeed therefore in becoming naturalized with us." We may further ask: what 'general participation of mankind' is there in a Chorus which becomes the approving confidant of treacherous designs, and which in one place is maltreated and knocked down? (Vide Euripides: we forget the precise play.) We would ask, How can the Chorus be at one and the same time both 'ideal spectator' and actor in the drama? For an actor in the Drama it assuredly was, according to the evidence of the plays, and the express authority of Aristotle. It is true that Schlegel holds Aristotle cheap; true he says in one place that "Aristotle has entirely failed in seizing the real genius and spirit of the Greek tragedy;"* true that he pays little regard to facts; and yet we find it difficult to conceive how he could for an instant reconcile his view of the Chorus with any single specimen. If ever the 'personification of opinion' be indeed present, it surely only forms one element and not the whole? We cannot however believe that it is ever present. Moral reflections, complaints of woe, exultations of joy, long narratives, and brilliant imagery, are there; and these may perhaps be construed into the 'general participation of mankind' by the cunning artifices of 'synthetic criticism,' as Dante's 'Beatrice' has been construed into Theology, or as Shakspeare's plays have been construed into concrete expressions of German philosophy. But we openly avow our hostility to such jugglery. We can neither receive such an explanation as true of the Greek Chorus, nor as in accordance with the Greek spirit. In Euripides there are at least twenty choruses devoted to accounts of the Greek armies which sailed for Troy, and of the destruction of that city. When not thus historical, the

* 'Comparaison entre les deux Phédres;' Essais, p. 90. Pretty modest this! Yet how could the synthetical mind of a Schlegel approve of the analytical Greek?

Chorus is mostly employed in receiving the confidences of the actors, and, even when projects are infamous, binding themselves by oath not to reveal them: are these the offices of an ideal spectator? And with respect to the moral sentences and expressions of sympathy with the actors, which give a colour of probability to Schlegel's notion, we shall find similar features in our modern opera. Our Chorus also expresses sympathy, utters trite maxims, and is an actor as the ancient chorus was; yet no one ever imagined the retainers, peasants, warriors, or priests who throng the modern stage, were personifications of the 'ideal spectator.' We repeat the chorus was an actor in the drama; and if it was also an 'ideal spectator,' we ask, *in how far* was it actor and how far spectator? Where begun the line of demarcation? The question is not answerable.

We close here our examination of the lectures devoted to the Greek Drama, satisfied with having so far exposed the vicious method which guided the author; but we cannot close without expressing our hearty admiration of their very unusual merit, in spite of drawbacks. Our object in this paper being polemical, we have not noticed all the admirable passages and felicitous illustrations which compensate for the errors we attacked; others before us have praised him, and praised him justly; we must content ourselves with a general recognition of his merits. There is no popular account of the Greek Drama at all comparable to his for spirit and completeness; and his various criticisms on separate plays are animated and interesting. We are the more anxious to place a word of admiration here, because on leaving this portion of his work we leave almost all that we think admirable in it. We have hitherto dealt with him as a man of rash generalization; we have now to speak of him as an advocate.

In his first lecture he has given a description of what a true critic should aspire to; and this passage is worthy of being transcribed in letters of gold. "No man can be a true critic who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess a flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and to feel them as it were from their central point." Every one has admitted the truth of this, but few have guided themselves by its light. It seems impertinent to thrust forward the truism that the foreign poet wrote to *his* nation and for *his* time, and not at all for ours—that we might as well strip him of his language as of his national peculiarities; yet this truism is perpetually being neglected; the work of the foreign poet is always judged according to our tastes and our standards. There is scarcely a critic unaware of the fact that a tragedy of

the Greeks was a totally different thing from the drama of the moderns; different in purpose, spirit, and execution. Nevertheless there is scarcely a critic who, judging of a Greek play, does not test it by the Shakspearian standard: talking of plot, situation, character, and passion as if the work were addressed to a modern pit of after-dinner auditors. So also the critics speak of Racine, as if he were ridiculous for not being an Englishman. Yet the man who refuses to discard his national prejudices and standards, who refuses to regard the French poet with, as far as possible, the eyes of a Frenchman, had better for the sake of honesty and criticism relinquish the task altogether; otherwise he will only be illustrating Coleridge's amusing simile of the critic filling his three-ounce phial at Niagara, and determining positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive.

We have full right to test Schlegel by his own standard; and according to that we say he has shown himself to be no 'true critic,' for he has failed in placing himself at the 'central point of view.' We will not stop to point out the errors of his very slovenly and inaccurate lectures on the Roman and Italian dramas; but his treatment of Alfieri cannot be passed over in silence.

Alfieri, the greatest of the Italian dramatists, is dismissed in five pages, which contain almost as many blunders as paragraphs. He is here an advocate against the poet, and very sophistical are the arguments he brings forward. "From the tragedy of the Greeks," he says, "with which Alfieri first became acquainted towards the end of his career, he was separated by a wide chasm." If this be meant as expressing that the form and purpose of the dramas of Alfieri differed from those of the ancients, it is a truism; if that the artistic spirit (such as we before defined it) is different, it is an absurdity. No nation so closely resembles the Greeks, in artistic spirit, as the Italians; no dramatist so closely resembles Æschylus as Alfieri. "I cannot consider his pieces," continues our critic, "as improvements on the French tragedy:" why should he? Let us for an instant grant that Alfieri is the reverse of the Greeks, and no improvement on the French, what then? Does not the matter resolve itself into this; that being an Italian, and addressing Italians, Alfieri is to be judged without reference to Greece or France? His nationality is a quality, not a fault. Yet we are told "his pieces bear no comparison with the better French tragedies in pleasing and brilliant eloquence:" how should they when it was his express desire to avoid declamatory tirades, which he considered undramatic? Göthe has well said that there is a negative criticism which consists in applying a different standard from that chosen by the author, and in this

way you are sure to find him wanting. This Schlegel perpetually uses. Alfieri hated the French, and never thought of imitating them.

It is in his account of the French drama that Schlegel most unblushingly assumes the advocate's robe. His object is evidently not to place himself at the 'central point,' but to make the French drama ridiculous. He endeavours to dwarf it by most irrelevant contrasts with the Greek and Shakspearian drama, and only succeeds in displaying his critical incompetence. Let it be remembered however in extenuation, that Schlegel's object was not without its use in his day, though worse than useless now. French taste had for years usurped the German stage. Gottlob Lessing struck the usurper down. By dint of rare acuteness, untiring wit, and his impetuous zeal, he won the battle for ever. Schlegel rode gracefully over the battle-field and counted the slain; then, retiring to the metropolis, published his bulletin. Beside the masculine intellect of a Lessing, clear as crystal and as solid too, Schlegel is a foppish *petit maître*. But he addressed *petits maîtres*. The battle had been won in open field, with sweat of brow and strength of hand; but it had to be recounted in drawing-rooms, and for this the hardy warrior, covered with dust and gore, was not so fitted as the perfumed Schlegel, master of small talk and gifted with rhetorical abundance. The warrior and the coxcomb each did his work. Nevertheless, had Lessing and others never lived, Schlegel perhaps would eloquently have expatiated on the beauties of Racine; but when once the breach was made in the citadel, it was so pleasant to ride in, gracefully triumphant!

It is most true that Racine was not a Greek; true that he did not write upon romantic principles; but what then? Was he not a Frenchman, a poet of the higher order, worthy even to be placed beside the illustrious few? Because a Deer is neither Horse nor Elephant, is it nothing? It is a strange synthesis that concludes so; yet, metaphor apart, such is the conclusion of our critic. He admits that we "shall be compelled to allow the execution of the French drama is *masterly, perhaps not to be surpassed*; but the great question is, how far it is in spirit and inward essence related to the Greek, and whether it deserves to be considered an improvement on it." Not so at all: it is a question every way superfluous, a standard utterly fallacious. The antique drama grew up out of the spirit and artistic feeling of the Greeks, under a set of conditions which can never be again. So also did the French drama grow up out of the national spirit, of which it was the expression. It borrowed a learned air because it addressed a pedantic age; and even in its imitation of the

ancients it expressed one characteristic of its own time. So also it was tinctured with gallantry, as our own drama was with concetti, because this was the fashion of the day.

The whole of Schlegel's arguments proceed from a wrong starting-point. He insists on the following conditions as indispensable to the poet selecting a mythological subject, viz., that he should enter and enable the spectators to enter into the spirit of antiquity; that he should preserve the simple manners of the heroic ages; that his persons should bear that near resemblance to the gods, which, from their descent and frequency of their immediate intercourse with them, the ancients believed them to possess. It is easy to say this; it is easy to state abstract principles like these, and then condemn the poets who have never realized them. But suppose *no* poet has realized them, what then are we to say? We assert that the above conditions are not possible; that if possible they are absurd; and that no modern poet has fulfilled them. As Göthe truly says, "for the poet no person is historical. He is to represent the moral world, and for this end bestows on certain persons in history the honour of borrowing their names." The question lies in a nutshell. Had Racine preserved with historical fidelity Greek feelings and ideas, they would have been repugnant to a French audience; his object being to interest and move Frenchmen, he represented Frenchmen, and this because he was a poet, not an archæologist. Schlegel is shocked that 'Bajazet makes love wholly in the European manner;' but no word escapes him respecting Calderon's classical monstrosities; no hint is given that, had Racine represented Bajazet making love in the Turkish manner, the audience must either have shouted with laughter or hissed with disgust. To show how far he carries this carping spirit—upon what minute points he will lay stress—we may quote his discovery, that in the tragical speeches of the French poets, 'we shall generally discover something in them which betrays a reference more or less perceptible to the spectator:' as if this was not true of every dramatist! as if it was not the inseparable condition of the art!

We are quite weary of looking at this lecture: its ignorance is the least of its faults. We can hardly hope to see many of our countrymen very hearty in their admiration of the exquisite Racine, so many obstacles are interposed; but that the feeble ridicule and ungenerous arguments of Schlegel should form another barrier to that end, is truly irritating. People talk of admiring or not admiring Racine, as if it were a matter of taste; but it is in truth a matter of knowledge. He has survived two centuries of criticism, and in spite of every change of taste; the admiration of Europe for two centuries is a pedestal whereon none but the

highest can repose; those, therefore, who refuse their tribute to Racine are convicted of incompetence to judge him; convicted of want of sufficient knowledge of the language, or want of critical appreciation. Let every opponent reflect on the serious opinions once entertained by eminent Frenchmen with regard to Shakspeare. 'Oh! that was ignorance!—Granted; but does it not teach us suspicion of ourselves in judging of the French? When we hear a Frenchman disparage Shakspeare, we invariably suspect his critical power, or his knowledge of our language. Does it never occur to Englishmen that perhaps their contempt of the French is founded on similar causes? We have met with at least five hundred Englishmen declaring themselves 'to have been mistaken for Frenchmen,' so pure and fluent was their discourse; but we doubt whether more than five of them could perceive the difference between a verse of Racine and one of Quinault, or between a page of George Sand and one of De Balzac; who could feel the impropriety of the celebrated '*vieillard stupide*' in '*Hernani*,' or understand why the common Italian epithet *acerbo* would be inadmissible in French poetry. Here then is an obstacle to be overcome by long study alone. Beyond this there is a critical bigotry prevalent, which regards faith in Shakspeare as the only true, and denounces all others as heresies. Yet surely there is room in the palace of art for more than one niche; surely we may worship Shakspeare as the sun, and yet believe Alfieri and Racine to be no inconsiderable planets?

Schlegel's Lecture on Molière is also very bad: it wants heartiness, sympathy, appreciation, and above all, truth. It is full of unfair remarks, and some distinguished blunders. We have no space to follow him much into detail, but will select two specimens wherein he accuses Molière of ignorance of human nature. The '*Misanthrope*,' he says, contains the gross mistake of Alceste choosing Philinte for a friend, although a man whose principles are the exact reverse of his own. He asks also how Alceste comes to be enamoured of a coquette who has nothing amiable in her character, and who entertains us merely by her scandal? Now we need scarcely insist on the very great truth of this selection both of friend and mistress: a selection which though it would have been misplaced in tragedy, because contradicting our ideal nature, is the perfection of comic characterization, because founded on the contradictions of our real nature. The critic also says of '*L'Avare*:' "Harpagon starves his coachhorses: but why has he any? This applies only to a man who with a disproportionately small income wishes to keep up the appearance." Critics, accusing great poets of ignorance of human nature, should be very certain of their own knowledge. Not only is Harpagon true to nature, but it is wor-

thy of remark that this very peculiarity to which Schlegel objects is one]for which Boileau ridicules 'le lieutenant criminel Tardieu,' a notorious miser of the day:

Chez lui deux bons chevaux, de pareille encolure
Trouvaient dans l'écurie une pleine pâture,
Et, du foin que leur bouche au râtelier laissait
De surcroît une mule encor se nourrissait.*

The Lecture on Shakspeare has met with more approbation than any other portion of the work. We believe it has been vastly overrated; we believe that eloquence has been mistaken for criticism, and varied ingenious illustration for profound insight. The author has, we are willing to admit, 'said many excellent things *about Shakspeare*;' but that he has worthily treated this great subject, that he has at all pierced to the core of it, that he has given to the student any important light, we cannot believe. It is a panegyric, not a criticism: a masterly panegyric, which many years ago was of beneficial influence. Had reason—had analysis formed the staple, and eloquence only the ornament of this Lecture, it would have been as useful now as then; but Schlegel is a rhetorician by nature, and as such we should have left him in peace had not his admirers declared him to be a philosophic critic.

It is not, however, on the score of unlimited admiration that we think Schlegel's lecture so faulty; it is because he has used pompous phrases, which are empty sounds with him. He talks of Shakspeare's 'profound art,' yet he gives no example of it. Shakspeare *was* a profound artist; he would not otherwise have been the greatest poet that the world has seen; but how has Schlegel exhibited specimens of it? He spins phrases; he says fine things *about* Shakspeare; and too much 'about,' not enough to the purpose. Let any one compare his brief and meager notices of the separate plays with the highflown panegyric which precedes them: it will then be seen how barren is this verbiage of philosophy, how useless are these bursts of rhetoric when face to face with details. We must repeat there is no style of criticism so easy as this of 'synthetical appreciation.' Observe the licence of imagination in such passages as these: "'Shylock' possesses a very determinate and original individuality; and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in every thing which he says or does. *We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words.*" Surely, if critics are allowed to 'imagine' in this way, sane men will shut their ears. If criticism is to become a province of conjecture and imagination, not a science, the

sooner it be abolished the better. To conjecture is easy, to know is difficult; therefore, unless we curb the vagabond licence of the former, the latter will grow into rusty disuse. That Schlegel has little knowledge, and abundant conjecture, we believe has been established during the course of this article. We will now select two specimens of his science, sufficient we trust to lead every one to suspect its solidity in other places.

Of the plays absurdly attributed to Shakspeare, Schlegel selects 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' 'Sir John Oldcastle,' and 'a Yorkshire tragedy,' observing that they "are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, *but, in my opinion, they deserve to be classed amongst his best and maturest works!*" This judgment implies a great deal; and after considering it, the reader will perhaps estimate the value of that profound and penetrating appreciation of Shakspeare's art, for which our critic is celebrated. It is quite of a piece with his rhapsodies on Calderon, and fully accounts for his seeing little in Racine. The second specimen is in its way equal to it. Speaking of Marlowe, he says, "His verses are *flowing but without energy*; how Ben Jonson could use the expression 'Marlowe's mighty line' is more than I can conceive." Now one of two things: either Schlegel had never read Marlowe, in which case it is rather impudent of him thus to contradict Ben Jonson; or else he was utterly ignorant of the rhythm and structure of English verse, Marlowe's characteristics being, as every English reader knows, a wonderful energy and want of fluency.

With these samples of Schlegel's critical knowledge, we conclude our polemical essay; his lecture on the Spanish drama having been treated in our last number. We felt it a duty to protest against his being regarded as an authority; and especially to protest against the pseudo-philosophical method, which we have throughout followed his disciples in calling 'synthetical.' The candid reader will not misunderstand our preference of the *science* over the *metaphysics* of criticism.

ART IX.—*Göthe*. Von C. B. CARUS. 1843. Leipzig: Weichardt.

ANOTHER book on Göthe in addition to the many we have already, and yet not one *too* many. Whoever can say something new of that old man of Weimar; whoever can throw new light on that wonderful organization; whoever can find for us one more stray letter, or can repeat to us one spoken sentence hitherto unrecorded: he shall be welcome. Nay, even if we do not learn any thing so very new, it is a healthful act to contemplate Göthe. The serene countenance which shines not only through his own pages, but through those of all who write about him, is a fine panacea against every morbid sensation. We can fully understand his beneficial influence on all whom he allowed to come in contact with him: the aspiring Schiller, the humbly worshipping Eckermann, the pietistical Jung, and the earnest Dr. Carus. We can comprehend his magical hold on those who knew him, saw him, spoke with him, for we can almost feel the magic at second hand.

Dr. Carus has a point of view quite his own. He is eminent as a physiologist, as a writer on comparative anatomy, and he considers Göthe physiologically. Being a Göthianer of the most orthodox class, a real thorough-going adorer, he feels that he is bound to make use of those talents which he has exercised in the consideration of vertebrated animals and zoophytes, to explain the great human phenomenon that made its appearance in 1749, and ruled all Germany for three-fourths of a century. Such a book could scarcely have been written by any Briton or a British author. However our literary enthusiasts may be disposed to read, and to buy, and to quote, and to quarrel over a bottle for the honour of their favourite poets, a disposition to regard them in their relation to the universe, to study them almost as divine emanations, and piously to trace the peculiar circumstances under which the earth was blessed by such sacred visitants, this is unknown to them, or if known, would be kept as secret as possible. There is a pantheism in German criticism which allows an idol to be much more an idol than in this country. Had the book of Dr. Carus been written by an Englishman, we should have thought the author was mystified himself, or was trying to mystify his co-patriots. Being by a German we are not in the least surprised at the tone of adoration; we do not elevate our eyebrows the eighth of an inch; we merely see a natural act of devotion.

The acquaintance of Dr. Carus with Göthe was during the last years of the great poet's life, and therefore we have from him, as from Eckermann, a picture of fine healthy old age. Göthe never

deteriorated; like the setting sun, when his course was over he departed in full majesty. A delightful picture is that given by Dr. Carus of his own personal experience of the greatest genius of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The venerable poet and the young physiologist were brought into contact by the passion which the former felt for all theories connected with comparative anatomy. Dr. Carus had published a work on the subject of his studies, and though personally unknown to Göthe deemed it right to send him a copy. A letter of thanks was received almost immediately, and this led to a correspondence. Göthe *warmed* at once to Dr. Carus. He found a man from whom he could learn something, to whom he could write pleasant communications on darling topics—a man whose ‘hobby’ was the same as his own: and therefore to him he exhibited naught of that repelling quality at which so many were offended. The letters which Dr. Carus has published in the little work are not such as we can quote. Relating to the subjects under the consideration of Göthe and himself, they would require a more minute account of the circumstances in which they were written than would accord with an article not intended to be scientific. We must be contented with remarking that the tone that pervades these letters is beautiful. It is most impressive to see the fine old man, who had never pursued science as a profession, who had energized in so many different spheres of action, actuated, even when his years numbered considerably more than threescore years and ten, by the pure thirst of knowledge, inquiring and conjecturing and rejoicing in a discovery or a theory with all the healthy ardour of youth. The soundness of that ‘theory of colours’ which occupied so much of his time, may readily be doubted; but there can be no doubt of the sound state of the mind which took so much interest in its investigation.

If we cannot give a letter from Dr. Carus’s collection, we can at any rate give the visit paid by him to Göthe at Weimar, in July 1821. We are sure our readers will like to be in his presence, however often they may have seen him before:

“At the very entrance of the house, the broad and somewhat slanting steps, the decoration of the landing-place with Diana’s dog and the young Faun of Belvedere, indicated the owner. The group of the Dioscuri, which was placed above, had an agreeable effect; and an inviting ‘salve,’ blue and inlaid in the floor, received the visiter. The anteroom was richly adorned with engravings and busts. Behind, a second hall of busts led through a door, pleasantly entwined with foliage, to the balcony and the garden steps. Entering a second room, I found myself again surrounded with specimens of art and antiquity. At last the sound of an active step announced the venerable man him-

self. Simply dressed in a blue surtout, in boots, with short powdered hair, and with those well-known features which were so admirably caught by Rauch—his bearing firm and upright, he approached me, and led me to the sofa. Years had made but little impression on Göthe; the *arcus senilis* in the corner of both eyes was indeed beginning to form itself, but the fire of the eye was by no means weakened. Altogether his eye was particularly expressive. I could at once see in it the whole tenderness of the poetical mind, which his otherwise somewhat forbidding demeanour appeared to have restrained with trouble, thus preserving it from the intrusion and annoyance of the world. Occasionally, as he warmed into conversation, the whole fire of the gifted seer would flame forth. Now was I close to him ! The form of a man, who had so much influence on my own cultivation, was suddenly brought before me, and hence did I exert myself the more to comprehend and to contemplate the phenomenon. The ordinary introductions to conversation were soon got over. I spoke to him of my new labours about the skeleton, and told him how his previous conjecture of the existence of six vertebral bones in the head* was confirmed. To explain myself more readily, I asked for pencil and paper. We went into another room ; and as I drew the type of a fish's head, with all its proper characteristics, he often interrupted me with exclamations of approval, and joyous nods of the head. 'Yes, yes,' said he; 'the matter is in good hands. S. and B. have touched darkly upon it. Ay, ay!' The servant brought a collation and some wine, of which we partook. Göthe spoke of my pictures ; told me how the Brockenhaus had puzzled him for a long time ; and how these things would be held in honour. Then he had his portfolio of comparative anatomy brought, and showed me his earlier labours. We came to the importance of the form of rocks and mountains, in determining of what stone they consisted—as well as its importance in determining the figure of the entire surface of the earth. For this branch of investigation, he had already collected materials, as was proved by a map, with drawings of rocks in the Harz and other places. For a short time, I remained alone in the room ; and it was exceedingly interesting to me to observe the things by which Göthe was immediately surrounded. Besides a high stand, with large portfolios illustrating the history of art, there was a cabinet with drawers (probably a collection of coins) which arrested my attention. On the top of it was a large quantity of little mythological figures, Fauns, &c., and among them a little golden Napoleon, set in a barometer tube, closed bell-fashion. All indicated the various directions taken by the mind of the possessor. When Göthe re-entered, the conversation turned upon entoptic colours. He ordered Karlsbad drinking-glasses, with yellow transparent paintings, to be brought in, and showed the almost miraculous changes of yellow into blue, red, and green, according to the side on which the light was received. He could not suppress a remark or two as to the unfavourable reception of so many of his scientific works ; and every pause in the conversation was animated with a good-

* Kopfwirbel.

humoured 'Yes, yes,' or 'Ay, ay.' I could not leave before I had finished a bottle of wine with him, and partaken of some fine white bread. Obligated to quit at one o'clock, I left in every respect delighted and exhilarated."

The neatness which characterized Goethe's room extended itself to every action. Dr. Carus, after describing a little apparatus made by him to illustrate his theory of colours, says,

"I must remark that in Goethe's constant habit of observing a certain neatness and accuracy in the arrangement of these trifles, one could almost recognise the father, who could not bear the drawings of his son in their different unequal shapes, but nicely cut them all with scissors into a certain regular form. Of all the things I received from Goethe, such as books, small remittances for engravers, &c., I do not remember one that was not packed in the neatest manner; and thus was this little box, which had been made to illustrate the origin of colour, simple indeed, but most regularly and neatly packed and arranged. No less had I observed how in his rooms and portfolios, a strict order and cleanliness almost bordering on pedantry prevailed; and, far removed from those disorderly characteristics which are supposed to belong to genius, the order and neatness of all that surrounded him gave a wholesome symbol of the delicate order and polished beauty of his spiritual life."

There is something very kindly in this allusion of Dr. Carus to the formality of Goethe's father, and its descent to the great poet. In the autobiography, called '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' it is almost painful to observe the tone of disrespect in which Goethe constantly speaks of his father; while it is impossible not to perceive how much he was indebted to the old Goethe's eccentric tastes for all that he himself achieved in the fields of literature and art. Dr. Carus afterwards considers the obligation of Goethe to both his parents, showing how much the healthiness that pervades his works, is to be ascribed to the healthy stock of which he comes. The pedantic, but always dignified nature of the father, the truly feminine nature of the mother, vivacious and animated to a late period of her life, were the foundation of the poet's character, and therefore, says Dr. Carus, he may fittingly be called a '*wohlgeborner*' (well-born)—an appellation which is so often given from mere ceremony.

The interview with Goethe, of which we have extracted the description, was the only one that Dr. Carus had; the acquaintance being kept up by letters, and not by personal meetings. All that belongs to this relation to Goethe, Dr. Carus has given in the first portion of the work; the rest, which consists of four additional sections, being devoted to a consideration of Goethe, apart from his own personal experience. These sections severally treat of 'Goethe's

individuality'—'his relation to nature and natural science'—'his relation to men and to mankind'—and 'the use of understanding Göthe's individuality in understanding his works.'

In considering Göthe's individuality, Dr. Carus points out the exact circumstances which worked together, and the exact nature which was worked upon, to produce such a result as the great poet of Germany. Already we have seen, Dr. Carus observes, this hero come into the world, a healthy man: the foundation is healthy. But yet, the mind is not purely healthy—otherwise, how should we have the 'Sorrows of Werther?' Our physiologist solves the difficulty, by observing that the mind of Göthe had on some occasions a 'healthy sickness' (*gesunde Krankheit*). Some bodily illnesses there are which steadily proceed to their crisis, and then dying at it were a natural death, leave the constitution stronger than before. So was it with Göthe. We have his own 'Dichtung and Wahrheit' to show how in his youth he contemplated suicide; how he tried the effect of a sharp knife against his breast, and found it unpleasant; and how accordingly he wrote a book, in which he flung off his own morbidity to the world, and thus made himself a sound man. They say, some unlucky youths took it into their heads to kill themselves after reading 'Werther.' But who, says Dr. Carus, shall blame Göthe on that account. It was not his fault that other people had not so strong a mental constitution as his own, and broke down where he could proceed with safety. Shall we blame the man, who, sick of a fever, infects the air by getting rid of the morbid matter? Göthe has his mental fever; gets rid of it the only way he can; and as for the two or three *miserables*, who made away with themselves, they are to be blamed for not taking proper precautions. Let us not pity them, but rejoice to see the chosen one of the gods escape unscathed, and philosophize quietly on the event with Dr. Carus.

The egoism of Göthe—that complete living for himself which has caused so many expressions of dislike, is well defended by his admirer; who calls upon us to observe how entirely the poet was occupied in a career of self-cultivation, how he could adopt nothing till he had made it a part of himself, how expedient it was for him to shun hostile influences, if he would not be interrupted in that great art which he pursued unremittingly during the whole of his earthly existence—the art of life. All that was foreign to his nature he shunned. Polemics he hated; if objections were made to his utterings, he left them unanswered; a contest would have occupied him too much. To the same cause is to be attributed his repelling manners towards those with whom he felt he had nothing in common. His own path was clearly defined; he

might turn neither to the right nor the left; he could not afford to encourage a number of useless acquaintance; they would have impeded him in his great occupation. The assistance he gave to poor Jung Stilling, his conduct to Eckermann, will show that his nature was a kindly one. Only he did not like to waste himself by a collision with unprofitable people, who could merely irritate. Who shall blame him? The system worked admirably, as is proved by the picture of the septuagenarian, with faculties not in the least impaired, still calmly pursuing his course, still devoted to art and science, still thirsting after new materials of cultivation. Dr. Carus tells us that many who disliked Göthe from report, felt bound to honour him, when they saw the representation of his venerable countenance.

His relations to the fair sex, which obtained him such a reputation for utter heartlessness, Dr. Carus would account for much on the same principle as his repulsion of unwelcome acquaintance. Göthe constantly pursuing his career of self-study, must know so much of love as to gain an experience; but he must not allow himself to be carried away by the torrent of passion as to lose all control over his own being. Between the apathetic stoic, and the man of ardent temperament who is the slave of every impulse, he must form the happy medium. He must just know how far his feelings will carry him without peril, and manage accordingly. Hence we find this all-fascinating man give small return for the love he awakened; and many a little heart must be made to ache, that we may have such beautiful feminine sketches as the Clärchens and the Gretchens. Although Dr. Carus here as elsewhere is the zealous apologist of Göthe, he evidently does not quite like his conduct to the ladies. Besides using his general theory, he gladly takes refuge in the supposition that Göthe did not find a woman that was really worthy of him.

The side on which Dr. Carus principally knew Göthe, was that which was least familiar even to most of his ardent admirers: namely, the interest he took in natural science. Those who loved him as a poet, often uttered the regret that he did not follow poetry alone, and favour the world with a few more dramas and songs in the place of his scientific treatises. The parties who regretted the scientific tendency were not generally such as even professed to understand what he had done in this direction, and therefore the testimony of so eminent a physiologist as Dr. Carus to his scientific merits, is highly valuable. He attributes to him the discovery that the skull is in fact a continuation of the vertebræ, the honour of which is generally given to Oken. The principle of his theory of the metamorphosis of plants, which at first could not even make its way into the press, is now so universally acknow-

ledged, that Dr. Carus says no scientific botanist can deny his obligations to the fundamental idea of Göthe. Nevertheless he would rather regard him as the poetical connoisseur of nature, than the patient investigator of her details. It is a worship of the beautiful universe and its pervading spirit, which lies at the foundation of his science. The singular story which Göthe tells in his ‘*Dichtung and Wahrheit*’—how when a boy he erected an altar to the “God who stood in immediate connexion with nature,” heaping together all sorts of natural curiosities for the act of devotion—this story reveals at once the secret of that scientific tendency, which the admirers of the mere *poet* have found so unaccountable.

We have not pursued this little book into its minutiae, but we think we have said enough to show the principle on which Dr. Carus has acted; and we would add that the principle, with respect to Göthe, is unquestionably a right one. Göthe is not merely an author whose works are to be read, but he is a character to be studied. We may say the character is even of more importance than the works themselves, and that it is from their being so fully illustrative of their author’s mind, that they derive their chief value. So remarkable a person is Göthe—the man unremittingly pursuing his one course of self-instruction—so unlike is he to any other whom we are able to approach, that no study can be more fascinating than that of his mental development. Fortunately, too, the means of pursuing that study are abundant. With the great poets of an early date, if we are lucky enough to obtain some information respecting their external existence, all attempts to penetrate the inmost recesses of the mind are vain indeed. Göthe stands revealed to all who will take the trouble to contemplate him; his works are his ‘confessions;’ not indeed under that name, but ‘confessions’ of a deeper truth than those of the morbid Swiss, Rousseau. What a difference in the egoism of these two men! The man of Geneva whining and going mad because he can find nothing in the world to correspond to his one-sided idea; the man of Weimar looking around upon all the littleness of his age, and still seeing a foundation on which he might stand, and live for his own thoughts. He did not wish to be something that he could not be, but made himself that which he wished. The contrast between the two egoists is as great, as that between a child crying for the moon, and a Jupiter calmly smiling at the world below him.

We cannot conclude better than with some excellent remarks of Dr. Carus on the egoism of Göthe, and his intimate relation to his works.

“There are works on reading which it never occurs to us to inquire

after the individuality of him to whom we owe them; the matter is every thing. A dictionary, a carefully descriptive treatise on the works of nature and art and the like, leaves us quite unconcerned as to the inner individuality of the author; while on the other hand, with a high philosophical contemplation, with a grand poem, with a profound historical investigation, an interest is essentially awakened for the individuality of the mind, from which these works proceeded. They are, we may say, transparent works; the spirit from which they flow shines through them, as the light of festive tapers through the windows of a palace; and we are concerned, not so much on account of that which is immediately presented to us, but because the individuality of the author, his peculiarly grand disposition, his clear far-seeing mind, his poetically creative power are completely palpable: ay even penetrate us, and as it were, magnetically advance us, and develop us within. Thus do these works operate more powerfully, the more powerful the mind from which they proceed. Göthe's works belong to this class in the fullest sense of the word, and it was because he felt this himself, that almost unconsciously, and quite regardless whether or not it was reckoned the worst species of egoism, he represented *himself*, his own essence, his *ego*, more and more clearly and perfectly in those works, and reflected himself in them. To receive nothing that was foreign to himself, decisively to repel contradictions, to avoid all reply to opposition, was for him absolutely necessary, that he might not be disturbed in his course of development. Whoever dislikes him for this *trait*, and wishes his life had been free from it, is far from having approached the real understanding of his nature.

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“How many do we see spoiling, or imperfectly carrying out, the work of life, because they are unable to distinguish that which suits them from that which does not. Now from an erroneous notion that they will gain some advantage, now with the fallacious view of being especially useful to others by becoming unfaithful to their own proper being, they leave what Göthe very prettily calls the fortification-lines of our existence, and thus so far mar their own progress in cultivation, that it becomes impossible for them to become for others in future that which they might have been, had their own development attained its natural goal. I have often reflected on the old *naïve* work of Giotto at Assisi, which shows the pure soul, dwelling in a sort of fortress, holding communion with none but the angels that float around, while the corrupt soul is lured out of its castle by demons into the abyss of hell. This gives much room for thought, especially with reference to the self-purification of the soul; but even the fort which guards the more beautiful soul is not without significance. Its represents symbolically that which Göthe calls the fortification-lines of our existence, and thus partly self-restraint, partly a decisive repulsion of that which is not suited to us but which would impair our real essence, is distinctly portrayed.”

ART. X.—1. *Diplomates Européens*. (European Diplomats.)
 1. *Prince Metternich*. 2. *Pozzo di Borgo*. 3. *Prince Talleyrand*. 4. *Baron Pasquier*. 5. *The Duke of Wellington*. 6. *The Duc de Richelieu*. 7. *Prince Hardenberg*. 8. *Count Nesselrode*. 9. *Lord Castlereagh*. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris. 1843.
 2. *Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne*. 1814, 1815.
 Par le Comte A. DE LA GARDE. Paris. 1843.

MONSIEUR CAPEFIGUE is the Froissart of diplomacy. A battle of protocols is, in his eyes, the finest of battles. An engagement evaded, an antagonist overreached, an adversary tricked, is more worthy of record than a well-contested combat or a victory won. He observes the whirlwind of wordy warfare with passionless impartiality: his sympathies lean only to the most skilful, even though the game should be in the hands of the enemy of his country. Thus while he lauds to the skies the Duc de Richelieu, whose lot it was to bind up the wounds of France occupied by the allies, he reveres Wellington, and almost adores Lord Castlereagh. And as the chronicler of the times of chivalry loved to record the deeds of knighthood, collected from the lips of the actors therein engaged, so has M. Capefigue drawn much of his information from his own heroes personally. Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, and Talleyrand have ‘posed’ for him; and we presume it to be gratitude to Baron Pasquier for some familiar whisperings about an intended *post obit* payment of impartial truth to posterity in the shape of twenty volumes of posthumous memoirs, that has impelled the author to hang up the chancellor’s portrait in his gallery of European diplomatists!

M. Capefigue has selected nine, of whom we have already named seven; the two remaining are Count Nesselrode, and a name less present to the memory, but deserving of honour, that of the Prince Hardenberg of Prussia. Why there should have been nine, neither more nor less, we cannot divine. Perhaps the number of the muses inspired some mystical analogy; for, cold and colourless as is the painting of the bard of diplomacy, he is not free from the modern French cant about symbols, and ideas, and systems. “It is not at hazard,” declares he, “that I have chosen the historical names of these statesmen; they all represent an idea, a system of policy.” For example, “the Duke of Wellington is the armed active England of the times:” and Talleyrand, even the Talleyrand of the republic, the consulate, the empire, the restoration, and of the revolution of 1830, is a fixed idea to M. Capefigue! Of the Duke of Wellington, be it here remarked that he is the last man in the world on whom such an

historian should have laid his hands. He tells the French that the duke, speaking of his military character, although admirable in defence, never knew when or how to attack. We thought that Napier, in his unequalled history of the Peninsular war, had settled for ever such twaddle as that. What was the battle of Salamanca, of which Capefigue speaks, but an attack made at the right moment? and what the three days' battle of the Pyrenees but a series of attacks? What in fine swept the French from the Peninsula!

But if M. Capefigue be not another Homer of battles, he is the very Ossian of the cloud-capt land of diplomacy. Prince Metternich is his ideal. The author is speaking of the period when Austria hesitated about joining the coalition against Napoleon, hoping that she might command back by an armed neutrality, and without the necessity of again taking the field, those possessions of which she had been stripped.

"It was then," says Capefigue, "that to justify this delicate situation M. de Metternich commenced that elegant school of noble diplomatic language, of which M. de Gentz became the most distinguished organ. . . . In those notes M. de Metternich was seen to develop his principles upon the European equilibrium, which tended to contract the immense power of Napoleon for the benefit of the Allied States. I know nothing more remarkably written than these notes, *a little vague in their details, but so well measured in their expressions, that they never either engaged the Cabinet nor the man.*"

There is indeed throughout this book a strange moral insensibility! Policy covers sin, nay, knows not what sin means. Faults are its only crimes. Let us take for instance the memoir of Talleyrand, and see what excuse is offered for his many tergiversations, of which each was a perjury.

"M. de Talleyrand never held himself tied down to a Government or a doctrine; he did not betray Napoleon in the absolute sense of the word, he only quitted him at the right time; he did not betray the restoration, he abandoned it when it had abandoned itself. There is much egotism without doubt in this mind, whose first thought turned to its own position and prospects, and then in the second place to the Government it served; but in fine, we ought not always require from a superior mind that self-denial which constitutes a blind devotion to a cause or a man."

Such is Capefigue's apology for Talleyrand, and the doctrine is carried out in the book to similar exaltation of diplomatists and liars of all countries. We have nowhere met so sickening a portrait. From the moment Talleyrand appears upon the stage as Bishop of Autun, officiating at mass which he profanes by a side grimace to Mirabeau, to his deathbed from which he essays to rise in order that his royal visiter, Louis Philippe, may receive his due of ceremonial,—from first to last, through his private gam-

blings and public betrayals,—we think he nowhere stands in so bad a point of view as that in which he is placed by this apologetic laureat of diplomatists. In one place there is an insinuation of so dark a character, that it ought only to have been introduced upon the condition of settling it once and for ever. It is explained in the following passage:

“To the period of the arrival of Louis XVIII. M. de Talleyrand was at the head of the Provisional Government. The whole responsibility weighed upon him, and it was then that he had to reproach himself with being hurried into the commission of acts which belonged to the spirit of the time. There are indeed times when the human head is without control; it is hurried along by the torrent of prevailing ideas; it is impressed with the spirit of reaction. The mission of M. de Maubreil has never been perfectly cleared up. What was its object? It is pretended that his sole commission related to the stopping of the crown jewels. Other reports say that he was charged with a more dreadful mission against Napoleon, *resembling that which struck the last of the Condés*. I can avow that Maubreil never had any direct or personal interview with Talleyrand. In these deplorable circumstances the latter kept always out of view. Here is what passed. One of the secretaries of Talleyrand, then in his confidence, told Maubreil with a careless air, ‘This is what the prince requires you to do; annexed is your commission and money, and in proof of the truth of what I say, and of the prince’s assent, wait in his salon to-day, he will pass and will give you an approving nod of his head.’ The sign was given and Maubreil believed himself authorized to fulfil his mission. What was the nature of that mission? Historical times are not yet come, when all may be told and cleared up. I do not judge any conduct. There are periods, I repeat, when *on ne s’appartient pas*.”

Whatever may have been Talleyrand’s crimes, we are not satisfied to adopt this charge of his having nodded a commission to assassinate Napoleon. We cannot believe such a story probable, upon the unsatisfactory assumption that this incarnation of impassability was hurried away by a torrent of fashionable ideas, of some very bad description. This Monsieur Capefigue is, with all his indifference, a credulous man. We find in his memoir of Castlereagh, for example, a charge brought against Canning of the foulest character. We give it in his own words.

“Castlereagh, in his capacity of minister of war, made immense preparations for the Walcheren expedition. Must it be told? Here begins the treason of Canning in relation to his country; in relation to his colleague, it is *incontestable* that Canning furnished information to Fouché of Castlereagh’s plans.”

But Capefigue, philosophic moralist! has always palliation ready, proportioned to the amount of the crime. Listen to the profundity of the following aphorism: ‘When jealousy reaches the heart it listens to nothing,’—and so he proceeds with his history.

“Canning engaged Lord Portland to disembarrass himself of Lord Castlereagh, whose obstinate head, he represented, was as incapable of conducting the war department as of directing or sustaining a debate in parliament. Canning wanted to rule the Tory party, and Castlereagh was an obstacle to his ambitious designs.”

This story is, of course, a piece of stupid absurdity, not worth a moment's consideration: he who would, with a grave face, undertake its refutation seriously, would be laughed at as a simpleton. Capefigue hates Canning for no other reason that we can discover, than that Canning was a brilliant orator. Our historian has no bowels for such a monster in diplomacy as an eloquent statesman. He bundles such a being off in the same category with poets. Vagueness, as he tells us, is the great beauty of diplomatic writing: admit eloquence and warmth, with conviction and sincerity, and what would become of the noble diplomatic art?

Of the nine memoirs before us, there is none—not even the romantic Corsican subtlety and hatred of Pozzo di Borgo, perseveringly pursuing Napoleon like his evil genius, until, as he figuratively declared, ‘he threw the last clay upon his head’—that so interests us as that of Prince Hardenberg, and this not upon his own account, but for the glorious young Prussians of the Universities: those boys who conspired without a word passed, and whose combination, effected under the nose of their French oppressors, was unsuspected until the magnificent explosion awoke at once and overwhelmed them. The Prussian minister did his duty at the right moment; and then, says Capefigue, with warmth not usual,

“Then were seen the universities rising, and their professors themselves leading their young pupils to these battles of giants. The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen have never yet been examined under the point of view which would give them a melancholy interest. These glorious generations meet in presence. The conscripts of the empire from eighteen to twenty-one; the students of the universities, who bore the funeral flag of the Queen Louisa, and the oldest of whom was not perhaps twenty-two. In the midst of this noble young blood thundered 1500 pieces of cannon, tearing this rosy flesh, and maiming these limbs; and yet not one of these youths flinched, for they combated for their mother-country.”

Terrible this may be, but after the cold-blooded, tortuous, hollow hypocrisy with which M. Capefigue commonly afflicts us, it at least healthily stirs the blood. Never had a country been so trampled upon, plundered, and degraded as was Prussia by France, after the battle of Jena. The contributions levied upon the peasantry threatened to convert the fields into a waste. The wantonness of the conqueror was exhibited in outrages the most revolting.

The indignity offered by Napoleon to the beautiful, clever, and heartbroken queen, was imitated in grossness of a worse description. It is a fact known to many living officers that, at the occupation of Paris, Blucher held an order issued by the military governor of Berlin, to provide the French officers with female companions under a menace that may be imagined.

Why do we dwell on this here? Because M. Capefigue endeavours to confound English with Russians, as urged by one common desire to oppress and humiliate France after the victory of Waterloo. He does so for the purpose of exalting the clemency of the Emperor Alexander. The truth of the matter is, that it was the Duke of Wellington who saved the monuments of the French capital from the destruction to which they were doomed by Blucher; the authority of Alexander was interposed with the same object, but at the instigation of the duke. Capefigue is an avowed advocate for an alliance between France and Russia, and it is in accordance with this view, that treating of this bitter period of the occupation of Paris, he endeavours to conciliate his countrymen towards Russia by representing Alexander and his Russians as mediators and saviours against the wrath and cupidity of English and Prussians.

What credit is due to M. Capefigue as an historian may therefore be easily determined. The vagueness which in diplomatic writing is with him the perfection of skill, he himself carries into the appreciation of what is or ought to be positive. He can seldom get beyond a hint or an assertion, unless with some special feeling to gratify. No one is more positive or bold, when he would accuse Canning of an act as unknown as assassination to the British character; or when, depreciating Wellington, he would exalt the clemency of Alexander as the star of a Russo-Gallic alliance.

We turn to the Comte de la Garde. Pleasant as diplomacy is, and gay and brilliant as must have been the aspect of Vienna in 1814, and the early part of 1815, we suspect that beneath the endless succession of *fêtes* prepared for the many crowned heads, wearing at length their crowns with some feeling of security, there lurked a dissatisfied feeling: something like that which affects ourselves in the perusal of the Comte de la Garde's gaudy book. While we are stunned with the music of monster concerts, and confounded with a tumult of military *fêtes*, varied with grotesque revivals of the customs of the middle age,—while troubadours, paladins and their dames, falconers and *tableaux vivans*, glitter past us,—while all is glare, noise, dancing, feeding, gambling, and enjoyment,—we cannot but bear in mind, that the map of Europe is spread out itself like a banquet, for each royal

guest to take his share according to his might. At *this* feast there is no harmony; each eyes the other with distrust and suspicion; and while Alexander is laying his heavy hand upon Poland, and the whisper of partition of France is going round, Talleyrand and the English minister are signing a secret treaty with Austria, with the object of raising a barrier against the dangerous rise of Russian power.

The Comte de la Garde saw only the banquet and the salons; he was not admitted behind the scenes, and accordingly has no secrets to reveal. He saw kings in dominoes, and empresses in masks, and was warned not to mistake a queen for a *grisette*. He heard some dissertations, but they were upon the fine arts and conversations at the dinner-table of Lord S—; they turned upon Shakspeare and Corneille, the gobelin tapestry, and Sévres porcelain; in which discussion the Frenchman of course came off with flying colours. We doubt not that in the circumstances there was a polite agreement to allow French vanity the consolation of calling Shakspeare rude and uncultivated, and of exalting Racine above Milton. Any thing might be said, so that diplomacy was not called upon to make premature revelations. We are told that the sovereigns themselves only talked politics one hour during the twenty-four; and that the dullest, for it was the hour before dinner; and even then the subject was quickly despatched, for contemplation of the innocent slaughter of a *battue*.

Were we in fact to give the headings only of the chapters in the first volume, the reader might suppose he was reading a programme of a performance at Astley's Amphitheatre. But while the Neros were fiddling, Europe was parcelling out; and we can hardly repress a feeling of satisfaction when the arrival of Napoleon in France scatters for a moment the pageant to the winds. The sensation produced by that event is the only portion of the book of which we will attempt a translation.

“The news Koslowski told me was brought by a courier, despatched from Florence by Lord Borghese. The English consul at Livourne had sent it to the latter. Lord Stewart, the first to be informed, immediately communicated the intelligence to Prince Metternich and the sovereigns. The ministers of the great powers, too, were told the news. No one had heard what route Napoleon had taken. Is he in France? Has he fled to the United States?—all are lost in conjecture. . . .

“Whether it was that the secret was well kept, or that the intoxication of pleasure still prevailed, Vienna wore its accustomed aspect. The ramparts of Leopoldstadt, leading to the Prater, were filled with people promenading as usual. Nothing announced that the thunderbolt had fallen: everywhere amusement and pleasure! . . .

“In the evening a company of amateur performers were to play at

the palace the 'Barber of Seville;' to be followed by a vaudeville, then much in vogue, called 'La danse interrompue.' Having received an invitation, I resolved to go and study the appearance of the illustrious assembly. It was as numerous, and not less brilliant than usual. But it was no longer the easy indifference of the day; brows were slightly clouded. Groups, formed here and there, discussed with eagerness the probabilities of the departure from Elba.

"The Empress of Austria gave the order for raising the curtain. 'We shall see,' said I, 'how the illustrious assembly enjoy the comedy.' On which the Prince Koslowski observed, 'Be not deceived; it would require the enemies' cannon at the gates of Vienna, to break this obstinate slumber.' This morning the news reached Talleyrand in bed. Madame de Perigord was conversing gaily with him when a letter was brought in from Metternich. The beautiful countess mechanically opened the despatch, and cast her eyes on the mighty intelligence. She had been engaged to assist in the course of the day at a rehearsal of 'Le Sourd ou l'Auberge pleine,' and thinking only of her probable disappointment, exclaimed, 'Buonaparte has quitted, uncle: and what, uncle, becomes of the rehearsal?'"

"The rehearsal shall go on, madame," tranquilly replied the diplomatist. And the rehearsal took place. . . .

"It was at the ball given by Prince Metternich, that the landing at Cannes and the first successes of Napoleon were heard. The announcement operated like the stroke of an enchanter's wand, changing at once into a desert the garden of Almida. The thousands of wax-lights seemed at once to be extinguished. The waltz is interrupted—in vain the music continues—all stop, all look at each other—he is in France!"

"The Emperor Alexander advances towards Prince Talleyrand: 'I told you it would not last long.'"

"The French Plenipotentiary bows without replying. The King of Prussia makes a sign to the Duke of Wellington: they leave the ball-room together. Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, and Metternich follow them. The greater number of the guests disappear. There remains only some groups of frightened talkers."

A *bon mot*—supplied by the title of the vaudeville 'La danse interrompue' crowns the whole—and the fêtes are at an end.

- ART. XI.—1. F. L. Z. WERNER'S *Sämmtliche Werke*. (Werner's Collective Works.) 12 vols. Berlin. 1840.
2. FRANZ GRILLPARZER: DIETERICH CHRISTIAN GRABBE: *Dramatische Werke*. Frankfort and Vienna. 1820, 1840.
3. IMMERMANN'S *Dramatische Werke*. *Merlin: Das Trauerspiel in Tyrol* (The Tragedy in the Tyrol): *Alexis. Die Opfer der Schweigens*. (The Victims of Silence.) Hamburg. Hoffman and Campe. 1837, 1841.
4. E. RAUPACH'S *Dramatische Werke: Ernster Gattung—Dramatische Werke: Komischer Gattung*. Hamburg: Hoffman and Campe. 1829, 1842.
5. *Original-Beiträge zur deutschen Schaubühne*. (Original Contributions to the German Theatre. By the Princess AMELIA of SAXE.) Dresden. Arnold. 1836, 1842.
6. *Griseldis*. (Griselda.) *Der Adept*. (The Alchymist.) *Camoens*. (The Death of Camoens.) *Ein milder Urtheil*. (A Mild Judgment.) *Imilda Lambertazzi*. *König und Bauer*. (King and Peasant.) *Der Sohn der Wildness*. (The Son of the Desert.) Plays by FRIEDRICH HALM. Vienna: Gérolde. 1836, 1843.
7. FERDINAND RAIMUND'S *Sämmtliche Schriften*. 4 vols. Vienna: Rohrmann's. 1837.

A REVIEW of the Modern German Stage is not an easy, and very far from an agreeable task. Since the silence or death of Lessing, Schiller, and Göthe—that is to say, for the last forty or fifty years—no branch of German literature and art has fallen into such undeniable decay. Most others have made admitted progress: the drama alone, the youngest and the most feeble shoot of German genius, has been stunted and discouraged. Perhaps some of the causes lie upon the surface.

There is no central public in Germany: a want which has been of evil influence to many of the national interests, but to none more decidedly than to the proper cultivation and development of a national dramatic genius. The numerous German capitals—every one of them strongly indoctrinated with peculiar and distinguishable tastes; each in some sort playing rival to the other; all existing by their own special laws, manners, and customs; Vienna praising what they are laughing at in Berlin, Weimar not knowing what they admire in Frankfort—have offered little of that settled public guidance to the dramatic poet, without which the highest order of stage success can rarely be achieved. To this are to be added the operation of censorships, more especially fatal to the health of comedy, and the luckless influence of the German governments in every other point wherein they have meddled

with the theatre. It was they who cumbered it with its absurdly restrictive laws; who disabled it of its few chances of control by popular influence; who effected that unhappy metamorphosis of the gay, lively, self-supporting actor, into the compelled servant of a manager, or the life-hired menial of a prince; and finally, when some daring dramatist had even braved these dangers, and with them the certainties of mutilation that awaited his work from public censor, from prince-fed actor, from ignorant critic, it was the wisdom of these governments which so ordered the system of his remuneration, as to starve him back, with as little delay as might be, into pursuits he had unwisely abandoned. 'Our pedantry is so great,' said Lessing, when he satirically deplored* this condition of things, 'that we consider boys as the only proper fabricators of theatrical wares. Men have more serious and worthy employments in the State and in the Church. What men write should beseeem the gravity of men: a compendium of law or philosophy; an erudite chronicle of this or that imperial city; an edifying sermon, and such like.'

But Lessing did not content himself with lamenting or with satirizing; he applied a remedy. When, by his vigorous criticism, he had demolished the slavish following of the French school, and fixed the attention of his countrymen on the great dramatic poet of England, he may be said to have created the German stage. Göthe's influence was less favourable. His 'Goetz von Berlichingen' announced his early inclination to the theatre: but of the pieces he afterwards constructed in that form, 'Egmont' and 'Clavigo' alone continue to be acted; while the greater works of 'Tasso,' 'Iphigenia,' and the incomparable 'Faust,' introduced that dangerous distinction between acted and unacted drama, which was fated to mislead so many in their approaches to the stage. The third is the greatest name in the history of the German theatre. Schiller's influence, its character, and its enduring effects, are known to all: we have lately enlarged upon them.

Once established, and its native claims allowed, a schism broke out in the dramatic literature of Germany, and two 'schools' set themselves in marked opposition: the 'romantic,' and what we should call the domestic. The last named had its founder in Lessing, who set it up in rivalry to the French classical manner; and whose 'Sara Sampson,' 'Emilia Galotti' and other plays of the same kind, turned even Göthe and Schiller in that direction: the one in his 'Clavigo,' the other in his 'Cabal and Love' (*Kabale und Liebe*), and in such episodes of his greater works as the Max

* *Dramaturgie*, 1st April, 1768.

and Thekla of ‘Wallenstein.’ But while this example strengthened the more direct followers of Lessing in the domestic school (the Ifflands and the Kotzebues), the same writers, particularly Göthe, were responsible for influences that tended strongly to what we have called the romantic school, of which the leaders were Tieck, the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, and Arnim. There is no very exact meaning in the term *romantic*, but it was the word in vogue.

The effects of this style of writing, in criticism perhaps more than in dramatic production, were adverse to the progress of the German theatre. The dramas of Tieck and Arnim were impossibilities. The thin, fantastic, cloudy world of elves and fairies, of spectres and of dreams, which had found itself so effective in the tale, the novel, or the song, showed pale and utterly out of place in the compact form of the drama. Tieck’s ‘Genoveva’ and ‘Blue Beard’ were poems of imagination and a sharp original fancy, but their dramatic form was accidental: not bestowed upon them by qualities of their own, but by the voluntary afterthought of the poet. The same is to be said of Arnim’s dramas, a new edition of which has been lately published by Wilhelm Grimm. The only one of this school, indeed, who actually found his way to the stage, was Henrich von Kleist (not to be confounded with the elder poet of the same name, Christian Ewold von Kleist), whose dramas of ‘Kate from Heilbronn’ adapted for representation by Holbein, and ‘The Prince of Hesse-Homburg’ are acted now and then even to this day, attracting such as have a touch of their own mysticism, but in themselves as weak and sickly as the poor poet had been, who in 1811 took to drowning out of melancholy and despair. But the critics of the school were a more formidable party than the dramatic producers. Friedrich and August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Tieck himself, Franz Horn, and others in connexion with them, brought all their talents to bear against the existing German theatre, and proved a formidable impediment to its growth. Young and feeble as it was, they proposed nothing but the very strongest drink for its nurture. Shakspeare and Calderon: these were the only models they would offer for imitation; nothing short of these could be the salvation of the drama. And straightway on this Procrustes bed of criticism, modest and quiet German poets stretched themselves out, to the terrible injury of what limbs they had, and to no earthly production of any they had not. All this wrought but one result: the unnatural excess of effort introduced into the drama a deplorable affectation, a frenetic convulsive style, a kind of intoxication of the pathetic, which have to this day depressed and retarded it. And it is worthy of remark

that at this very time, in opposition to the violent demands of Tieck, the Schlegels, and their followers, it was reserved for a writer of a more moderate genius and less exaggerated claims to prove with what far more useful results the foreign model might have been brought in aid of the native effort, if a modest, practical spirit had only guided and controlled its introduction. Schreijvogel's* pleasing translations from the Spanish drama are still acted. He was a man, we may add, of very great merit, though little known out of Germany. He was born in 1768, and was properly the creator of the first German theatre, the 'Burg-theater' at Vienna. He died in 1832: one of the first victims to the cholera. His best and most successful translations are 'Donna Diana,' from the Spanish of Aretino Mureto; 'Don Gutierre,' after Calderon; and 'Life a Dream' also after Calderon.

Meanwhile Iffland and Kotzebue had steadily and perseveringly cultivated what we have called the domestic school, the *bourgeois* drama (*das bürgerliche Schauspiel*). Both these writers are widely known; both are popular to this day with German audiences. Overflooding with his 'comédie larmoyante' every little theatre in the country, Kotzebue was too profuse and immoderate in production to care at any time for progress or elevation. Iffland, himself the best existing actor, and the head of a dramatic school some members of which are yet living at Berlin, had a practical knowledge of the stage superior to any of his contemporaries: his motives were well-marked and effective; his characters strongly individualized: but his plots were in every instance from commonplace life, and that in its most prosaic form. A bankruptcy, a gambling loss, a theft if possible: these were the catastrophies of the plays of Iffland. A generous husband, who forgives his *femme perdue*; an illegitimate son, who reconciles his mother to his father; an uncle, who arrives in the nick of time from the Indies, West or East: these were the favourite heroes of Kotzebue, whom our German friends have the most loudly applauded for upwards of thirty years. Not 'classical' tragedy this, it must be confessed; no need of the cothurnus here, to mount up the actor to the poet's requirements; here are heroes much within standard height of the Prussian soldier, and passions other than those whereat Germany might have wept with Shakspeare, or shuddered with Calderon. It may be further admitted that there is often in these writers more sterility than simplicity, less clearness than insipidity in their intentions, and of the humble much less than of the vulgar in their general scope and aim. But

* He wrote under the name of West.

there was some reality to go upon; something that made appeal to the honest German playgoer on the score of what he had felt himself; and all the idealisms on abstractions in the world went for nothing against it. The 'romantic' school was worsted; and the highest order of genius then existing in Germany was withdrawn from the service of the stage, and unluckily devoted to the misdirection of other talents on their way to it. Success vitiated the *bourgeois* style, of course: but, though its fortunes were not without vicissitude, and other modified styles, influenced by the critical sway which the 'romanticists' maintained, became grafted on it, we must admit that it has on the whole kept the victory it won. When we arrive at the most recent date—in the detailed review to which we now proceed—it will be seen that the plays of the two most successful stage writers of the day, the Princess Amelia of Saxe, and the Baron Münch-Bellinghausen* are but the revival, with modern additions, of the principles of Lessing and Iffland.

What the Germans call *das Schicksalsdrama*, the drama founded on the idea of fate (*Schicksal*), comes first in our review. It was a strange product of the conflicting theories and tendencies of the time: a sort of wild clashing together of the most inflated romantic pretensions, and the most ordinary domestic interests. Here was Calderon with a vengeance, his Christian inspiration, his wild catholicism, wedded to the old remorseless Fate of the Greeks: here was all-sufficient sympathy for the wonderful and mysterious in nature and in man, to please even the most exacting romanticists: and could Shakspeare have been fairly represented by supernatural passions and unearthly fancies, here was a laudable effort to imitate Shakspeare. Superstition, mysticism, or murder, had constant possession of the scene; fright and shudder were the fashion; pity was dethroned by terror, and this despot ruled alone. Conceptions so wild and irregular must have a special language too; and the passionate rhythm of the trochaic verse, modelled on Calderon, supplanted the steady flow of the iambic. The representatives of this extraordinary dramatic style—which after all would never have taken hold of the audiences as it did, but for its points of human interest studied in the school of Lessing—were Werner, Müllner, and Houwald: three men of very different talents, and the first by far the most remarkable. But for him, indeed, there had been little interest for us in *das Schicksalsdrama*. 'A gifted spirit,' as Mr. Carlyle has well described him,† 'struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tu-

* Frederick Halm is his adopted name.

† In Carlyle's *Miscellanies* a paper will be found on the Life of Werner.

multuous influences of his time and country, but without force to body himself forth from amongst them; a keen, adventurous swimmer, aiming towards high and distant landmarks, but too weakly in so rough a sea; for the currents drive him far astray, and he sinks at last in the waves, attaining little for himself, and leaving little, save the memory of his failure, to others.'


Zacharias Werner was born at Königsberg in Prussia, in 1768, and died at Vienna in 1823. Impassioned and ill-regulated in his life and in his poetry; without a solid foundation in character or in knowledge; three times married, and three times divorced; now selecting for his dramatic hero the great author of the Reformation, and then announcing himself a zealous convert to the Roman Catholic religion; at Berlin the ruling dramatic author, and at Vienna a preaching, proselytising, fantastic priest: Werner, wandering on this earth like a restless shadow, proved, by so many changeful contrasts and vicissitudes, that the wild, irregular spirit in his poetical productions, was at least no affectation, but a truly felt, remediless, sickness of his soul.

His first dramatic work* was 'The Sons of the Valley,' and notwithstanding its vague, impracticable, rhapsodical character, it contained more of the chaotic nature and genius of the man than any of his later writings. It is in two parts: the first, 'The Templars in Cyprus' (*Die Templer auf Cypern*); and the second, 'The Brethren of the Cross' (*Die Kreuzesbrüder*). Each of these parts is itself a play of six acts, and the two fill two thick volumes. The subject is the persecution and destruction of the Order of the Templars: a rich and tragic subject as it stands in history, and presenting a worthy hero in the person of Jaques Molay. But mere history had no charms for Werner. It was the history entirely within himself to which he had resolved to give utterance, and a mightily strange business he made of it. He happened at this time to be a brother, and an exalted one, of the order of Freemasons; and so, behind the full and warlike form of the Templars, to which in the first part of his poem (where their condition before

* We subjoin a list of the whole. *Die Söhne des Thales* (The Sons of the Valley): 2 vols. Berlin, 1803. *Der Vier-und-Zwanzigste Februar* (The Twenty-fourth of February): Leipsic, 1815. *Das Kreuz an der Ostsee* (The Cross on the Baltic Sea): 2 vols. Berlin, 1806, and Vienna, 1820. *Martin Luther; oder, die Weihe der Kraft* (Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Strength): Berlin, 1807. *Attila*: Berlin, 1808. *Wanda* (Queen of Sarmatia): Tübingen, 1810. *Kunigunde* (St. Cunigunde): Leipsic, 1815. *Die Mutter der Makkabäer* (The Mother of the Maccabees): Vienna, 1815. The complete edition of his works was published in 1840, by his friends Grimma, and contains, in addition to the dramas, the lyric poems and the sermons preached at Vienna. His friend and companion, Hitzig, published his biography at Berlin, in 1823.

their fall is pictured) he now and then does striking dramatic justice, he places the shadowy power and control of a mystic institution: a new, never heard-of, rival Order, called The Sons of the Valley, half-spiritual, half-real, omnipotent, ubiquitous, and full of extraordinary schemes for the perfecting and regenerating of the soul of man. Amazing are the plans and structure of this society; but more amazing the expression it affords to the wild, unmanageable thoughts that made up the fever-fit we call Werner's life. It has projected a perfectly novel religion: a syncretistic, universal faith, combining Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, and uniting with Christian devotion the paganism of the ancient times, the mysteries of the oriental countries, and the worship of Isis and of Florus. And how connect it with the Templars? Why, by correcting history. It is not by the King of France, it is not by the Pope, that the Templars are destroyed: neither Clement nor Philippe le Beau had any thing to do with it, for the great work was transacted by these Sons of the Valley, and even the good Jaques Molay himself becomes persuaded that the sacrifice is necessary, and is inaugurated into their secrets before he dies.

Such is the strange conception of a poem, which, it would be most unjust not to add, is rich in many characteristic beauties. Besides its gorgeous theatrical effects and show, it contains characters and figures in whose outline there is no lack of either strength or manliness; but the solid foundation in truth is absent, it is without organic connexion, and is wholly deficient in progressive interest: matters somewhat needful to a drama. In 'Martin Luther,' Werner again indulged his unfathomable notions, metaphysical and religious. The lesson proposed to be worked out was that the Strength (of human belief) received its highest consecration from Love; wherefore ought both to be, as man and wife, inseparable. Not at all clear in itself, this idea is plunged into the obscurest depths of a mystic plot, in which, notwithstanding some passages of exquisite beauty, the noble and manly figure of the great reformer is certainly seen to disadvantage. Better, decidedly, is the tragedy of 'Wanda, Queen of Sarmatia,' adopted daughter to Libussa, the celebrated mythic heroine of Bohemian tradition. Wanda and Rudiger (Prince of Rugen) had been in love, and pledged to each other, before she was called to the throne of Sarmatia. Since then, she has vowed herself solemnly to her people, when suddenly Rudiger, whom she thought dead, appears and claims her hand. The dilemma is cut through by a battle between Rudiger and the Samaritans, the latter defending Wanda: he loses the battle, and is himself slain by Wanda, who afterwards drowns herself in the Vistula. The two chief characters are here



drawn with some strength and substance of reality; the collisions of love and duty, and the situations of mutual despair, are painted with masterly success; and there is a unity about the work, wanting to the other dramas of Werner—even to the ‘Cross on the Baltic Sea,’ which Iffland, struck with the genius there was in it, in vain endeavoured to adapt for his theatre at Berlin. But from these we must pass at once to the work which sent the name of Werner like wildfire through Germany.

This, the most significant for him and for the ‘school’ it set up, was ‘The Twenty-fourth of February,’ which found at once incredible success and numberless imitations. It was the first of that long list of dramas, compounded of the mean and the terrible, which excited and degraded the taste of German playgoers. The plot and catastrophe of this piece, Werner took occasion to declare, were merely fictitious. He might, with the exercise of a little more candour, have recollected to add that for both he was greatly indebted to the ‘Fatal Curiosity’ of our English Lillo. Not that we would not gladly, but for the fact’s sake, hand over to Germany the whole credit of the invention, for assuredly the whole is a most horrible and unwholesome nightmare. Briefly, thus the story runs. Kuntz Kuruth, once a soldier now a peasant, lives with his wife, Trude Kuruth, in a solitary valley of Switzerland. Well off in former days, they are grown poor and miserable. Many misfortunes have overtaken them, and now the cottage is to be sold, and prison stares them in the face. Such is the state of things, when Kuntz comes home in the stormy and dark night of the 24th of February, if the cold and empty room in which his wretched wife awaits him can be called a home. You then find by their talk that, apart from even their worst misfortunes, some terrible cloud is over them. Past and present times are alike dreadful to both, the future more dreadful still. The man thinks of killing himself; the wife proposes a theft; when a sudden knock at the door disturbs these domestic confidences. A foreigner is there, who has lost his way, and seeks a refuge in the storm of the night. He has the appearance of wealth; he has brought wine and food; he entreats the starved inmates to partake with him. At table, conversation begins: and such is the interest manifested by the rich stranger for these occupants of a hovel, that Kuntz is moved to tell his story. It runs to this effect. His father, choleric, passionate, and unjust, had never approved his marriage with Trude; and one miserable day—the 24th of February—the old man having grossly insulted and ill-treated his daughter-in-law, Kuntz in ungovernable rage and fury flung a knife at him. He had not hit his father, but the latter, to Kuntz’s horror and remorse, died almost

on the instant, choked with the fright and anger. His last words were,

‘Fluch Euch und Eurer brut!

Auf sie und Euch comme Eurer vaters blut!

Der Mörders Mörder seid—wie Ihr mich morden thut!’*

Years passed; Trude had borne two children, a boy and a girl; and it was the anniversary of the day of the old man’s death. The boy was playing with the girl, and as he had seen, some hours before, a bird killed, it occurred to him by way of a childish game to kill his little sister. The father exiles and execrates the child, who went abroad and perished. The 24th of February never returned after this without some cruel misfortune. Every thing that lowered them in their lives, had come upon that day; on that fatal day fell the last year’s avalanches which made them utter beggars. And now, adds the wretched Kuruth, as he finishes his frightful story, this day is come again.

But it will bring better fortune at last, the stranger hopes. The reader need be hardly told the sequel, or that this day again brings back its crime. The wealthy foreigner is the son, whom his parents had supposed slain in the French revolution: he has come back from far beyond the seas, full of the man’s repentance for the child’s crime; full of anxious desire to be pardoned by his father; with means to make his age happy at last, and the strong sense that he shall succeed in what he purposes. Persuaded of this, and fearful of increasing to danger the excitement of his father’s narrative, he defers his disclosure till the morning. But somewhat oddly, he has taken occasion to say meanwhile—to establish a sort of fellow-feeling with Kuruth, at supper—‘I too am a murderer!’ He falls asleep. Upon this, Kuntz, excited by the wine and irritated by the turn the conversation has taken, thinks of doing justice at once upon this unknown murderer, but his wife dissuades him. At last he resolves to leave him life, but to take his money while he sleeps. While thus engaged however, Kurt, the son, awakes and cries out; when the father, on the sudden impulse, stabs him with his knife. Dying, the son says who he is, and pardons his father, who rushes from the scene to deliver himself up to justice! And so ends the ‘Twenty-fourth of February,’ which, with all its faults and its absurdities (for Werner continually walks on the narrow and dangerous line which is said to reach the verge of sublimity), has a deep tragic passion in it, worthy of a better theme.

Adolf Müllner, the first of the two chief followers of Werner to whom we shall here advert, was born in 1774, at Weissenfels

* Cursed be you and your race! Upon you and upon them your father’s blood! They shall be murderers of the murderer—as you murder me.

near Leipsic, and died in 1829. He was more of a critic than a dramatist, and became chiefly notorious in Germany by his endless and savage polemics with all the poets and all the booksellers of his age, who paid him back with a nickname that stuck to him, 'The wild beast of Weissenfels.' He had no fancy or imagination of his own; inspiration was a thing altogether unknown to him; but he constructed his scenes very well, and had, on emergency, a tolerably available stock of common sense. He had no special vocation to the drama: but when he took to it, he commonplace Werner, and so succeeded wonderfully. He had probably never taken to it at all, but for the Amateur Theatre he had established in Weissenfels, a very small and dull place where it was no very vast merit to have turned out the best actor. His first play was, 'The Twenty-ninth of February:' a copy, and a very bad one, of Werner's play. But he improved as he went on, and got out a piece at last which forced its way into all the German theatres. This was 'The Guilt' (*Die Schuld*), acted for the first time at Vienna, in 1816; and perhaps, since Schiller's time, no single drama had found a theatrical success at all equal to 'The Guilt.' Its simple, pleasing, moral idea, is that of a murder expiated by a suicide; but its horrors were very cleverly put together, and there was no higher aim beneath them, no metaphysical wanderings indulged, nothing that plain sensible lovers of the horrible could not with comfort understand. After this followed 'King Yngurd' (*König Yngurd*), and 'The Maid of Albania' (*Die Albaneserin*): superior to the 'Schuld' in a kind of poetical value, certainly—this Müllner himself thought—but on that account we suppose, not comparable to it in success. Upon which, in high dudgeon, Müllner left the theatre, and from 1820 occupied himself with the pleasing style of criticism before named. He became the terror of German writers and artists, and at his death a common breath of ease and comfort was drawn. His works were published at Brunswick, in 1828, in seven volumes, with supplements. A biography, by Schütz, appeared at Meissen in 1830.

Of a softer complexion, very mild and very sentimental in his way, was Ernst Baron von Houwald: in his poetry, indeed, a true son of his country, the Lusace (Lausitz), where he was born in 1778. He tried a still closer combination than Werner of the *Schicksalsdrama* with the *bourgeois*, and gently infusing Kotzebue into Werner, found many friends and enthusiastic applauders. The most successful of his dramas were, 'The going Home' (*Die Heimkehr*), Leipsic, 1821; 'The Pharos' (*Der Leuchthurm*), 'Curse and Blessing' (*Fluch und Segen*), 'The Portrait' (*Das Bild*). But all of them vanished from the German

stage after a few years' triumph, and became but the occasional resource of strolling companies, or the recreation of the family circle.

We now come to a poet, nearly connected with the *Schicksalsdrama* by his first essay, but in aim and genius much superior to all that we have yet named; known too well by his first effort, and unknown for what he did later and better; isolated in his literary position, and almost forgotten by the critics; without contradiction the most original and the most powerful of living German dramatists, though neither the most successful nor the most productive; Franz Grillparzer, born in 1790, and still living at Vienna. He took possession of the theatre in 1816, by his first work 'The Woman Ancestor' (*Die Ahnfrau*)—a phantom which wandered over every stage in Germany, to the smallest and most remote. Grillparzer, a young man then, visibly formed on the models of Werner and Müllner, and excited by their success, took up the notion of fate in a more ghostly as well as ghastly sense than theirs, and gave the added horror of dreams and spectres to those of murder and physical suffering wherein the vulgar taste rejoiced. But this could not conceal a language of genuine poetry, and a faculty for the dramatic art such as no German had shown to a like extent since the death of Schiller. Hideous, therefore, as the invention was, this 'Ahnfrau' became a general favourite. The critics, indeed, protested energetically. Tieck, in his caustic way, called it a tragedy for the Caribbees; and great, for a time, were the sufferings of select taste. But alas! the greatest sufferer by his success was Grillparzer himself. He was self-degraded by it to a level, from which, the more he attempted to rise, the more his own example served to strike him down. Thus the better and worthier the work he afterwards produced, the more his reputation declined.

'Sappho' (acted in 1818) was a somewhat strange combination of antique tragedy and modern intrigue; but the chief character, represented by Sophia Schröder, was drawn with exquisite beauty. The main defect was in the relation of young Phaon to the elderly Sappho; while the loves of her daughter Melitta and of Phaon touched the very verge of the ridiculous. His next work was a greater advance. 'The Golden Fleece' (*Das goldene Vliess*), a classic trilogy, containing in ten acts the murder of Phrixus, Jason's expedition, his affair with Medea, the rape of the fleece, the flight and the return of the two lovers, their misfortune, and Medea's infanticide, is perhaps, as to general dramatic conception, and a sustained force of composition, the masterpiece of Grillparzer's writings. 'Ottakar' (1825) was an historic drama, treating the rebellion and the unhappy end of Ottakar,

King of Bohemia, and the victory of the German Emperor, Rudolf von Hapsburg. These two persons—the man of force and the man of right; the ambitious vassal and the great sovereign—were here discriminated with wonderful success; but the minor points of invention, the details of the plot, were done less happily, and some of the inferior and mere sketchy groupings of the piece disturb the great impression of its leading features. The later plays of Grillparzer—‘A True Servant of his Master’ (*Ein treuer Diener seiner Herren*), a tragedy; ‘Woe to the Liar’ (*Wehe dem der Lügt*), a serious comedy, full of satiric touch, but designedly unsuited to a great public; ‘Dream a Life’ (*Der Traum ein Leben*), a most tender and graceful play, in which the lyric element predominates; ‘The Waves of Sea and of Love’ (*Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*)—all composed from 1830 to 1840, did not answer the expectations of German audiences, for no better reason than that they were greatly in advance of their means and powers of appreciation. Discouraged by this experience; oppressed by the intolerable obstructions and annoyances of the theatres of the day; the poet has at last given up his unthankful task, and retires into the solitary cell of the Austrian archives, of which the government made him a director. Germany loses in Grillparzer her greatest living talent for dramatic poetry. Future times will be judges between Grillparzer, Immermann, and Grabbe, the rejected of the German Theatre, and such as Raupach, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, and the miserable translators of French vaudevilles, who have been so long its idols.

Our next group, in this rapid survey, are of no special school or class: being now romantic, now historic or domestic in their tastes, and imitators in turns of French, Spanish, English, and Italian models: but as they kept up in Germany the type of Schiller’s form, they may be considered properly as followers and disciples of him in respect at least to the exterior shape of the drama. Körner (1791—1813) is the foremost example of this school, too well known to be more than mentioned here. His heroic dramas, ‘Zriny,’ ‘Rosamunde,’ &c., mere exercises in Schiller’s style, made sensation for a time, less by their merit than by the personal position of the author, and his heroic death. Zschokke (born in 1771), the famous novelist of Switzerland, produced with some success, ‘Abällino,’ a sort of bandit tragedy. Gotthilf August von Maltitz (1794—1837), an earnest, excited writer, but without art or study, was author of two successful plays, ‘The Old Student’ (*Der alte Student*), and ‘Hans Kohlhas,’ after the excellent novel of Heinrich von Kleist. Uhland (born in 1787, and still living at Tübingen) was too essentially a lyric poet to win success upon the stage, though his patriotic play ‘Ernst von

Schwaben,' was not without merit. Edward von Schenck (born in 1788, and who died at Munich in 1841 in the post of minister to the King of Bavaria) became popular by his tragedy of 'Belisarius.' But 'The Crown of Cyprus' (*Die Krone von Cypern*), and 'Albrecht Dürer in Venedig,' were not equal to this first success. Auffenberg (born in 1796, and still living at Carlsruhe) wrote several plays historical and romantic, and among them adapted one of the romances of Walter Scott under the title of 'The Lion of Curdistan' (*Der Löwe von Curdistan*). 'Pizarro,' 'Xerxes,' 'The Night of St. Bartholomew' (*Die Bartholomäusnacht*), 'Themistocles,' 'Ludwig XI.,' and others, followed. 'Alhambra' is perhaps the best of his dramatic poems, but by its form (it is published in three volumes) unactable. Uchtritz (born in 1800, and still living at Dusseldorf), began by a clever effort, 'Alexander and Darius:' but, somewhat misled by Immermann, he wrote impracticable plays, which could hardly hope to pass beyond the closet. The best of them is 'Die Babylonier in Jerusalem,' a piece of some dignity and elevation of manner. Oehlenschläger, a Dane (born in 1779, and still living at Copenhagen), wrote his best dramatic works in German, and gave, by 'Correggio,' the first model of a special kind of drama, *das Künstlerdrama*, so called because it celebrates the characters and fortune of great artists or poets. Schenck, in 'Albrecht Durer'; Deinhardstein, in 'Hans Sachs'; Raupach and Zedlitz, with each a 'Tasso'; Halm, with 'Camoens'; Gutzkow, with 'Richard Savage;' afterwards cultivated this model with more or less success. Zedlitz, just named, wrote several dramas, comic and serious: the best of which are 'The Star of Seville' (*Der Stern von Sevilla*), after Calderon; and 'Prison and Crown' (*Kerker und Krone*), treating the death of Tasso.

This is a long list, but with little salt or savour. Not one of the authors enumerated, though all of them in their day very popular with German audiences, produced other than the momentary and false effect of the day. The only one who, with not the least title to original dramatic genius, with less power indeed than the mob we have just named, yet managed by a close and skilful imitation of Schiller, and by the nicest mechanical application of that style to all kinds and varieties of subjects, to keep an almost despotic possession of the stage from 1826 to 1836, is Ernst Raupach: not the least notable person in modern German literature.

This writer was born in 1784. He lived a few years in Russia, as professor at the college of St. Petersburg, and since his return, with the interval of some travels through Germany and Italy, has resided at Berlin. His prolific faculty since Kotzebue and Lope

de Vega, is quite without example. In 1836 the number of his plays had already mounted to sixty; and notwithstanding constant and most energetic critical protestings, Raupach kept absolute possession of every German theatre for upwards of ten years. Let those who talk of the common people of Germany as nothing less than a nation of critics and thinkers, explain how it is that the first German author who merely by the produce of his pen has made a considerable fortune, has become master of large estates in Silesia and a palace in Berlin, is our worthy Ernst Raupach. Alas for the real critics and thinkers! One by one, in an unflagging succession of reviews, have they assured this excellent German public most positively, that Raupach is not in the least a poet, but simply manufactures his plays as the cutler or other trafficker his wares. The good public found him good enough for them. Fine were the decorations of his scene, startling his effects, particularly plain and intelligible the language in which he echoed Schiller's sentiment and pathos, and undoubted the enthusiasm of every audience in Germany for this their favourite Raupach. His first extraordinary 'hit' was, as we have said, in 1826, when he produced 'Isidor and Olga.' The old notion of two brothers in love with one girl, was here renewed; the scene, Russia, the author thoroughly knew; but it was the serfdom on which it turned that gave particular interest to the play—one character of which, Ossip, an old bond-slave, with oppressed revengeful soul, became a parade-horse for all the most celebrated actors. After this brilliant success, Raupach at once, and with incredible activity, established universal empire over tragedy and comedy. To mention even the names of the pieces with which in a few years he inundated the theatres, would be here impossible.

Perhaps his most important work is a continued series of historic dramas (filling some eight or so of mortal volumes!) on the subject of the Hohenstaufen. A great subject, taken from the heroic age of Germany: a kind of colossal idea for prudent Raupach to have laid hold of. But Schlegel in his dramatic lectures had pointed out its dramatic excellence. We do not agree with him. Friedrich Barbarosa, Conradin, Enzo, and Manfred, are probably not bad heroes for the action of an epic, but certainly they are not good ones for the action of a drama. The historical play, even the utmost licence of the dramatic chronicle, must have a certain continuity, if not concentration of purpose. In the works of our own great master in this art, by the special circumstance of the time, often by the mere position of the scene, a continuous solid background to the action is unfailingly supplied. And the very character of French history saves a world of trouble in this respect. Even her old châteaux; her Versailles,

her Fontainebleau, her castle of Peau; Eu, of old esteem and fresh with recent honour; the mere places which saw the tragedies or comedies of the French monarchy, supply at once to the dramatic author a scene for his persons, and a kind of solid centre for the interest of his work. In the chronicles of the Hohenstaufen there is nothing of this; every thing is unsteady, dilacerate, torn a thousand ways. Their princes and heroes are now in Italy, now in Palestine, now in Germany: they fight with rebellious vassals, with proud citizens, with arrogant priests: a great perturbed struggle is their lives, but made up of mere gallant ventures, single and detached: most picturesque it is true, and many ways inviting both pencil and pen, but in no respect harmonious, never with solid agreement in its interest, or with separate lines of action converging to a great catastrophe. Nor need we add that as good Raupach found these things he left them. Raumer's historical work had already arranged the materials (another reason that he should take the subject), and neatly cleansed them from the dust of the archives. All the popular dramatist had to do, was to arrange the number of his scenes, and put the facts into easy dialogue. We open the second part of Frederick I. (*Frederich's abscheid*, 'Frederick's farewell') and find its argument to be simply the various motives and preparations towards his departure for the east. But then Raupach had a splendid decoration in reserve; and who, when the ship of the emperor with full sails set, hove in view as the curtain fell, could possibly feel the want of any other earthly catastrophe!

This is easy work, and in this, Raupach by long and skilful practice became so far a master, that five acts of a new play (prologue included) were commonly written much faster than the actors could commit it to memory. The rapid dramatic growth found all encouragement in Raupach's connexion with the Berlin royal theatre. Utterly inaccessible to the young and unknown writer, it was always open to him; who had made indeed a regular bargain that every one of his plays should be received, put into rehearsal, and paid by acts as they were handed in. It was an agreement not without advantages to both, the theatre thriving upon it as well as Raupach. Due is it, however, as well as to this particular theatre as to the rest of Germany to add, that here only did Raupach's Hohenstaufen ever grow really popular; inhabitants, and not mere guests. In the south of Germany, where altogether perhaps his name and talents are less recognised, his Hohenstaufen chiefs made but a very short stay, now hardly to be traced; and even from Berlin itself they have of late nearly vanished with the death of the famous actor Lemm, for whom Raupach was wont to take as careful measure as a first-rate tailor for a coat.

Among Raupach's other tragedies, 'The School of Life' (*Die Schule des Lebens*), 'Tasso,' 'Corona von Saluzzo,' are the most notable; and these are all full of fine phrases, faultless sentiments, and good effect; nay, they have even some happy characters, and here and there an invention worthy of the scene: but to speak of the best portions of them as approaching, by any happy chance, within a thousand leagues of the dramatic elevation of Schiller, or of the calm and solid grandeur of Göthe, would be ridiculous folly. Certainly a field much better adapted to the second-rate order of his talents, is one he has tried occasionally with better success: a kind of mixed sentimental play, of ordinary life and conventional manners. He wrote several of this kind which we think the best of his works. 'A Hundred Years Ago' (*Vor hundert Jahren*), dramatizing an anecdote from the life of the general so popular in Germany, 'old Dessauer' (Frederick the Great's Duke of Dessau), was admirably acted, and exceedingly well received at Berlin, city of barracks and epaulettes. Of the same class were 'Brother and Sister' (*Die Geschwister*), in which a fire-insurance-office supplied the catastrophe; and 'The Secrets' (*Die Geheimnisse*); both of which poor Raupach, being at that time especially plagued by the criticism which dashed even his success with bitterness, published under the assumed name of Leutner. It was discovered, and increased the critical storm. But the public came again to the rescue, and when a new comedy with Raupach's name was announced, it received enthusiastic welcome. Comedy, tragedy, history, pastoral: nothing could come amiss from Raupach. He could be heavy as Seneca, light as Plautus.

Of his comedies, we mention the best. 'The Smugglers' (*Schleichhändler*); 'Criticism and Anti-Criticism' (*Kritik und Anti-Kritik*); 'The Fillip' (*Der Nasenstüber*); 'The Genius of our Age' (*Der Zeitgeist*); 'The Hostile Brothers, or Homoöpathy and Allopathy' (*Die feindlichen Brüder*). These have been wonderfully popular, but, truth to say, their wit is of the driest — 'the remainder biscuit' of wit. A kind of hard, ironical satire seems peculiar to the north of Germany, and Raupach's comic muse betrays his birthplace. The gay, goodhumoured smile, the hearty laugh, never illuminate her visage. His favourite comic characters are two: the dupe and the quiz: barber Schelle, fool and poltroon, and Till the mocker, dealer in what is meant for quintessence of persiflage. One would have thought that tender memories of the honest old *Jack Pudding* whom learned Professor Gottsched had ruthlessly banished, would have interfered with the relish of the one; and that, possibly, some shadow of the great Mephistophiles might have served to obscure the other. But

no. Raupach was fortune's favourite, and his friends, Gern and Rùthling, two excellent comic actors of Berlin, made golden harvest for him and for themselves out of the wit of Till and Schelle. But the sun of even a Raupach popularity does not always shine; within the last ten or twelve years it has had many dull days; and it has been a part of the man's really clever intellect, and always wonderful tact, to have been, during these years, by almost imperceptible degrees withdrawing himself from the stage.

Before we speak of those to whom his mantle descended, the present most popular possessors of the German stage, two names occur to us of writers too bitterly neglected by their countrymen to be passed in silence here. Both were men of indisputable talents; neither of them could be claimed by any of the coteries or schools, who have done their best to make a faction-fight of both life and literature; with both the stage was a passion, though an unprofitable and unsuccessful one; and in the midst of a hard struggle, both died young.

Dietrich Christian Grabbe was born in 1801 and died in 1836, at a small place—of course 'a residence'—near Hanover called Detmold. His life had one unvarying colour, and ended as it began. His parents were miserably poor, and what education he had was self seized, by fierce gulps and snatches, from the midst of sordid employments. The natural faculty he possessed was early shown, and with some assistance would have worked to a good result: there was genius in him, a wild ambition, and a youthful glowing strength, which with moderate encouragement might have made a really great man, and saved us the pain of speaking of the caricature of one. For alas! he became little more. The German *Philister* is a word, and a man, as untranslatable as the French *Epicier*; but including a cowardice as faint-hearted, and as mean and gross a tyranny. Grabbe could never master the squalid wretchedness in which he first saw life; at Berlin and Leipsic he tried to get footing in the law, and was driven back; at almost every theatre in the country he presented himself with a dramatic composition, and had the door slammed in his face. His 'Duke of Gothland' (*Der Herzog von Gothland*), begun when he was nineteen, is in itself, wild, irregular, and fantastic as it is, ample evidence of the wealth and abundance of his powers. 'You patronize foreigners,' he cried: 'why not do something for me? You idolize and talk nonsense about your Shakspeares; try to make a Shakspeare of me!' There was no notice taken; and he launched forth a treatise against the mania—noticed just as little, though full of lively and admirable writing. (*Ueber die Shakspearomanie.**) Labour as he would, none would

* Frankfort, 1827.

listen. The mere names of his heroes and subjects show what a profitless exaggeration of ambition then possessed the man. Even Hannibal, Hermann (Arminius, liberator of Germany), and Napoleon, show pale before his design of setting forth, in one character, Don Juan and Faust combined! Impracticability grew upon him with years and neglect, till poetic beauty as well as scenic possibility were alike disregarded in his plans. Every thing must be exaggerated; every thing gigantic, enormous, desperate; if a battle, all its details; if virtue, or vice, both in their most violent form; if history, a whole people, a whole period, a whole land, must be dragged within the circle of the poem; and since others wrote fluent verse, he must affect a dry, hard, stony inveteracy of phrase. If the man's life had been less sad, we might afford to laugh at the ludicrous violence which was also assumed in his complaints of this latter period. 'What a to-do about this Faust!' he cries in one of his letters. 'All miserable! GIVE ME three thousand thaler a year, and in three years I'll write you a Faust that shall strike you all like a pestilence!' He died at thirty-five, as we have said; the last few years spent in low scenes of drunkenness (his mother had been a notorious drunkard), and in quarrels with an unhappy wife that he had married. His reason fled before his life. Poor luckless Grabbe! He is not known out of Germany, but even the poor translation of which his rude strength admits, would deeply interest the English reader. *Ex ungue leonem.* The claws, unhappily, are what he chiefly shows. Had proper culture clipped them, we might have had more of the mane and of the majesty.

The name we mention with his, is a worthier and more honourable, and that of one who, though never popular while he lived, and by death removed suddenly from the scene of his exertions, yet did not sink in the struggle as Grabbe did, but mastered much before he died, and kept to the last a proud and noble purpose, a clear and broad understanding. Karl Immermann—of whose extraordinary romance of 'Münchhausen' we recently spoke in this review—was born at Magdeburg in 1796, and died in 1841 at Düsseldorf. His taste turned to the stage with almost his first effort: at sixteen he had written a 'Prometheus.' His passion received fresh impulse with his university career; for, being a student at Halle, he saw the last days of the golden age of Weimar, where the theatre flourished under Göthe. The impression it made upon him reappeared in after life, when—having served in the war of liberation, practised as a lawyer, and received some small appointments—he found himself in 1827 counsellor of the provincial court at Düsseldorf, and, with high sanction, resolved to form a national theatre for the

performance of the classic drama. He assumed its direction, in which he displayed the most consummate talent. He called to his side Uchtritz and Grabbe, to the latter of whom, if his great scheme had succeeded, he would have opened what had so long and bitterly been shut upon him. Nor were any legitimate means of success left unattempted. No other would Immermann have tried, and might be justified in thinking these most likely to meet reward in a town which boasted to be a metropolis of German art, and which was crowded with artists: the colony of painters Schadow, Bendemann, and Lessing. He began his task by introducing to his public Shakspeare, with splendid scenic decorations and all fitting costume; Calderon, Lessing, Göthe, and Schiller followed; his energy was unremitting; and he displayed, in every department of his noble task, the most masterly skill. But one year, and the dream was dreamt. Immermann awoke and never again thought of taking the management of a theatre. What he says himself of this period of his life is very striking and full of instructive matter; but so indeed is the whole of his 'Memorabilien.'* Though he gave up the career of manager, however, he did not wholly abandon the stage. He continued, without making any strong or lasting impression, to write for it. It was in truth, though he loved it most and thought it most loved him, not the strongest side of his genius: which did not fully assert itself till it burst forth in two of the most extraordinary prose fictions of modern German literature. We described his 'Merlin' on a former occasion: we shall now simply add the names of his best tragic productions. 'The Tragedy of the Tyrol' (*Das Trauerspiel in Tyrol*), the hero of which is Andreas Hofer; 'Alexis,' an episode taken from the history of Peter the Great; and 'The Victims of Silence' (*Die Opfer der Schweigens*), his last tragedy.

The exciting year of 1830 carried off the rising talent of the country into an opposite direction to the drama, and the interval between that and the five following years is perhaps the most flat and hopeless in the whole range of even the German stage. Mean and poor translations of not very elevated or wise originals, taken wholly from the theatres of France and England, were its meager fare. Its brightest effort was the popular vulgar 'effect piece,' wherein the Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffers reigned supreme. But there was afterwards a reaction, and within the last seven years original dramatic productivity has been again im-

* Hamburg: Hoffmann and Campe. 1841-1842. 2 vols., one of which was a posthumous publication.

mense. We shall speak of it as briefly as possible, in its chronological order: since none of it can fairly claim a very marked pre-eminence.

The quiet domestic *bourgeois* style was cultivated with extraordinary success by the Princess Amelia of Saxony, sister of the king, who under the name of Amelia Heiter (Amelia Serene), tried her own Dresden Theatre in 1829 with a piece of the fantastic school, and in 1833 began her successful series of plays and dramas modelled on the style of Iffland. Born in 1794, while her uncle sat upon the throne, she passed her early years in extreme seclusion—‘her foot not suffered to touch the ground’—and it was said of her, or of one of her sisters, that her first request when she had outgrown her childhood, was to be allowed to cross on foot the beautiful bridge over the Elbe, on which she had looked daily for all the years of her young life. The reaction of the French Revolution first came with a crash on this seclusion; and many were the royal feet that then touched the ground—trudging over bridges, ascending scaffolds! The princess shared of course, between her twelfth and twenty-third year, all her family’s vicissitudes. She saw her uncle-king twice exiled, and twice restored: a prisoner, and again upon his throne. She returned to the palace of her ancestors amidst the triumphs of 1815, and having refused the hand of Ferdinand VII., was unknown save by her quiet attention to the duties, accomplishments, and pleasures of her high station, when her dramatic career began.

We have mentioned Iffland as her model. Her characters are all taken from common life. With one exception, she avoids the incidents of courts and palaces. The dwelling of the farmer, the counting-house of the merchant, the parlour of the physician, are her scenes. Simplicity and sentiment, which never ascend to passion; gentle and somewhat feeble characters; a plain and artless plot; the manners of good society, and a sound but commonplace moral; are the leading features of her dramatic muse. Her best points are a certain nicety of humour, some pathos, a strong sympathy in the common emotions of life, and an excellent heart. Her faults are on the negative side: her dramas want variety and relief, and are constructed too much on Mr. Puff’s drop-your-dagger style, some one important secret supplying the beef-eater’s function. Iffland she is, but *en beau*: Iffland in the sphere of German tea-parties, and innocent well-bred modern life. We mention a few of her best productions, and may refer the English reader to specimens lately translated by Mrs. Jameson. Her first was ‘Falsehood and Truth’ (*Lüge und Wahrheit*), and the most celebrated four that followed were ‘The Uncle’ (*Der Oheim*),

‘The Bride from the Residence’ (*Die Braut aus der Residenz*), ‘The Farmer’ (*Der Landwirth*), and ‘The Pupil’ (*Der Zögling*).

The princess found a successor of equal rank and birth in the Duke of Mecklenburg, Karl Friedrich August: a ‘full-blood Mecklenburg’, and one of the fiercest opponents of German culture and modern progress, who died in 1837 in Berlin. At the close of his life, and under the name of Weisshaupt (*Whitehead*), he wrote a play called ‘The Isolated Ones’ (*Die Isolirten*), which has some excellent points of dialogue. Other authors hastily followed, as a matter of course, in the same direction. Edward Devrient, an actor of Berlin, produced ‘The Favour of the Moment’ (*Die Gunst des Augenblickes*), ‘Aberrations’ (*Verirrungen*), ‘True Love’ (*Treue Liebe*); and, after a novel of Emile Souvestre, ‘The Manufacturer’ (*Der Fabrikant*). Johannah von Weissenthurn, formerly actress in Vienna, achieved similar success by many plays and comedies. Robert, in one of the most famous dramas of this modern period, ‘The Power of Conditions’ (*Die Macht der Verhältnisse*), and Gutzkow in ‘Werner’ or ‘Heart and World,’ in ‘The School of the Rich’ (*Die Schule der Reichen*), and ‘A White Page’ (*Ein weisses Blatt*), also wrought with some effect on the same popular model.

Then came forth, in 1836, with a success quite enormous, something between the romantic, the sentimental, and the *bourgeois* tragedy—another darling change for the playgoer—‘Griseldis,’ by Friedrich Halm (so the *Baron Münch-Bellinghausen*, privy-councillor to the Austrian government, and nephew of the president of the German diet in Frankfort, chooses to designate himself). The part of the heroine in this piece became on the instant as great a favourite with the German actresses, as Raupach’s *Ossip* had been with the actors; and the performance of clever Madame Rettich of Vienna, was ardently studied by all. No inconsiderable element in a vast popularity. It has been published in numberless editions; translated into the French, Dutch, and Swedish languages; is on the eve of appearance, we believe, in an English dress; and will speedily make acquaintance, we are told with the Théâtre Français and Mlle. Rachel. It is ungracious to make detailed objections to the reasonableness of a success of this kind, and the task has been in some sort made needless by an able and well-informed contemporary journal.* We shall therefore be brief. The story is of course that of *Patient Grissel*, with some striking change. Griseldis is wife to Percival, knight of king Arthur. The tortures and temptations are inflicted by her husband for a wager with Queen Ginevra;

* ‘The Athenæum.’

and her moral victory and virtue, contrasted with the pride and selfishness of Percival, is the bright and glowing theme of a series of pathetic scenes, constructed with immense effect, though in language more flowing and effeminate than powerful. She sacrifices her child, delivering the boy to the king's heralds; she goes into poverty and exile, repudiated by her husband; she saves his life, seeing him in danger, at her own and her father's risk; but, all these tortures borne, and the secret of them at last discovered, she does not, as in the old romance, consummate the lesson of patience and duty by returning to her husband, but (and there is a truth in this too!) utterly wretched, broken-hearted, incapable of further joy, and almost of life itself, she elects to return with her father to the poor cottage of her youth. And Percival? He remains upon the stage, covering his face with his hands, and as his gracious sovereign Arthur reads him a moral sermon, the curtain falls.

Since Müllner's *Schuld*, no such torrents of tears had been shed as these which bore witness to the pathos of *Griseldis*. It was a success, like that we formerly noted in Grillparzer, which could hardly have its fellow; and though, as his friend and countryman Grillparzer did, Halm has written better since, he has not kept pace with that first success. Particular scenes in all his plays have notwithstanding had surprising effect on his audiences. His exuberant flow of verse is at least extraordinary; and no one can cover a poor invention, even a cruel and unnatural catastrophe, with the perfume of such tender feelings, or beneath the flowers of such soft speech. Since 'Griseldis,' he has produced 'The Alchymist' (*Der Adept*); 'The Death of Camoens'; 'A mild Judgment' (*Ein Milder Urtheil*); 'Imelda Lambertazzi' (this is a pale and faded copy of 'Romeo and Juliet'); 'The King and Peasant' (*König und Bauer*: a beautiful design after Lope de Vega); and, the latest and greatest favourite after 'Griseldis,' 'The Son of the Desert' (*Der Sohn der Wildness*). This latter piece is a kind of inverted picture to that of 'Griseldis,' and turns on the civilization of Ingomar, chief of a wild horde of barbaric Gauls, by the Greek maid Parthenia, daughter of an old blacksmith at Massilia. It is the old story of the lion tamed by love, it being a kind of 'Griseldis' who figures in the bear's skin.

Simultaneously with these successes, the historic drama found a feeble representative in Julius Mosen, born in 1803, and still living at Dresden. A collection of his plays appeared in 1842, containing: 'Otto III.' (the German emperor, poisoned at Rome); 'Cola Rienzi' (Bulwer's hero, and at this time also hero of a grand opera by Richard Wagner at Dresden); 'the Bride of Florence' (*Die Bräute von Florenz*), a piece of action from the

time of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; and 'Wendelin and Helene' (taken from the history of the peasant-war in Germany). But beside these Mosen has written: 'The Son of the King' (*Der Sohn der Fürsten*) founded on the history of Frederick the Great while he was prince hereditary under the strict power of his father, and embodying his friend Katte's tragic sacrifice for him. This was represented only a few weeks ago at Dresden. 'Bernhard von Sachsen-Weimar,' Gustavus Adolphus's great successor, is also another of his heroes: in choice of whom, it will be seen, Mosen shows great intentions. But he wants power and originality. More original is Karl Gutzkow, born in 1811, and now living at Frankfort; but his great strength has not lain in the drama. One of the leaders of young Germany, with all the faults of his school as we recently showed, but with more than its ordinary merit; a man of energy, a sharp critic, and with a certain degree of power in all he writes; for a dramatist he is too cold, too much of a reasoner. In three years he produced the following plays, which excited attention, and indeed raised hopes that have not been fulfilled: 'Richard Savage,' on the tragic history of the English poet; 'Werner,' 'Die Schule der Reichen,' and 'Ein Weisses Blatt' (to which last we have already referred as bourgeois-dramas); and finally, his masterpiece we think, 'Patkul,' a sort of political tragedy; a work which dared to offer liberal thoughts and opinions on the stage; a tragedy of actual modern feeling, modern in the highest sense of the word because inculcating important truths of freedom and nationality. Gutzkow writes all his dramas in prose, after Lessing's manner; and his style is brief, strong, and of epigrammatic force, but seldom of high elevation, and not always unaffected. His friend and associate Heinrich Laube, now living at Leipsic, has also ventured on the stage. He made a lucky hit with 'Monaldeschi,' produced at Stuttgart in 1841; and followed it with a very unlucky one, in the comedy of 'Rococo.'

It was not an exception to the ordinary fate of all German attempts at comedy. Save in the case of Raupach, it has hardly occurred to us in the survey which is now coming to a close, to name a comic effort. It is the barren side of even the classic names of their theatre. But in accordance with the plan of our notice, which not only does homage to the famous, but attends to the neglected and remembers the forgotten, we will single out some names. Perhaps the easiest and most 'gracious' dialogue with any regular pretence to comedy, as well as the happiest observation of commonplace every-day life, is in the writing of Edward von Bauernfeld, born in 1804 and still living in Vienna. We specify him; and, at Vienna also, Deinhardstein and Castelli; at

Hamburg, Töpfer and Lebrün; and at Berlin, Albini, Cosmar, Blum, and Angely—without the least fear that our readers will dream of comparing them with Aristophanes, Goldoni, Gozzi, Vega, Molière, Congreve, Sheridan, or even Monsieur Scribe. Germany will probably have to wait for her comedy, till she gets in the nation social unity, and in the poets literary liberty and personal courage.

Meanwhile she has had, at least in Vienna, a very merry making and much-loved substitute: what she calls her '*Volkslustspiel, Zauberposse, Localstück, Wienerstück,*' popular comedy, magic drollery, local farce, Vienna piece! How shall we describe it? Sense and nonsense, the false and true, the moral and the fanciful; a world of fairies, demons and devils, mixed in endless practical joke with a world of honest workmen and stupid servants; over all, a dazzling blaze of fireworks and scenic metamorphose and grand pantomime trickery;—how shall we describe what, to the fun-loving childish population of Vienna, more fond of shows and spectacle than any other of the Germans, has always been the source of inexpressible pleasure and delight? Hence came the famous 'Nymph of the Danube' (*Donauweibchen*); hence 'Caspar Larifari' with his rude plain joke, happier follower than 'Tille' of honest old Jack pudding; hence 'The Magic Windmill on the Hill'; and all that for fifty years and more has charmed in-dwellers of the merry 'Kaiserstadt.'

But hence, above all, for it is mainly this that has severed it in our thoughts from association with the low and vulgar tastes it has too often subserved—hence came one of the most original and poetical figures, small as it is, that ever Germany possessed: poor Ferdinand Raimund, who was born at Vienna in 1790, and killed himself in 1836, in a sad and sudden access of melancholy and madness. Before him the author-triad, *Gleich, Meitz,* and *Bäuerle* (the last, creator of the famous comic 'Staberl'), had hovered as a steady constellation over the theatres in the Leopoldstadt, and other faubourgs of Vienna; when Raimund came and darkened it by his magic brightness. He was from 1825 to 1836 not only the favourite of his countrymen, but even, sharp and peculiar as was this local school, of all other audiences in Germany. Raimund was himself a most excellent actor, and the brief mention of one of his delightful little works will illustrate at once his genius and his heart. We take 'The King of the Alps and the Misanthrope.' Its argument runs thus. The Demon of the Alps hears of a rich man, who is unhappy, and makes others so, by his selfish misanthropy. He determines to cure him, and with this view takes his figure, his face, his dress, his sickness, his miserable faults, and appearing to him thus,

shames him to a sense of his wickedness and folly. By the side of this there is another picture—the contrast of a poor digger in the mines, who with his family lives in the greatest external wretchedness, but in all peace and happiness within. The effect upon the rich man's lot is most charmingly wrought. And such is the moral of nearly all Raimund's plays; the lesson, most prettily and quaintly enforced, that human happiness does not consist in riches and splendour, but in innocence, peace, and love. He was in the best sense of the word a popular poet; plain and intelligible, simple and fanciful; and his couplets are to this day re-echoed, as for years and years they are sure to be, in the streets and inns and all jovial places of German towns. With the faith and truth of a child's pure and unmisgiving fancy, his poetry mingled the world of dreams, of wonders, and of spirits, with an earnest reality; and through all his works, the instructive contrasts and mutual lessons of youth and old age, of love and envy, of peace and dispute, move in charming and simple allegories.

After poor Raimund's unhappy death, his imitators did their best to degrade his memory; and the style he made so fascinating is now represented at Vienna by a series of vulgar, mean, gross farces, in which Nestroy has the honour to excel. In the north indeed, Karl von Holtei made an attempt to supply his loss by something analogous to the French vaudeville: little pieces with songs (*liederspiel*), in which 'Leonore,' after Bürger's ballad, became tolerably popular:—while in Berlin the lowest and most abject descent was made by introduction of what were called the *Eckensteher Witze*, the jokes and farces of carriers and porters, the humour and enjoyment of thieves and drunkards. Beckmann, actor at the minor theatre, who made it his special study to copy such men after nature, was the first who brought them on the stage. His 'Nante' has been published in upwards of twenty editions, and has had numberless imitators. Such is the direction taken nowadays in Germany by dramatic 'poets for the people!' It has brought us as low as we can require or care to come; and with a few words upon the living actors, we shall bid the subject adieu.

The various interests of the stage are for the most part closely connected. Let the poet, the actor, or the public, fail of what the drama's full support exacts from each, and the failure is adverse to all. Some causes of the decline we have touched upon; but in proceeding to speak of the low condition of the mere scenic departments of the stage, the injustice from which authors suffer cannot be too strongly premised. The brighter side of the

history of the German theatre, proves that only by active assistance and direction from men of letters, has success been at any time attained. Hamburg under Lessing and Schröder, Weimar under Schiller and Göthe, Berlin under Iffland, Vienna under Schreyvogel, Dresden under Tieck: these were the golden times. Their successors have, for the most part, been crown-dignitaries, counts, knights, generals, equerries, marshals. Men whose knowledge of the scenic or dramatic art has been confined to studies of the ballet made at the *coulisses*, have since had exclusive sway over establishments of national art and culture. Hence, among other results directly levelled against the proper influence of the higher order of literary men, the ridiculously low sums to which rates of payment for dramatic authorship have been almost universally reduced. Even English writers may shudder at them, what would the French do? There are some fifty managements in all. Suppose a lucky dramatist, by some astonishing good fortune, to have mastered his approach to half of them, the other half are pretty sure to remain inaccessible; and his remuneration must depend on a small fee paid by each of these twenty-five theatres, or so many as consent to patronize him, amounting for a full five-act play to an average of six or eight louis d'or, which, once paid, gives the right of performance for an unlimited time! Such is the system even in the royal theatres of Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and other distinguished 'residences.' The exceptions are the royal theatres of Vienna and Berlin, where, for the former, a hundred ducats will purchase a play, and, for the latter, twenty louis d'or. A play so purchased (we except of course such special engagements as those of Raupach), popular to an unexampled extent, and received at every theatre in the country, would hardly bring more than a thousand florins, and could not, in any juncture of circumstances, double that amount. Nor has the author any resource or help from publication. The German law is as disgraceful in this respect as the English was, some years ago. A drama committed to the press, is at once the property of every theatre that may think it worth the acting. Some slight modifications have been lately attempted, but almost universally this is still the law.

As authors have declined, and with them theatres, it was not to be expected that actors should improve. Their great time, as a mere matter of course, was from 1780 to 1820. Long ago had such names as those of Eckhof (Lessing's friend), Iffland, Schröder, and Beil, vanished from the scene: within even the last ten years the losses have been grievous, and in no case supplanted by younger men. Berlin has lost, by death, Ludwig Devrient,

by far the greatest genius of his art; Göthe's pupil, P. A. Wolff; Lemm, a survivor of Iffland's time; more recently, the careful and learned artist, laborious and painstaking Seydelmann;* and, by madness, Krüger, whom Göthe was fond of calling the *German Orestes*. Vienna has within the same time lost Sophia Müller, the best actress of high comedy; and Raimund, Schuster, and Madame Krones, the three great supports of its popular drama. So Munich has lost Vespermann, Urban, Esslair (the last great *Wallenstein*); Dresden has lost Paerli; and Weimar is desolate, as well as Hamburg, since the death of Schmidt. Nor, as we say, does youth supply their places. Still, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Frankfort, in Dresden, the old generation is yet the only good one: though alas! lovers are stricken in years; heroes have lost their teeth; and intriguants are so deaf that they hear no one, not even the prompter. Is this a reasonable prospect for a stage? Sophia Schröder has a daughter, the noble singer Madame Schröder Devrient; and if the daughter is quite old enough for *her* performances, what should the mother be for characters younger still! Madame Crelinger of Berlin has in like manner, though often not out of her teens on the stage, presented the stage with two full-blown acting daughters. So with the two first of German lovers. The one is a happy grandfather; and the other old customer of many years' standing to the best of Paris wig-makers. Korn, the best comic actor in Vienna, is similarly circumstanced. And Madame Lindner in Frankfort, once the most lovely Gretchen in 'Faust,' is grown now so dreadfully fat, that she requires a larger entrance at the wing than is commonly used.

And as these stars set, we repeat, no new one rises. We pointed at the opening of our paper to one of the causes that leave the stage to be chiefly recruited now from young men that have nothing better to do, and young ladies who cannot get reasonably married. To such the art presents peculiar attractions, being distinguished from all other arts by advantageous absence of apprenticeship. People laugh at the notion of a school, or academy, or college for scenic studies. Saphir, one of the leading journalists of Vienna, and Edward Devrient, the dramatist and actor of Berlin, have made propositions for some such establishment more than once, but without the least success. It is thought much better and more natural that as Minerva comes, full grown and appointed out of

* His best dramatic pictures, all elaborated with infinite care and finish, were Louis XI.: Cromwell: Shylock: Ossip: Marinelli (in Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti'): Carlos (in Göthe's 'Clavigo'): and Mephistophiles.

Jupiter's head, the actor should come, finished and full-sized out of his own.

But it is time to close our sketch. We will take the theatres in succession, and mention, briefly and rapidly as we may, their chief histrionic ornaments. And first for the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. Its present conductor, Franz von Holbein, called lately from Hanover to assume the post, is certainly the best existing theatrical manager. He has around him the first talent of Germany, and has already, in the face of all the disadvantages of the modern system, given promise of an apparently zealous wish to recall the days of Schreyvogel and Deinhardstein. His best gentleman-actor in comedy is Korn, who has never had a rival in the Iffland characters, and has lately increased his repute by a masterly performance of Bolingbroke in the translation of Scribe's 'Verre d'Eau.' Next may be named a celebrated stage lover, M. Fichtner; his wife, as famous a stage coquette; and with these, Louisa Newmann, an excellent natural actress. In tragedy, Madame Rettich, the pupil of Tieck, is not only first in Vienna, but has admitted tragic supremacy through the whole of Germany. Her first performance was Gretchen in Göthe's 'Faust.' Her great successes since have been Iphigenia, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, Juliet (Shakspeare's), and of late years more especially, Halm's Griseldis and Parthenia. She has a majestic figure and an admirable voice, and is a woman of unquestionable genius. In the serious sentimental parts Madame Peche (whom A. W. Schlegel found at Bonn on the Rhine in the caravan of a juggler, disguised as a wild girl and showing boa-constrictors) is now the best actress, and may occupy the step immediately beneath Madame Rettich. Of the tragic actors the first to be named is Ludwig Löwe, member of the famous family of artists who have made that name eminent in the history of the German theatre; himself son and brother of great actors, husband of a great actress, father to a most promising actress, and cousin to one of the most celebrated of Berlin singers. Löwe is, beyond question, the most versatile of all the living artists. He began his career with comic performances at Prague; at Cassel he played lovers and heroes; and since 1826 has taken first rank at Vienna. His most eminent performances here have been Hamlet, Romeo, the Fool in 'Lear,' Percival in 'Griseldis,' Ottokar (Grillparzir's), and Roderick in Calderon's 'Life a Dream.' He is supported by Anschütz, a pupil of Iffland, Wolff, and Esslair; in the old times himself a Lear and a Wallenstein whom Tieck pronounced incomparable; but now, on score of great age, exclusively devoted to the performance of heroic fathers, and parts of venerable age. With

this name we have summed up the strength of the Imperial Theatre. The lower houses are chiefly strong in Carl their director, in Nestroy their writer, and in Scholz their comic person. It is at least impossible to see them, and keep your countenance!

The recent loss of Seydelmann to Berlin, is but feebly supplied by the enormous voice and amazing physical force of Rott. Since this death and those of Wolff, Lemm, and Devrient, the only support of the classic drama in Berlin has been Madame Crelinger. She is the Maid of Orleans; the Emilia Galotti; the Thekla of 'Wallenstein;' the Juliet and Ophelia. She is Mary Stuart; Sappho; Countess Terzka in 'Wallenstein;' and Olga. Lastly, she is the Lady Macbeth; the Lady Milford of Schiller's 'Kabale und Liebe;' and the Lady Macclesfield of Gutschow's 'Richard Savage.' Of the Berlin comedians, it seems only necessary to single out Charlotte Von Hagn: a Dejaset without the coarseness.

After Vienna and Berlin, for the merit of their actors, come the theatres of Dresden, Stuttgart, Munich, Carlsruhe, and Frankfort. In Dresden, Emil Devrient, the nephew of Louis, is the best sentimental actor; and Miss Bauer is supreme in comedy. In Stuttgart, Döring is one of the few who are masters of a genial and natural force of humour. He excels in characters of common life, and his Jews, in particular, have gone with a wonderful reputation throughout the whole of Germany. Here, too, is the excellent stage-manager, Moritz. Munich has a very fair imitator of Seydelmann. In Carlsruhe, Madame Haitzinger Neumann, wife of the celebrated tenor; in Frankfort, Miss Lindner, and Auguste Frühauf with her pretty French manner; have great merit. And with the deserving name of Julius Weidner, also at the latter theatre, we close this rapid survey, the most complete that has yet been given to an English reader, of the actual condition of the modern German stage.

ART. XII.—*Le Bananier*, par FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ. Paris. 1843.

It is hard to follow the progress of French novelists nowadays. Their fecundity is so prodigious, that it is almost impossible to take any count of the number of their progeny; and a review which professes to keep its readers *au courant* of French light literature, should be published, not once a quarter, but more than once a day. The parliamentary debates with us are said to be a great and growing evil; and a man during the session, and with private business of his own, has no small difficulty in keeping up with his age, and in reading his newspaper from end to end. Public speakers in France are not so verbose generally; or, at any rate, French parliamentary reporters are not so desperately accurate. But, on the other hand, the French reader must undergo a course of study infinitely more various, and more severe too in the end, though in the easy department of fiction. Thus with us, when you are once at the conclusion of the debates in the 'Times,' you are not called upon to peruse the same orations in the 'Post' or the 'Advertiser:' which each luckily contains precisely the same matter. But since the invention of the *Feuilleton* in France, every journal has its six columns of particular and especial report. M. Eugene Sue is still guillotining and murdering and intriguing in the 'Débats' (for the 'Mystères de Paris,' of which we noticed five volumes six months since, have swollen into ten by this time); M. Dumas has his tale in the 'Siècle;' Madame Gay is pouring out her eloquence daily in the 'Presse;' M. Reybaud is endeavouring, with the adventures of Jean Mouton in the 'National,' to equal the popularity which he obtained with 'Jérôme Paturot:' in a word, every newspaper has its different tale, and besides, the libraries do not seem more slack than usual with their private ventures. M. de Balzac has happily subsided for the moment, and is at St. Petersburg; Madame Sand is, however, at her twelfth volume of 'Consuelo;' and the indefatigable M. Soulié is everywhere. He publishes circulating libraries at once.

A part of this astonishing luxury of composition on the part of the famous authors, is accounted for, however, in the following way. The public demand upon them is so immense, that the authors, great as their talents may be, are not able to supply it, and are compelled to take other less famous writers into their pay. And as the famous wine merchants at Frankfort who purchased the Johannisberg vintage of 1811, have been selling it ever since, by simply mixing a very little of the wine of that famous year with an immense quantity of more modern liquor; so

do these great writers employ smaller scribes, whose works they amend and prepare for press. Soulié and Dumas can thus give the Soulié or Dumas flavour to any article of tolerable strength in itself; and so prepared, it is sent into the world with the Soulié or Dumas seal and signature, and eagerly bought and swallowed by the public as genuine. The retailers are quite aware of the mixture, of which indeed the authors make no secret; but if the public must have *Johannisberg* of 1811 and no other, of course the dealers will supply it, and hence the vast quantity of the article in the market. Have we not seen in the same way how, to meet the demands of devotion, the relics of the saints have multiplied themselves; how Shakspeare's mulberry-tree has been cut down in whole forests, and planed and carved by regiments of turners and upholsterers; and how, in the plains of Waterloo, crosses, eagles, and grapeshot are still endlessly growing?

We are not sufficient connoisseurs in Soulié to say whether the novel before us is of the real original produce, or whether it has simply been flavoured, like the *Johannisberger achtzehnhundertelfer* before mentioned. 'The Bananier' may be entirely original; or, like many of Rubens's originals, a work of a pupil with a few touches of the master. The story is cleverly put together, the style is very like the real Soulié; and seeing the author's signature, of course we are bound to credit. The tale has been manufactured, we take it, not merely for a literary, but also for a political purpose. There is a colonial-slavery party in France; and the book before us is written to show the beauties of slavery in the French colonies, and the infernal intrigues of the English there and in the Spanish islands, in order to overthrow the present excellent state of things. The subjects are two fine themes for a romantic writer. To paint negro slavery as a happy condition of being; to invent fictions for the purpose of inculcating hatred and ill-will; are noble tasks for the man of genius. We heartily compliment Monsieur Soulié upon his appearance as a writer of political fictions.

The amiable plot of the piece is briefly this. A young Frenchman, with the most absurd romantic ideas of abolition and the horrors of slavery, goes to Guadaloupe, to see his father's correspondent, a planter there, and perhaps to marry his daughter. The planter has an English nephew who aspires to the hand of the lady, and likewise has a special mission from his government to procure abolition. For this end he has instruction to hesitate at no means. He has orders to poison the negroes, to burn the planters' houses, to murder the planters, and to foment a general insurrection and massacre. Let us not say a word of the author of repute who would condescend to write such a pretty fiction as this;

but rather wonder at the admirable impartiality and good taste of a people to whom such a tale could be supposed to be written. Unfortunately, the fictions of the romancers are not greater than the fictions of the grave politicians of the French public press. What a noble characteristic of a nation, is this savage credulity and hatred! What a calm sense of magnanimous superiority does this mad envy indicate! What a keen, creditable appreciation of character is this, which persists in seeing guile in the noblest actions, and cannot understand generosity but as a cover for some monstrous and base design! Well, well, we must hope that years will dissipate this little amiable and charitable error of the most civilized, and therefore the most humane and just, people of the world. It is in their compassionate interest for the entire human race, whom they were formed by nature to protect, that they dread us perfidious shopkeepers of England: an error of people whose love makes them only too perspicacious, *soliciti plena timoris amor*—an error of the heart, and on the right side. Someday or other the great nation will perhaps relent. She will say, ‘I am the guardian of humanity, as all the world knows perfectly well. All the oppressed are looking up to me: night and day they have their eyes turned towards me, and are invoking, as that of a Providence, the sacred name of La France! I am the Good Principle of the Earth: you are the Evil. I say so. Victor Hugo says so. M. de Lamartine, and all the French newspapers, say so. I may have been wrong for once: it is just possible, and I give you the benefit of the doubt. You did not emancipate your negroes out of hatred to the French colonies. It was not in order to set Guadaloupe and Bourbon by the ears that you spent twenty millions—*cinq cents millions de francs*! You are a nation of shopkeepers, and know the value of money better. Go. You are forgiven this time. I am the Providence of the World!’ Let us look forward in calm hope to that day of rehabilitation; and meanwhile, leaving the general question, return to Monsieur Soulié and his novel.

Our author lands his hero in Guadaloupe, and the day after his arrival he proceeds, in a kind of incognito, to visit his correspondent, the rich planter. On his journey to that gentleman’s house (his faithful servant Jean accompanying him), they meet a negro, who, in an argument with Jean, shows the latter that the negro slave is a thousand times happier than a free Norman servant, who, after all, is only free to chose what master he likes. They proceed to the coffee-grounds and M. Sanson’s estate, and there they find the negroes in such a state of absurd happiness, indolence, and plenty, that Jean is determined he will black and sell himself at once, and resign the privileges of an illusory and

most uncomfortable freedom. Luckily, this manly argument for slavery has been debated and settled in Europe some five hundred years, and it is not probable that M. Soulié would have his countrymen turn slaves again; but he means, we take it, to establish the point, that our compassion is greatly thrown away upon a set of idle good-for-nothing blacks, who are quite unfit for liberty, and, in fact, greatly happier than they deserve to be.

M. Clémenceau, the young Frenchman, will not believe in these signs of prosperity; he will have it that the blacks are wretched, that they are only ordered to be happy for that day under pain of flogging, and that there is some tremendous plot against him. He is, in fact, extremely peevish, and absurdly suspicious; and because he cannot, or will not, understand them, ready to calumniate all the world. Is it possible that a young French philanthropist should ever be in such a state? and if one, is it possible that a whole nation should have such prejudices? Perhaps. But we are getting again on *the general question*. The Frenchman is installed in the planter's house, where, received with kindness, he is ready to mistrust and to bully every body (one cannot, do what one will, but think of the general question), and here at length we have him in presence of the Englishman. The scene is a dinner party, and the two rivals begin quarreling 'as to the manner born.'

" 'And what Parisian novelties have you brought us,' said Madame de Cambasse.

" 'My father has begged me to offer some little presents on his part to Mademoiselle Sanson, and as soon as my baggage is brought on shore, I hope M. Sanson will permit me to present them to Mademoiselle.'

" 'I accept for her with a great deal of pleasure,' said Monsieur Sanson.

" 'And I am sure that these presents will be in the best possible taste,' said Monsieur Welmoth, 'if Monsieur Clémenceau has selected them.'

" The sneer was evident, but Ernest did not choose to take personal notice of it, and replied,

" 'There is no great merit in choosing in our country: for elegance, grace, and good taste, as Monsieur says, are to be found in every thing which is done there.'

" 'It is certain that you are the kings of the mode,' said Welmoth, still sneering.

" 'As you are the kings of commerce,' replied Ernest, with the most impertinent politeness.

" Jean at this made a grimace. He thought his master was not holding his own, as the phrase is. Mr. Welmoth was of the same opinion, for he continued in a pompous tone,

“ ‘The kings of commerce! No frivolous empire that, I think.’

“ ‘Certainly not; but it is an empire of circumstance which a thousand events may destroy; whereas that which is inherent in the talent, the tact, the good taste of a nation, to use your expression sir, remains eternal. You may continue for a long time yet to be kings of the coal-mine and the rail-road: but we shall be always kings of the fine arts, of literature, of every thing which elevates the soul and aggrandizes the dignity of humanity.’

“ ‘You speak of literature, Monsieur Clémenceau: you have never read Sir Walter Scott.’

“ ‘I know him by heart, sir. However ignorant Frenchmen may be, they have not that narrow spirit of nationality which prevents them from seeing the merit of their rivals. Almost all of you know French, gentlemen; but you don’t know a word of our literature. In fact you have the same spirit in every thing,—you know the mechanism, but you know not the work.’

“ ‘And are they worth reading, your French books?’ said Welmoth.

“ ‘You will be able to judge when you have read them.’

“ Ernest pronounces these words in such a calm tone of disdain that Monsieur Welmoth blushed red, and Madame de Cambasse turning to Clémenceau said, ‘Have you brought many new books?’

“ ‘A whole cargo,’ said Clémenceau, laughing.

“ At this moment Jean in waiting upon Clara committed some little awkwardness.

“ ‘He!’ said Edward with an arrogant air. ‘Monsieur le domestique Français, mademoiselle has her own people to wait upon her.’

“ ‘Pardon me, mademoiselle,’ said Ernest, ‘but the French domestics are like their masters, and are in the habit of being polite to every one.’


“ The two young men looked each other in the face, the two grooms exchanged hostile glances—war was declared, and the positions already taken up.”

This little bit of comedy is curious and laughable, not on account of the two illustrious antagonists and their ‘grooms,’ whom M. Soulié has brought to wait at table, but on account of the worthy author himself, who exhibits here no unfair specimen of the scribes of his nation. From the ‘National,’ upwards or downwards, the animus is the same; in great public journals, and here as we see in humble little novels, directly L’Angleterre is brought into question La France begins to bristle up and look big, and prepare to *écraser* the enemy. They will have us enemies, for all we can do. Apropos of a public matter, a treaty of commerce, or a visit to dinner, war is declared. Honest Monsieur Soulié cannot in a novel bring a Frenchman and his servant in presence of an Englishman and his groom (the latter, by the way, is described as being dressed in a livery of *yellow and crimson*, an extremely neat and becoming costume), but as soon as the two couples are toge-

ther they begin to hate each other. Jean, the French servant, dresses himself in his most *ficelé* manner, in order to compete with his antagonist in the crimson and yellow; and similarly recommends his master to *put on his best clothes*, so as to overcome his British adversary. 'When Clémenceau was left alone,' our author says, 'he comprehended that the *gros bon sens* of John had advised him better than all his own personal reflections, and he took particular care *à faire ressortir tous les avantages de sa personne*.' The imagination can supply the particulars of that important toilet. Is it not a noble and magnanimous precaution?—a proof of conscious dignity and easy self-respect? The hero to be sure is an imaginary one: but who but a Frenchman would have thought of preparing a hero to overcome an enemy by the splendour of his clothes, the tightness of his waist, the manner in which his hair was curled, and the glossy varnish of his boots? Our author calls this uneasy vanity *gros bon sens*. Thus, before he has an interview with the Europeans, Quashimaboo's wives recommend him to put another ring in his nose, and another touch of ochre over his cheeks, in order that the chief may appear more majestic in the eyes of the white men. There is something simple, almost touching, in the nature of the precautions, and in the naïveté which speaks of them as *gros bon sens*.

When our author brings his personages together, the simple artifices with which he excites our respect or hatred for them are not less curious. He takes care even that the politeness of the 'groom' should be contrasted. Crimson and yellow remains behind his master's chair after the fashion of his insolent country, while the Frenchman is made to be polite to every body as Frenchmen always are. What a touch that is of '*He! Monsieur le domestique Français*, Mademoiselle has her own people to wait upon her.' How like in all respects to the conduct of an English gentleman in a strange house, to attack other people's 'grooms' for bad behaviour at table, and to call them Messieurs les domestiques. The servants might make what mistakes they chose; the whole table might be upset; the sauce-boat might burst in shivers upon the lap of the Briton; and in a strange house: and such is the indomitable pride of those islanders, that *impavidum ferient ruinæ*.

As English reviewers we are not going to take a side with Mr. Welworth against M. Clémenceau and the author, but would only point out humbly and good-naturedly such errors as we conceive the latter commits. Thus the speech put into the mouth of M. Clémenceau, that though Englishmen are almost all acquainted with the French language, they do not know a word about its literature; and the hint that the French, though they do *not* know our language, *do* know our literature, having no narrow



spirit of nationality which prevents them from seeing the merit of their rivals—this speech may be considered as a general observation, applicable to the two countries, rather than to the story; and might have taken a place in the ‘Memoirs of the Devil,’ or in the ‘Four Sisters,’ or in the ‘General Confession,’ or in the ‘Château des Pyrénées,’ or in any work of M. Soulié. It is a proposition that may be asserted apropos of any thing.

But is it a fair one and altogether unopen to cavil? It stands thus. The English do know French, but don’t know French literature. The French don’t know English, but do know English literature. We are the mechanics, we know the wheels but not the work: they are the great spirits, which know the work, but do not care for the petty details of the wheels. Victor Hugo has enunciated in his book upon the Rhine an opinion exactly similar to that of Soulié: viz., that France is the great intellect and light of the world, and that, in fact, all the nations in Europe would be fools without her.

Let us concede that pre-eminence. A nation which can understand a language without knowing it, has advantages that other European people do not possess. She is the intellectual queen of Europe, and deserves to be placed at its head. There is no coming up to her: we don’t start with the same chances of winning. But surely it should not be argued that our knowing the French language operates against us as an actual disadvantage in becoming acquainted with French literature. *We* have no other way of getting at it. We are not master-spirits: we can no more read books without knowing the words, than make houses without setting up the bricks. Do not turn us away and discourage us in our study of the words. Some day or other we may get to comprehend the literature of this brilliant France, and read the ‘Memoirs of the Devil.’

This is all we humbly pray for. The superiority of France we take for granted. But if in an *English* book we were to come across such an argument and dialogue as the above to a Frenchman, ‘We in England do not know your language, but can perfectly appreciate your literature; whereas, though I admit you are acquainted with English, yet your natives are much too great fools to understand it’—we should say that the English author was a bigotted, vain coxcomb, and would expose as in duty bound, his dullness, monstrous arrogance, ignorance, and folly.

After giving the above satisfactory specimen of the *élégance*, the *grâce*, and the *bon-gout* of his country, M. Soulié prepares to cure his hero of his generous error regarding slavery: and if the romancer’s epilogues have any moral to them, as no doubt they are intended to have, we should argue from

his story, not only that slavery is not an evil, but actually a blessing and a laudable institution. We will not say that this is the opinion in France, but we will say that in that sentimental and civilized country the slave-question has been always treated with the most marked indifference, the slave sufferings have been heard with scepticism. Is it that the French are not far enough advanced and educated to the feelings of freedom yet, to see the shame and the crime of slavery? or, rather, that they are inspired by such an insane jealousy of this country, as to hate every measure in which it takes the lead? When the younger Dupin said in the chamber that the abolition of slavery by England was 'an immense mystification,'—and spoke what was not unacceptable to the public, too—he satirized his own country far more severely than the nation he wished to abuse. A man who sees his neighbour generous, and instantly attributes a base motive to his generosity, exposes his own manners more than his neighbour's. A people living by the side of ours, who can take no count of the spirit of Christian feeling in England, of the manly love of liberty which is part of our private and public morals, shows itself to be very ignorant and very mean, too, and as poorly endowed with the spirit of Christianity, as with that of freedom. There was not a meeting-house in England where sober, quiet, and humble folk congregated, but the shame and crime of slavery was soberly felt and passionately denounced. It was not only the statesmen and the powerful that Wilberforce and Clarkson won over; but the women and children took a part, and a very great and noble one, too, in the abolition of that odious crime from our legislation. It was the noblest and greatest movement that ever a people made—the purest, and the least selfish: and if we speak about it here, and upon such an occasion as this trumpery novel gives us, it is because this periodical, from its character, is likely to fall into some French and many foreign hands; and because, such is the persevering rage of falsehood with which this calumny is still advocated by a major part of the French press, that an English writer, however humble, should never allow the lie to pass without marking his castigation of it, and without exposing it wherever he meets it.

Our novelist, with the ardent imagination of those of his trade, goes however to prove a great deal more than is required of him: and gives such a delightful picture of the happiness of French negroes, that poor Jacques Bonhomme might cry out to be made a slave at once, if, by sacrificing his rights at present, he could be inducted into such a charming state of dependence. The hero of the story finds that the slaves only work *six hours in a week*, for which they are well fed and clothed; they have the rest of their time to them-

selves; they earn as much money as to satisfy their utmost avarice for indolence, their love of dress, or of liquor. They would not be free if they could; and one meritorious slave, who is introduced especially, a new importation from Africa, exhibits the greatest alarm lest he should be sent back to his native country. It was because led by such as writers these, that in the imperial times, the French fancied their domination was received as a welcome gift over Europe. The 'Moniteur' contains a hundred such statements regarding Spain. As for the German Rhineland, we have seen how the French believe to this moment it is theirs in heart and soul. But let us give the secret of the English abolition as it is laid down here for French instruction. M. Soulié has the whole thread of the intrigue, and it was probably furnished to him by the statesman who ordered him to popularize their doctrines by means of this tale.

The hero makes the acquaintance of an Irish superintendent of the plantations, who by means of *des relations qu'il a conservées en Angleterre* has the secret unveiled to him. 'I am,' says Mr. Owen, 'an Englishman, if, that is to say, an Irishman has a right to that title—if, born in a part of Great Britain which is subject to the most insolent, the most ferocious, and the most contemptuous tyranny, I can recognise as my countrymen those who treat my compatriots with more rigour and more disdain than the most insolent master uses towards his black slaves. And yet, in spite of my just griefs against the English, I have some hesitation in accusing them before you.'

This is only a French novel to be sure, but it lies, as much as the gravest newspaper in the anti-English interest. The only point one would remark in the above statement is the hint that some slave-masters *do* treat their slaves insolently and tyrannically—the admission takes off from the beauty of the picture of that paradise, a French colony. And now Mr. Owen unveils the secret of secrets.

" 'You know, sir, at what price England purchased the emancipation of her colonies?'

" Ernest was about to break out into enthusiastic praises of this sublime act of philanthropy, but he had not the time, for Monsieur Owen continued as follows:

" 'You are too well aware of the real interests of France not to be aware that England did not begin by completing with her own hands the imminent ruin of her colonies, except that she might arrive through these at the ruin of the French and Spanish colonies, the prosperity of which is injurious to her.

" 'You are not, I suppose, about to give credit to the regular organizers of famines in India for such a magnificent love of the black race,

as to induce them out of mere humanity to establish the abolition and apprenticeship system in Jamaica. They know better than we, and experience has proved the correctness of their calculations, that the abolition of slavery was the instant destruction of all prosperity and fortune.

“ ‘What was their calculation? it was no doubt to the following effect : The first blow at the colonies was the slave-trade abolition—the last will be the abolition of slavery. We no doubt shall lose some possessions by it, but France and Spain will lose more than we; in fact they will lose every colony they possess, while the loss of a few islands will hardly count among us whose possessions are so vast.

“ ‘France and Spain will no longer have means of supplying themselves, and India will still remain ours: the only granary from which the world will be obliged to furnish itself with produce, which has now become as necessary to Europe as its own indigenous produce.’

“ ‘This argument might be correct,’ said Ernest, ‘if, as you say, ruin is the certain consequence of abolition.’


“ ‘Can you doubt it?’ said Mr. Owen, with the air of a man quite astonished that such a question could be put to him. ‘I was at Jamaica at the commencement of this organized catastrophe, and never did ruin march with such rapidity.

“ ‘But this question, for the present at least, is not necessary to prove to you by facts. The plans of the society, of which Mr. Welmoth is here the secret agent, will prove to you up to what point the abolition is considered by the English a means of infallible ruin. His first orders, *received from a society patronized by the East India Company, and perhaps by the English government itself*, are to become at the cheapest price possible the proprietor of the most considerable estates in the country.

“ ‘This done, Mr. Welmoth and others who, as you will see, will succeed him, will establish themselves at Guadaloupe; and once proprietors they will begin to labour according to the turns of their mission, and successively emancipate their slaves. In the name of philanthropy they will spread through the plantations ideas of revolt and enfranchisement.

“ ‘Five hundred, six hundred, twelve hundred slaves so liberated by them, will thus form a centre of *mauvais sujets*, round which the disaffected of the other plantations may rally. It will be a fomentation of discord, a commencement of disorganization, which may be the cause of new massacres. These dark enemies will be overcome no doubt; but it is to be feared that this spirit of insubordination will appear to the French chambers a symptom of the maturity of the slave for liberty, and that, hence, they will formally vote the abolition of slavery.

“ ‘Let this result be far off or near at hand, England will march with indefatigable perseverance, by means the most perfidious and the most obscure, as by the most splendid demonstrations of philanthropy. She will make every appeal to sentiments the most worthy as to those



the most generous; but she has one single aim to be attained by one infallible means, the ruin of the French colonies by means of the abolition of the slave trade.

“ ‘ This I know. This I am sure of. This Monsieur Sanson does not suspect from the frankness and loyalty of his nature.’ ”

He may well have ‘ some hesitation’ in telling a story so damning to his country. But the secret is out now: and the perfidy of Albion unveiled. It is the East India Company, the rogues ‘ who organize periodical famines in India,’ who have set the incendiaries to work in the French and Spanish colonies. Sir Welmoth has a mission from the Court of Directors (in the month of April, 1838), and in truth executes it with more than national perfidiousness. As he has a sincere love for his cousin, the daughter of the planter whose happy negroes have been described; and as the young lady is heiress to the paternal property of which her future husband may look one day to have possession; Sir Welmoth, in pursuit of his infernal schemes, begins by lending the father money so as to harass the property, and by *poisoning the negroes on the estate*. One may ask why the young patriot, if bent upon executing this scheme of ‘ the East India Company,’ did not begin by poisoning *somebody else’s* negroes: but this, it will be remarked, is of a piece with the policy of the country at large. Before ruining the French colonies, we begun by ruining our own. But surely there is some break in the chain of argument here, and the author has here the subject for at least another chapter: for though a thief in a crowd, in order to avert suspicion, will often say he has been robbed, he will not really fling away his own purse containing twice as much as his victim’s, for the purpose of securing the latter.

This then we take to be a slight fault in the construction of the romance; though to do the author justice, the plot for the most part is carried on with very considerable art. It is in pursuance of the instructions of the East India Company that Sir Welmoth is ordered to poison his uncle’s slaves, but the Court of Directors by no means wish that their agent should be discovered—so what does he do? He manages to lay the blame upon the poor young French gentleman, whose *negrophily* is well known; to *brouiller* him with his worthy correspondent; and finally, as his presence may be likely to *gêner* the plans of the Honourable East India Company, Sir Welmoth has him assassinated under the banyan-tree: whence the title of the novel.

The assassin wounds, but not kills his victim, who recovers as we need not say, to expose the infernal conspiracies of the atrocious emissary from Leadenhall-street. And the discovery is brought about by a novel and ingenious method. *Jean*, the


Frenchman's groom, has remarked that Sir Welmoth and his man John are in the habit of riding out of a night, no doubt to meet the negroes in conclave; and through the means of this John, Jean determines to overcome the perfidious son of Albion. He watches John with intense accuracy for many days, and learns to mimic him *à s'y méprendre*. He purchases a scarlet and yellow livery, for all the world like John's, intoxicates that individual, and follows his master. But we must allow Jean to tell his own tale.

"So I set myself to gallop after the Englishman, and we went a quarter of a league across country. Then we came to a wood where we had not gone four steps when Monsieur Welmoth turned suddenly to the right, so suddenly that I who was not used to the thing was galloping by him, when he stopped and turned round and said to me in a most furious passion . . . What the rascal said to me I don't know, as I don't happen to understand his lingo—but I could make out that he accused me of being drunk, and thought it not a bad hint to act on, and so kept a dead silence and acted my part to a wonder.

"Monsieur Welmoth tied his horse to a tree: then he said something which seemed to me like a question. So I said, yes, sir: and then he took out a whistle and blew. Another whistle answered it, as soft as the pipe of a frog on a rainy night, and that you may hear miles round. Then he said 'John, my pistols.' I knew what he meant, and as I was getting the pistols from the holsters gave the horse a kick which made him plunge a bit, so that I had the time to take the caps off the locks He went on and I followed him: not so silently, but that the bits of dry stick would crackle under my feet now and then: when Monsieur Welmoth would stop, and you may be sure I would stop and hold my breath too. Presently we saw a red light glaring under the trees, and heard such a sound of voices as drowned the noise of his steps and mine too.

"At last, and by the light of their candles, I saw some thirty of the niggers, and amongst them that rascal Theodore, and that other rascal Idomenée. As for Monsieur Welmoth, if I had not been sure it was he, I never should have known him; for he was dressed in a green face and red eyes, and had on a great red cloak, just as in a play. It was not only to disguise himself but to frighten the negroes that he was dressed so; for as soon as they saw him, the poor black devils tumbled down on their knees; but I think they were less frightened than they pretended to be, for there was not one of them but when Monsieur Welmoth came up to him, he held out his hand bravely for a gold piece which the other gave him.

"After this, grace was said all round; the man in the mask began to speak in a hollow voice; and then it was that, without the slightest hesitation, he proposed to the niggers to set fire to the house of Madame de Cambasse. He said, saving your presence ma'am, that you were a monster, that you had killed thousands of slaves at Ja-



maica, and had whole scores of them in prison here, ironed down with chains that had spikes inside 'em.

"Idomenée replied that master's orders should be obeyed: on which Welmoth said that if they did as he told them they should all be made free the next day, and pass their lives doing nothing for ever after. This touched them, and so did the rum which was handed round in plenty; during which time the mask and Idomenée began talking together in private, and precious rascality it was they talked, too, as you shall hear.

" 'You understand that when the fire breaks out, and Monsieur Sanson sees it, in spite of his coolness with Madame de Cambasse [the planter was to have married this widow, but for the arts of the Englishman who had managed to make a quarrel between them] he will be sure to come to her aid. I too, must, of course, accompany him; but when we are near Madame de Cambasse's house, I will fire off my pistols, and you will take that as a signal for you and your people to withdraw.' And with this he gave Idomenée a taste of some particular rum he kept in a bottle about him, and so this worthy couple parted."

The attack is made, the black villains are overpowered. The mulatto and his principal accomplices, cut down, seized, and in custody. As he expected, the perfidious Englishman is called upon to make his appearance in company with the rescuers of Madame de Cambasse, and the following is the concluding scene of this strange story.

"I have no reason to say that Monsieur Sanson, though he wished to go, stopped. What man in love would not, when hoping to hear a justification of her conduct from the woman to whom he was attached? Welmoth looked attentively at all the objects and countenances round about him; he saw traces of blood on the ground; and judging then that a struggle had taken place, determined to use the utmost prudence, as some of his accomplices were perhaps prisoners. He was, however, only personally known to Idomenée, and had nothing to fear if the latter was not captured.

" 'This fire,' said Madame de Cambasse, 'which has brought you hither to my rescue, is not an accident as you suppose. It is the commencement of a plan which devotes this colony to ruin, and it is by the hands of the slaves that it is to be brought about.'

" 'I don't know whom you accuse,' said Monsieur Sanson: 'not me, certainly: the ruin of the colony would be my ruin, and the project therefore can only be attributed to persons who are strangers to the country, and who, excited by absurd philanthropy, or influenced by darker and more odious views, have vowed its destruction.'

" 'Sir!' said Clémenceau.

" 'These words of Monsieur Sanson,' continued Madame de Cambasse, 'apply no more to you than mine do to M. Welmoth, but I beg you to listen without interrupting me. This plot exists; and if, M. Sanson, I have been the first apparent victim of it, believe me that you

have already suffered from it, although you were ignorant that your losses were but the commencement of the execution of the conspiracy. You have suffered by poison, as I was to suffer by fire; and with me the conspirators knew it was necessary to act quickly, as I had my suspicions, of which they were aware.'

" 'But,' said M. Sanson, 'pardon me for saying that I can see no reason why you should suspect a conspiracy.'

" 'One of the conspirators has been seized in my house,' said Madame de Cambasse, and in spite of all his firmness, Welmoth's countenance showed signs of alarm and emotion. 'This incendiary,' continued Madame de Cambasse (without appearing to remark the Englishman's concern), 'is one of your slaves—Theodore—who commenced in your own plantation by poisoning your best workmen.'

" 'Bring him before me,' said Monsieur Sanson; 'let us question him at once.'

" 'Presently. But before he comes, let me tell you what we have already gathered from him. You will then judge whether his second replies will correspond with his first. This man has sworn that he was present to-night in the wood of Balisiers, at a meeting of blacks, where the burning of my house was proposed to him by an individual in a green mask with red circles round his eyes. He says he should not be able to recognise this man from his voice or his figure, which were both disguised; but that the mulatto Idomenée knows him.'

" 'During Monsieur Clémenceau's illness, Idomenée was always making inquiries at his house. No doubt Monsieur Clémenceau is well acquainted with him, and could give us some information on this subject,' said Welmoth.

" 'Clémenceau was so astounded by this audacity of Welmoth's, that he was at a loss for a moment to find a word in reply: but Madame de Cambasse, who saw through Welmoth's project for shifting the accusation on another, said quietly, 'I don't know what Monsieur Clémenceau's relations with the mulatto may be, but with regard to the man in the mask, Monsieur Ernest can give us no information—he was here at the time of the meeting.'

" 'You seem to be very certain of the hour of this meeting,' said Welmoth, who could not help speaking as if he were accused.

" 'Sure of the hour, and of every circumstance belonging to it. This man in the mask, then, told Idomenée (and I beg you, my dear Monsieur Sanson, to attend to this) that the fire could be seen from the house which the mask inhabited; that he would very probably be compelled, therefore, to come to my aid; but, in order to warn the incendiaries of his approach, he would fire off his pistols at a short distance from the house!'

" 'This last circumstance threw a terrible light upon Monsieur Sanson. 'Fire his pistols!' cried he, looking Sir Edward in the face. 'You attempted to fire yours at a short distance from this house.'

" 'Sir!' said Welmoth, 'after such a suspicion I cannot—'

" 'You could not fire your pistols,' said a man in full livery, who

barred the passage, and spoke in a burlesque French, 'You could not fire the pistols, because I had taken the caps away.'

" 'Who's this?' said Sir Edward, starting back at the caricature of John before him.

" 'I mean to say,' continued Jean, still mimicking John, 'that I made the Goddam drunk, Monsieur Sanson, and that I mounted his pony and followed the other Goddam to the negro-meeting, where I heard and saw every thing.'

" 'The French are great comedians, I have always heard,' said Welmoth, 'but I never knew they were such accomplished mountebanks as this.'

" 'They wear no masks, sir,' said Ernest, 'and as you do, let me help you to one.' And he was about to strike Welmoth in the face, but Monsieur Sanson held him back, while the Englishman, in the height of fury, aimed his pistol at Clémenceau's breast.

" 'It can't go off,' said John, laughing; 'I prevented.' And Welmoth, in a rage, dashed the weapons to the ground.

" 'It is not with pistols this affair must be settled,' said Ernest; 'it is a matter for the judge and the jury.'

" 'What?' cried Welmoth—'on the accusation of a slave who owns he does not know me—on the accusation of a man's servant whom I publicly challenged, and who had the cowardice to refuse—you believe me guilty! Uncle, have a care: this farce may turn to your shame.'

" 'We have other witnesses,' said Madame de Cambasse: 'bring in the prisoner.' At the sight of Idomenée Welmoth's countenance fell.'

" 'You know Monsieur Welmoth?' said Monsieur Sanson.

" 'No.'

" 'He was not in the Wood des Balisiers to-night?'

" 'Nobody was in the Wood des Balisiers to-night.'

" 'What!' cried Jean, 'you were not in the wood, and you did not talk with him, and, hearing me move, you did not fling a knife towards the bush where I was, and wound me here in the thigh?'

" 'These are all lies,' said Idomenée.

" 'Bring in Theodore,' said Monsieur Sanson.

" 'Theodore is dead,' answered Idomenée.

" 'But at any rate the mask and mantle can't have disappeared,' cried John, 'and must be among this gentleman's effects.'

" 'Of course,' cried Welmoth, now quite himself, 'those who told the lie could easily have put a cloak and a mask in my baggage.'

" Monsieur Sanson held down his head and said, after a moment's silence, 'Pardon me, Edward, for having believed you guilty, but this comedy has been so cleverly arranged that I was deceived for a moment. As, however, it was one of my slaves who injured the property of Madame de Cambasse, and as I have no desire she should be injured by me or mine, I am quite ready to pay her an indemnity.'

" 'I wish for nothing but what the law awards,' said the lady. 'My only wish was to expose to you the infamous machinations of a villain.'

"She then sat down to write, while Edward preserved a perfectly unmoved countenance. Her note finished—'Mr. Owen,' said she, 'have the goodness to carry this immediately to the Procureur du Roi; if the principal criminal escape, here is one at any rate whom nothing can save. This mulatto forced an entry into my house with arms in his hands. He wounded me with his knife—this at least is no comedy.'

"Idomenée, in spite of himself, could not help giving a look at Sir Edward. He was perfectly unmoved.

"'Let those who hired this villain save themselves as they can;' continued Madame de Cambasse. Welmoth showed not the least concern at this insinuation. 'Had we not better leave Madame to her part of Grand Justiciary,' said he to M. Sanson, laughing.

"'I am at your orders, and was sure, Edward, you never could have lent yourself to this infamous conspiracy,' said M. Sanson. 'As for this unhappy man, the only chance remaining for him is to name his accomplices.'

"'It is what he had best do,' said Welmoth, calmly; 'and I advise him to do so. But it is to his judges, and not to us that he must confess.' As he spoke thus, Welmoth looked with some agitation towards Idomenée. Monsieur Sanson seemed quite confounded by the latter's silence.

"'Come,' cried Welmoth anxiously, 'let us go;' and Sanson moved forward, as if to leave the room.

"At this moment the mulatto staggered, and uttered a loud, horrible cry. 'Stop!' screamed he, 'stop, Monsieur Sanson;' and these words caused every one to pause.

"'I remember, now,' said the mulatto, groaning and writhing in pain; 'it was the rum he gave me in the wood. It was—it was—'

"'What?' cried every one.

"'It was poisoned—oh! poisoned! I was to go when I heard his pistol, and to die like a dog in the wood. That's the villain who made me fire upon M. Clémenceau.'

"'I knew it!' cried Jean.

"'That's—that's he who'—the wretch could say no more, he staggered and fell—but as he fell he made a bound towards Sir Edward as if he would have killed him, and fell dead at his feet. The Englishman looked at his victim in silence, and with a ferocious joy.

"'Monster!' cried Monsieur Sanson at length, and after a pause of horror, 'and will you still deny?'

"'What! do you join them too?' said Sir Edward. 'Is this the way in which you pay me back the gold guineas I lent you?'

"'The money is ready, sir; and the cause of my interview with Madame de Cambasse, whose fair fame you have calumniated, was to arrange the payment of this very sum, and to rescue Monsieur Sanson from the ruin you had prepared for him.'

"'Enough!' cried Sir Edward. 'I will answer no more questions of lackeys, knaves, and strumpets, and their silly dupes.'

“ ‘ Monsieur l’Anglais ! ’ said Jean, ‘ shall I make you a present before you go ? Here it is—the caps for your pistols ; they’ll serve you to blow your brains out with. ’

“ ‘ I take them, ’ said Sir Edward, grinding his teeth, in order to send into your master’s head the bullet I owe him. ’

“ He was about to put them on, but ere he could do so, Jean rushed at him and felled him to the ground : those present rushed forward to rescue Sir Edward, thinking Jean was strangling him.

“ ‘ Stop, stop, ’ shouted the domestic, ‘ I want to see this gentleman’s flannel-waistcoat. John told me when I made him drunk, that his master carried some curious papers there. Ah ! here they are ! ’ As he spoke, John seized the papers, and springing up gave them to Monsieur Sanson.

“ But Sanson had scarcely began to read them, when Welmoth was up too ; he had taken the pistols from the ground where he flung them, and had armed them with the caps, which he still held in his hand.

“ ‘ Now it’s my turn, ’ said he, turning on the astonished and unarmed group who were gathered round the papers ; ‘ listen to me. Monsieur Sanson, I caused Clémenceau to be shot, because he interfered with the projects of which I am pursuing the execution, and which shall ruin you one day. France must lose her colonies. England has decided it, and our decision is like that of Heaven, implacable and inevitable. I own it all ; I was sent to ruin you—to ruin this woman’s reputation ; I organized the fire this night. There, you have my confession, and the proofs of my mission in the papers in your hand. What will be my fate ? ’

“ ‘ The scaffold, wretch ! ’ said Monsieur Sanson.

“ ‘ Well then, if I die for one crime or for ten what matters ? And now hark you : I have two more to commit, which two victims shall I choose here ? ’

“ ‘ Monster ! ’ cried Monsieur Sanson.

“ ‘ No, I will not hurt you ; but this woman here, and this young dandy who would marry your daughter ’—Madame de Cambasse turned pale, and Jean flung himself before her.

“ ‘ Not a movement, ’ said Welmoth, ‘ or she is dead ! But I make one bargain with you. There is a candle near you, M. Sanson ; burn in it, one after another, the papers you have been reading, and I withdraw. ’

“ ‘ Never—never ; ’ said M. Sanson.

“ ‘ Be it as you will, ’ said Welmoth ; and aimed at Madame de Cambasse, who fell on her knees almost dead with terror.

“ ‘ Yield, in the name of heaven, ’ said Clémenceau.

“ ‘ You are afraid for yourself, ’ said Welmoth ; on which Clémenceau was about to rush forward, but John held him back, saying, ‘ Stand back, sir, the rascal will do what he says, else. ’

“ ‘ Enough, enough ; ’ said M. Sanson ; and put the papers to the flame. Welmoth saw him burn them, one after another ; and when the last was consumed, he walked to the window, fired his two pistols in the

air, and said, 'The honour of England is saved ; now, gentlemen, I am at your disposition.'

" 'This act of ferocious heroism struck Clémenceau and M. Sanson with a strange admiration. 'Go,' said the latter; 'the day is before you.'

" 'Thank you,' said Sir Edward ; and left the room."

It is strange that the writer of the tale, a good man of business no doubt, as the present literary system in France will cause most writers to be, has not turned the above invention to still further profit, and adapted it for stage representation. The perfidious Englishman is a character drawn as if expressly for the actor of the villains of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and the imitations of Jean the Frenchman as John the Goddam would convulse audiences with laughter. Nor is it necessary, in order to amuse these merry folks, that the imitations should be like; it is only requisite that the imitation should be like what they are accustomed to hear; and were a real Englishman to be produced on the stage they would give the palm to the sham one. They have an Englishman for their politics as well as for their theatre; an Englishman of their own dressing up, a monstrous compound of ridicule and crime, grotesque, vulgar, selfish, wicked; and they will allow their political writers to submit to them no other. There is no better proof of the intense hatred with which the nation regards us: of the rankling humiliation which for ever and ever seems to keep possession of a clever, gallant, vain, domineering, defeated people.

The contrast to this spirit in England is quite curious. Say to the English—the French hate you; night and day they hate you; the government that should find a pretext of war with you would be hailed with such shouts of exultation from one end of the country to the other, as never were heard since the days when the Patrie was in danger; till they can meet you in war they pursue you with untiring calumny—say this, and an Englishman, yawning, answers, 'It is impossible,' and declares that the person who so speaks is actuated by a very bad spirit, and wishes to set the two countries quarrelling. If an English newspaper were to take the pains to collect and publish the lies against England which appeared in the Paris journals of any given month (the month of her Majesty's visit to France would hardly be a fair criterion, it was an extraordinary event, and afforded therefore scope for extraordinary lying)—there would be such a catalogue as would astonish readers here. Abuse of England is the daily bread of the French journalist. He writes to supply his market: If his customers were tired of the article, would he give it to them? No; he would abuse the Turks, or praise the English, or

abuse or praise the Russians, or write in praise or abuse of any other country or subject, that his readers might have a fancy to admire or hate. All other fashions, however, seem to have their day in France but this, and this is of all days. They never tire of abusing this country. The Carlist turns on the government-man, and says, 'You truckle to the English.' The government-man retorts, 'Who ever truckled to the English so much as you did, who came into power with his bayonet, and thanked him, under God, for your restoration?' The republican reviles them both with all his might, and says that one courts the foreigner as much as the other.

If we speak in this manner, apropos of a mere novel of a few hundred pages, it is because we believe that Monsieur Soulié had his brief given to him, and was instructed to write in a particular vein. His facts, such as they are, have been supplied to him; for there are evidences that the writer has some sort of information upon the subjects on which he writes, and there are proofs of wilful perversions from some quarter or other. Take, for instance, the description of a treadmill. 'This punishment of the treadmill consists in *hanging* slaves by the wrists, in such a manner that their feet are placed upon the wings of a wheel. The wheel always yields under their feet, and thus obliges the patient to seek a footing upon the upper wing. The wheel serves likewise to grind the prisoners' corn. An executioner (*bourreau*) armed with a hammer (*martinet*)—the whip appeared too mild to these worthy protectors of the negro race—an executioner, I say, placed by the side of the mill, is employed to excite the indolence of those who do not move quick enough on the wheel: *and a physician from time to time feels the pulse of the person under punishment, in order to see how long he can bear the torture.*' Now this is written with evident bad faith, very likely not on the writer's part, but on the part of some one who has seen this instrument of torture, a treadmill, and whose interest it is to maintain the slave trade in the French colonies, and who knows that, in order to enlist the mother-country in his favour, he has no surer means than to excite its prejudices by stories of the cruelties and conspiracies of England. Statements are proved in different modes, arguments are conducted in all sorts of ways; and this novel is an argument for the slave trade, proved by pure lying. Its proofs are lies, and its conclusion is a lie. It stands thus: 'The English have fomented a demoniacal conspiracy against the slave trade in the French colonies. The English are our wicked, false, dastardly, natural enemies, and we are bound to hate them. Therefore slavery is a praiseworthy institution and ought to be maintained in the French colonies.' It is to this

argument that Monsieur Soulié has devoted three volumes which are signed by his celebrated name.

A romancer is not called upon to be very careful in his logic, it is true; fiction is his calling; but surely not fictions of this nature. Let this sort of argumentation be left to the writers of the leading articles; it has an ill look in the feuilleton, which ought to be neutral ground, and where peaceable readers are in the habit of taking refuge from national quarrels and abuse; from the envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, that inflame the patriots of the *Premier Paris*. All the villains whom the romancer is called upon to slay, are those whom he has created first, and over whom he may exercise the utmost severities of his imagination. Let the count go mad, or the heroine swallow poison, or Don Alphonso run his rival through the body, or the French ship or army at the end of the tale blow up the English and obtain its victory; these harmless cruelties and ultimate triumphs, are the undoubted property of the novelist, and we receive them as perfectly fair warfare. But let him not deal in specific calumnies, and inculcate, by means of lies, hatred of actual breathing flesh and blood. This task should be left to what are called *hommes graves* in France, the sages of the war newspapers.

As to these latter, which are daily exposing the deep-laid schemes and hypermachiavellian craft of England, we wonder they have not noticed as yet another sordid and monstrous conspiracy of which this country is undoubtedly the centre. If this audacious plot be allowed to succeed, the nationalities of Europe will gradually, but certainly disappear; the glorious recollections of feats of arms, and the noble emulation to which they give rise, will be effaced by a gross merchant despotism; the spirit of patriotism will infallibly die away, and, to meet the aggressions of the enemy, the frontier shall be lined with warriors, and the tribune resound with oratory no more. The public press, the guardian of liberty, the father of manly thought, shall be as it were dumb: the 'Siècle' may cry woe to perfidious Albion, and the public, stricken with a fatal indifference, shall be too stupid to tremble; the 'National' may shout murder and treason against England, and a degenerate nation only yawn in reply. 'A conspiracy tending to produce this state of things,' we can imagine one of those patriotic journals to say, 'exists, spreads daily, its progress may be calculated foot by foot all over Europe. The villains engaged in it are leagued against some of the most precious and ancient institutions of the world. What can be more patriotic than to protect a national industry? their aim is to abolish trade-protection, and to sweep custom-houses from the face of the earth. What can be more noble than love of country and national spirit? these conspiritors would strike at

the root of the civic virtues. What can be more heroic than the ardour which inspires our armies, and fills our youth with the generous desire of distinction in war? these conspirators, if they have their way, will not have an army standing; they will make a mockery and falsehood of glory, the noble aim of gallant spirits; they will smother with the bales of their coarse commerce, the laurels of our former achievements; the swords of Marengo and Austerlitz will be left to rust on the walls of our children; and they will clap corks upon the bayonets with which we drove Europe before us.' The RAILROAD, we need not say, is the infernal English conspiracy to which we suppose the French prophet to allude. It has been carried over to France by Englishmen. It has crept from Rouen to the gates of Paris; from Rouen it is striding towards the sea at Southampton; from Paris it is rushing to the Belgian frontier and the channel. It is an English present. *Timete Danaos*: there is danger in the gift.

For when the frontier is in a manner destroyed, how will the French youth be able to rush to it? Once have railroads all over Europe, and there is no more use for valour than for post-chaises now on the north road. Both will be exploded institutions. The one expires, because nobody will ride; the other dies, because nobody will fight; it is cheaper, easier, quicker, more comfortable to take the new method of travelling. And as a post-chaise keeper is ruined by a railroad, and as a smuggler is ruined by free trade; those concerned in the maintenance of numberless other ancient usages, interests, prejudices, must look to suffer by coming changes. Have London at twelve hours' journey from Paris, and even Frenchmen will begin to travel. The readers of the 'National' and the 'Commerce' will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of that monstrous artful island, which their newspapers describe to them as so odious. They will begin to see that hatred of the French nation is not the sole object of the Englishman's thoughts, as their present instructor would have them believe; that the grocer of Bond-street has no more wish to assassinate his neighbour of the Rue St. Honoré, than the latter has to murder his rival of the Rue St. Denis; that the ironmonger is not thinking about humiliating France, but only of the best means of selling his kettles and fenders. Seeing which peaceful and harmless disposition on our part, the wrath of Frenchmen will melt and give way: or rather let us say, as our island is but a small place, and France a great one—as we are but dull shopkeepers without ideas, and France the spring from which all the Light and Truth of the world issues—that when we are drawn so near to it, we shall sink into it and mingle with it as naturally as a drop of rain into the ocean (or into a pail), and at once and for ever be absorbed in the flood of French Civilization.

ART. XIII.—*Biographie des Contemporains*: ESPARTERO. Paris. 1843.

THE military and political events which terminated in the independence of the United States, may be criticised as dilatory, as fortuitous, and as not marked by the stamp of human genius. That revolution produced more good than great men. If the same may be said of the civil wars of Spain, and its parliamentary struggles after freedom, it should be more a subject of congratulation than of reproach. The greatness of revolutionary heroes may imply the smallness of the many; and, all things duly weighed, the supremacy of a Cromwell or a Napoleon is more a slur upon national capabilities than an honour to them. Let us then begin by setting aside the principal accusation of his French foes against General Espartero, that he is of mediocre talent and eminence. The same might have been alleged against Washington.

Moreover, there is no people so little inclined to allow, to form, or to idolize superiority, as the Spaniards. They have the jealous sentiment of universal equality, implanted into them as deeply as it is into the French. But to counteract it, the French have a national vanity, which is for ever comparing their own country with others. And hence every character of eminence is dear to them; for though an infringement on individual equality, it exalts them above other nations. The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not deign to enter into the *minutiæ* of comparison. His country was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the first in Europe; its nobles the most wealthy, the most magnificent, the most punctilious, the most truly aristocratic; its citizens the most advanced in arts and manufactures, and comfort and municipal freedom; its soldiers were allowed the first rank, the sailors the same. The Spaniards taught the existence of this, their universal superiority, to their sons; and these again to their offspring, down to the present day. And the Spaniards implicitly believe the tradition of their forefathers, not merely as applied to the past, but as a judgment of the present. They believe themselves to be precisely what their fathers were three hundred years ago. They take not the least count of all that has happened in that period: the revolutions, the changes, the forward strides of other nations, the backward ones of their own. A great man, more or less, is consequently to them of little importance. They are too proud to be vain.

This part of the Spanish character explains not a few of the political events of the countries inhabited by the race. In all those

countries, individual eminence is a thing not to be tolerated. It constitutes in itself a crime, and the least pretension to it remains unpardoned. Even Bolivar, notwithstanding his immense claims, and notwithstanding the general admission that nothing but a strong hand could keep the unadhesive materials of Spanish American republics together,—even he was the object of such hatred, suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust, that his life was a martyrdom to himself, and his salutary influence a tyranny to those whom he had liberated.

There did exist in Spain, up to the commencement of the present century, a grand exception to this universal love of equality, which is a characteristic of the Latin races. And that was the veneration for royalty, which partook of the oriental and fabulous extreme of respect. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the popular drama of the country: in which the Spanish monarch precisely resembles the Sultan of the Arabian Nights, as the viceroy of Providence, the universal righter of wrongs, endowed with ubiquity, omnipotence, and all-wisdom. Two centuries' succession of the most imbecile monarchs greatly impaired, if not effaced, this sentiment. The conduct of Ferdinand to the men and the classes engaged in the war of independence, disgusted all that was spirited and enlightened in the nation. A few remote provinces and gentry thought, indeed, that the principle of legitimacy and loyalty was strong as ever, and they rose to invoke it in favour of Don Carlos. Their failure has taught them and all Spain, that loyalty, in its old, and extreme, and chevalier sense, is extinct; and that in the peninsula, as in other western countries, it has ceased to be fanaticism, and survives merely as a rational feeling.

Royalty is however the only superiority that the Spaniards will admit; and their jealousy of any other power which apes, or affects, or replaces royalty, is irrepressible. A president of a Spanish republic would not be tolerated for a month, nor would a regent. The great and unpardonable fault of Espartero was, that he bore this name.

Another Spanish characteristic, arising from the same principle or making part of it, is the utter want of any influence on the side of the aristocracy. For a Spanish aristocracy does survive: an aristocracy of historic name, great antiquity, monied wealth, and territorial possession. The Dukedoms of Infantado, Ossune, Montilles, &c., are not extinct; neither are the wearers of these titles exiled or proscribed; nor have their estates been confiscated or curtailed. But they have no influence; they have taken no part in political events; and are scarcely counted even as pawns on the chess-

board of Spanish politics. The Spaniards respect superiority of birth, but their respect is empty. It is rather the respect of an antiquary for what is curious, than the worldly and sensible respect for whatever is truly valuable. The greatest efforts have been made by almost all Spanish legislators and politicians, to make use of the aristocracy as a weight in the political balance, and as a support of throne and constitution. But as Lord Eldon compared certain British peers to the pillars of the East London Theatre, which hung from the roof instead of supporting it, such has been the condition of all Spanish peers or proceres in any and every constitution. They supported the government of the time being; were infallibly of the opinions diametrically opposite to those of the deputies; and increased the odium of the ministry, whether *moderado* or *exaltado*, without giving it the least support. The rendering the upper chamber elective, as was done by the constitution of 1837, has not remedied this. When Christina fell, the upper chamber was to a man in her favour; so did the whole upper chamber support Espartero, when he fell. In short, the attachment of the peers in Spain is ominous; it betokens downfall.

The crown and the clergy, in fact, had laboured in unison to destroy and humble the power of the aristocracy, as well as of the middle classes. They succeeded but too well; and in succeeding, they also strengthened that democratic principle of equality which is a monkish principle. But the crown, and the monasteries, and the aristocracy, have all gone down together, whilst the middle classes survive, and have become regenerated with a second youth. It is only they who have any force in Spain. It is the cities, which take the initiative in all changes and all revolutions. For any government to incur their displeasure, is at once to fall; none has been able to struggle against them. These juntas raised the war of independence, and performed the Spanish part of their self-liberation. They again it was who enabled Christina to establish at once her daughter's rights and the name of a constitution. They afterwards compelled her to give the reality, as well as the name. And it was they, too, who drove Don Carlos out of the country, in despite of the tenacity and courage of his rustic supporters. He was driven from before Bilboa, and from every town of more respectability than a village. He was welcomed by the peasants and their lords, but every collection of citizens rejected him, and he and absolutism were obliged to fly the country.

There is one class, which at the close of revolutions is apt to turn them to its own profit, and become arbiter of all that survives in men and things. This is the army. In nations however which have no external wars, it is extremely difficult for the

army or its chiefs to win and preserve that mastery over public opinions, which is needed to ensure acquiescence in military usurpations. The French revolution, as we all know, turned to a war-like struggle between France and Europe; in which France was represented by her generals and armies, and in which these but too naturally took the place of civilian statesmen and representative assemblies. In the more isolated countries of England and Spain, the activity and the glory of the military terminated with the civil war. The career of arms was closed; the officers lost their prestige; and Cromwell, though tolerated as a *de facto* ruler, was never looked up to, either as the founder of a military monarchy, or of a new dynasty. A Cromwell would have met with more resistance in Spain; civilian jealousy is there as strong as in England; and Cromwell there was none. The Duke of Victory's worst enemies could not seriously accuse him of such ambition.

Baldomero Espartero was born in the year 1792, at Granatula, a village of La Mancha, not far from the towns of Almagro and Ciudad Real. In his last rapid retreat from Albacete to Seville, the regent could not have passed far from the place of his nativity. His father is said to have been a respectable artisan, a wheelwright, and a maker of carts and agricultural implements.

This artisan's elder brother, Manuel, was a monk in one of the Franciscan convents of Ciudad Real, capital of the province of La Mancha. It is one of the advantages amongst the many disadvantages of monasticity, that it facilitates the education and the rise of such of the lower classes as give signs of superior intelligence. The friar Manuel took his young nephew, Baldomero, and had him educated in his convent. Had Spain remained in its state of wonted peace, the young disciple of the convent would in good time have become, in all probability, the ecclesiastic and the monk. But about the time when Espartero attained the age of sixteen, the armies of Napoleon poured over the Pyrenees, and menaced Spanish independence. It was no time for monkery. So at least thought all the young ecclesiastical students; for these throughout every college in the peninsula almost unanimously threw off the black frock, girded on the sabre, and flung the musket over their shoulder. The battalions which they formed were called *sacred*. Nor was such volunteering confined to the young. The grizzle-bearded monk himself went forth, and, used to privation, made an excellent *guerilla*. The history of the Spanish wars of independence and of freedom tells frequently of monkish generals, the *insignia* of whose command were the cord and sandals of St. Francis.

Young Espartero took part in most of the first battles and

skirmishes in the south of Spain, and made part of the Spanish force, we believe, which was shut up and besieged by the French in Cadiz. He here, through the interest of his uncle, was received into the military school of the Isla de Leon, where he was able to engraft a useful military education on his former ecclesiastical acquirements: for to be a soldier was his vocation, and his wish was not to be an ignorant one. The war of independence was drawing to a close when Espartero had completed his military studies, and could claim the grade of officer in a regular army. But at this same time, the royal government resolved on sending an experienced general with a corps of picked troops to the Spanish main, to endeavour to re-establish the authority of the mother-country. Morillo was the general chosen. Espartero was presented to him, appointed lieutenant, and soon after the sailing of the expedition was placed on the staff of the general.

The provinces of the Spanish main were then the scene of awful warfare. It is needless to inquire on which side cruelty began; the custom of both was almost invariably to sacrifice the lives, not only of captured foes, but of their relatives, young and aged. The war, too, seemed interminable. A rapid march of a general often subdued and apparently reduced a province in a few days, the defeated party flying over sea to the islands or to the other settlements: but a week would bring them back, and the victors in their turn thought fit to fly, often without a struggle. Even an engagement was not decisive. A great deal of Indian force was employed, and, in many respects, the Spaniards or Spanish-born came to resemble them in fighting. The chief feat of the action was one brilliant charge, which, if successful or unsuccessful, decided the day. For, once put to the rout, the soldiers never rallied, at least on that day, but fled beyond the range of immediate pursuit, and often with so little loss that the fugitives of yesterday formed an army as numerous and formidable as before their defeat. How long such a civil war would have lasted is impossible to say, had not foreigners enlisted in the cause, and formed legions which not only stood the brunt of a first onset, but retreated or advanced regularly and determinedly. The foreign legion was the Macedonian Phalanx among the Columbians. Owing to it the Spaniards lost the fatal battle of Carabobo, and thenceforward made few effectual struggles against the independents, except in the high country of Peru.

Espartero had his share of most of these actions. As major he fought in 1817 at Lupachin, where the insurgent chief, La Madrid, was routed. Next year he defeated the insurgents on the plains of Majocaigo, and in 1819 Espartero and Seoane re-

duced the province of Cochalamba. Soon after, the revolution that had for result the establishment of the constitution broke out in Spain; and the political parties to which it gave rise began to agitate the Spanish army in Peru. Then the viceroy, who held out for the absolute power of Ferdinand, was deposed; and the other generals, La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, declared for liberty abroad as well as at home, though they still fought for preserving the links that bound the South American colonies to the mother country. Espartero was of this liberal military party, and served as colonel in the division which under Canterac and Valdez defeated the Peruvian independents at Torrata and Maquega, in January 1823: actions which led to the evacuation of the Peruvian capital by the congress. The Peruvians then summoned Bolivar and the Columbians to their aid, whilst the two parties in the Spanish army, royalist and independent, divided and began to war with each other, on the news arriving of the restoration of Ferdinand. This afforded great advantage to Bolivar, and that chief pushed them with so much vigour, that the contending royalist parties ceased their strife, and united to overwhelm, as they thought, the Columbians under Paez, the lieutenant of Bolivar.

The Columbians had, however, learned to stand in action, and their cavalry even to return to the charge after being routed. Their obstinacy in this respect, here displayed for the first time, routed the old Spanish cavalry, hitherto thought so superior; and won the battle of Ayacucho, which dismissed to Spain all upholders of Spanish supremacy. The officers and generals sent home under this capitulation have been since known under the epithet of *Ayacuchos*. Among them were Canterac, Valdez, Rodil, Seoane, Maroto, Narvaez, Carrabate, Alaix, Araoz, Villalobos. Espartero had been previously sent home with colours and the account of success in Peru; success so soon reversed.

When these generals returned, there were of course many prejudices against them. They had taken no part in the liberal movement at home, which had nevertheless begun in the ranks of the army. Their having taken previous part in the war of independence ought to have pleaded for them; but most of them had been too young to have been then distinguished. Riego and Quiroga were the military heroes of the day. The soldiers of the constitution made indeed but a poor stand against the French invading army; still their efforts were not destined to be altogether vain, and the country preserved its gratitude towards them. On the other hand Ferdinand and his ministers showed no inclination to favour or employ the *Ayacuchos*; the royalist volunteers and the monks were the only militants that the old court trusted;

and thus the largest body of officers of experience were inclined to range themselves under the constitutional banner, whenever it should again be hoisted.

The years from 1825 to 1830 were spent by Espartero, as colonel of the regiment of Soria, which was quartered the most part of that time in the island of Majorca. Previous to going there he commanded the depôt of Logrono on the Ebro, where he became acquainted with his present duchess, Señora Jacinta de Santa Cruz. Her father, an old officer, brother of the late captain-general in the south of Spain, was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the banks of the Ebro, and Señora Jacinta was his only child. The father was not willing to give her to the soldier, however high his rank. But the marriage took place, as such marriages do, the determination of the young overcoming the scruples of the old. The present Duchess of Victory was renowned for her beauty and conjugal attachment.

The death of Ferdinand opened a new era for Spain. His will conferred the succession upon his daughter, and the regency upon her mother. As the only hope of preserving the crown to Isabella, and influence to herself, Christina summoned to her counsels the liberals. They were of many shades; she chose the most monarchical; but was gradually obliged to accept the councils and aid of those who frankly meditated a liberal constitution. The ousted prince, Carlos, appealed to the farmers and the priesthood of the northern provinces; the absolutist powers of the east supplied him with funds; and the war began.

With very few exceptions all the military men embraced the side of the queen and constitution. The army felt no inclination to undergo once more the yoke of the priesthood. And even old royalist generals, such as Quesada and Sarsfield, turned their arms willingly against the Carlists. The *Ayacuchos*, or officers who had served in America, showed equal alacrity; especially those who, like Espartero, had even on the other side of the Atlantic been favourable to a constitution. Maroto was the only one of them, who, at a later period, took command under Don Carlos.

The first constitutional general, Sarsfield, was successful. He delivered Bilboa, the first seat of the insurrection and ever afterwards the key of the war, from the insurgents. Espartero was appointed captain-general of the province. But the apparition of Don Carlos in person, the funds he commanded, and the promises he made, gave fresh importance and duration to the war.

The greatest and most effectual military achievements are often those least talked about or noticed. The general who can organize an army fitly, often does more than he who wins a battle; though indeed it is the organization that leads to the winning of

the battle. The organization of the British army was the first and the greatest achievement of the Duke of Wellington; and it was for the Carlists the great act and merit of Zumalacarreguy. Espartero did the same for the Spanish constitutional army, and thereby enabled it to overcome, by degrees and in partial encounters, the formidable and spirited bands opposed to it. Valdez, who commanded after Quesada, and who had been the old commander in Peru, committed the great blunder of fighting a general action against mountaineers: whom if he beat he did not destroy, whereas their repulsing him was his ruin. Rodil, more cautious, ran about the hills to catch Carlos. Mina, with a regular army, waged a war of partisans with peasants, who were far better partisans than his troops. Cordova, who succeeded, kept his army together; and handled the Carlists so roughly in one action that they shrunk from attacking him. But he conceived the same fears; declared that the war could only be carried on by blockading the insurgent provinces; and finally resigned.

Espartero had till then distinguished himself more as a brilliant cavalry officer, and a spirited general of division, than as a military leader of first-rate merit: but his honest, frank character, his abstinence from the heat of political party, and the opinion that he wanted political genius and ambition, led to his appointment by the more liberal government which then took the helm. The first care of the new commander was to restore discipline, by a severity till then unknown in the constitutional army. His execution of the *Chapelgorris* for plundering a church, is well remembered. His efforts to keep the army paid, often compromised his own private fortune; and placed him in many quarrels with Mendizabal and the finance ministers of the time. He certainly gained no pitched battles: but from Bilboa round to Pampeluna he kept the Carlists closely confined to their mountain region, punished them severely when they ventured forth, and never allowed himself to be beaten.

Nothing could be more advantageous than Zumalacarreguy's position; intrenched like a spider in an inaccessible and central spot, from whence he could run forth with all his force upon the enemy. Then, by threatening Bilboa, the Carlist general could at any time force the Christino general to take a most perilous march to its relief. Twice, indeed three times, were the Christinos forced to make this perilous march—the second time the most critical, for then Bilboa certainly could not have been saved but for the energy and aid of the British officers. To Lapidge, Wylde, and others, was due the deliverance of Bilboa. Espartero was then suffering under a cruel illness. No sooner however was the Luchana river crossed by British boats, than

he sprang on horseback, forgot bodily pain in martial excitement, and led his troops through the Carlist cantonments and entrenchments, once more to the gates of Bilboa.

In despair, the Carlists then tried another mode of warfare. They left the northern provinces, and undertook expeditions through all the rest of Spain, to gain recruits and provisions if possible, and to find another Biscay in the mountainous south. The indifference of the population caused this to fail, and Don Carlos returned to the north. The aim of his general was then turned to the possession of Bilboa and Santander, strong places, which if mastered, the Carlist insurrection might repose there and act on the defensive. To secure these points, more formidable intrenchments were raised on the heights leading to these towns. Don Carlos hoped to form a Torres Vedras on the hills of Ramales and Guardanimiti. The great exploit of Espartero was his series of successful attacks upon these entrenchments in May, 1839. He drove the Carlists from all of them with very great loss; and from that moment the war drew to an end. The spirit of insurrection was broken, and justice allotted to Espartero the title of DUKE OF VICTORY.

The military struggle over, and the open rebellion put down, the parliamentary but scarcely more peaceful struggle between the two parties calling themselves constitutional, became prominent. When the emigration of the Spanish patriots took place in 1815 and 1823, in consequence of the absolutist reaction of Ferdinand, some of the emigrants betook themselves to England, some to France. Though paid little attention to by the governments of either country, the Spanish emigrants were cordially received by the liberal opposition in both countries; and each came to admire and adopt the ideas and principles with which he was placed in contact. If Arguelles admired the frank school of English liberty, which allows popular opinion its full expression; Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa adopted the more cautious tenets of the French doctrinaires, or moderate liberals, who were for giving freedom but by handfuls, and who maintained that domination and influence should be confined to the enlightened few, and sparingly communicated to the ignorant many. One can conceive the existence of such a conservative party as this in England, where such influence exists, and where the aristocratic and well-informed classes do possess this influence. But the necessity of creating and raising these classes, as was the case in Spain, and the impossibility of getting churchmen and old aristocrats to act moderate toryism when they had been steeped and bred in absolutism, rendered the policy of the moderados a vain dream. They had no

upper classes, no clergy, no throne behind them: for that of Isabella required, rather than gave support.

Conscious of this weakness, and seeing nothing Spanish around them on which they could lean, the moderados placed their reliance on France, and trusted to that alliance to keep peace in Spain, and win recognition from Europe. Louis Philippe had been enabled to do in France, something like what they laboured to effect in Spain: although he had been obliged to abandon an hereditary peerage, and to base his conservatism on the fears and prejudices of the upper class of citizens and commercial men. Spain wanted this class, yet Count Toreno and his friends endeavoured, with less materials, to effect in Spain more than had been done in France.

In the conflict between moderado and exaltado, Espartero had remained completely neutral. His sole anxiety during the war was to have his army well supplied. He saw that the exaltado minister did not do this with due effect, and as his army approached the capital in pursuit of the pretender, he allowed it to remonstrate. This very unwarrantable act overthrew the exaltados, and brought back the moderados to power. It was generally believed, however, to have been the result of an intrigue of the staff, who imposed upon the easy nature of the general. Espartero was known, notwithstanding his anxiety to improve the supply of his army, to have regretted the unconstitutionality of the step which produced this ministerial revolution. The circumstance shows, at least, how little inclined was Espartero to pay court to the ultra-liberals, or to aim at assumptions of power through their influence.

After the convention of Bergara, which pacified the north, the war still continued in Aragon, and the army was kept actively employed under Espartero in that province and in Catalonia. There was no doubt, however, as to the issue. The moderados, in power, and delivered from the fear of Carlos and absolutism, entered at once on the fulfilment of their principles, and the establishment of more conservative bases of administration, than those which existed. For this purpose they took the most imprudent step that could have been devised. Had they attacked the press, and restrained its licence; had they checked the turbulence of the lower classes, even by laws against association; had they passed the most severe penalties against conspiracy—the Spaniards would have borne all: but the moderados thought fit to attack the institution which is most truly Spanish, and that in which all classes of citizens, upper and lower, are most deeply interested. The moderados attempted to change the municipal institutions of the country, and to introduce a new and centralizing system in imitation of the

French, and in lieu of the old Spanish system of *ayuntamientos*. Their elected municipal body and magistrates were certainly the key of the parliamentary elections, of the formation of the national guard, of local taxation, and in fact of all power. But to attack them was the more dangerous; and the first mention of the plan raised a flame from one end of the peninsula to the other. The French court pressed the queen regent to persevere, saying that no sovereign power could exist in unison with the present state of local and municipal independence: the queen regent did persevere, and obtained a vote of the cortes.

The Duke of Victory had at that time peculiar opportunities for judging of the sentiments of the great towns of Aragon and Catalonia and Valencia: his army was quartered amongst them, and his supplies were drawn in a great measure from them. All these towns had made great sacrifices during the war, and their indignation was great at finding that the first result of that war should be a deprivation of their liberties. The Duke of Victory, how much soever he had hitherto kept aloof from politics, now wrote to the queen regent, and remonstrated with the ministry on the danger of persisting in the contemplated measures. His counsels were received with secret derision; but as the towns could not be repressed without the aid of the army, the general was told that no important resolution should be taken without his concurrence. He in consequence quieted the apprehensions and agitation of the townsmen.

The ministry persisted not the less in carrying out the law: but fearing the resistance or neutrality of Espartero, they begged the queen regent to go in person to Catalonia, under pretence of sea-bathing, in order to exercise her influence over what was considered the weak mind of the Duke of Victory. The French envoy, indeed, opposed this journey; and predicted with much truth, that if once the queen regent trusted herself to the army, and to the population of the great and liberal towns of Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia, she would be forced to withdraw the obnoxious law.

Christina and her ministers both persisted. Both knew Espartero's devotion to the queens, and they reckoned on his chivalrous nature to fly in the face of danger, rather than shrink in prudence from it. She set forth, and the Duke of Victory hastened to meet her at Igualada. Christina recapitulated all the theoretic and doctrinaire reasons of her ministers for humbling the pride and independence of the great Spanish towns; the Duke of Victory replied that perhaps she was right, though it seemed ungrateful thus to repay the towns for their late sacrifices and devotion to the constitutional cause. But right or wrong,

another consideration dominated: and this was the impossibility of enforcing the law without producing an insurrection of the towns. 'They could be easily reduced by a few common shot and cavalry-charges.' The Duke of Victory replied, 'That they might be so reduced, but that *he* refused to be the instrument or the orderer of such measures. But he was ready to resign.'

The queen and ministers knew however, that the resignation of Espartero then would have led to a military insurrection; for the soldiers and officers had already suspected that they were about to be dismissed, and without compensation. The end of the interview was, that the Duke of Victory must keep the command at all events; and that Christina would consult her ministry, and at least not promulgate the law with the royal sanction till after further consultation and agreement with the commander-in-chief. Christina hastened to Barcelona, met two of her ministers, and forgot in their exhortation the advice of the general and her promises to him. The consequence was the double insurrection, first of Barcelona and then of Valencia, which compelled her to abdicate.

Such were the events that produced the interregnum, and left the regency to be filled by the cortes. It was evident from the first that no one could fill that post to the exclusion of the Duke of Victory; and yet it must be owned there was great repugnance to elect him on the part of a great number of deputies. The honest patriots dreaded to see a soldier at the head of a constitutional government, and demanded that one or two civilians should be associated with him in a triple regency; but the greater number were of course the interested, the place and power-hunters; these saw in a triple regency many more chances of rising by favour, and obtaining office, than under a single regent, a military man, accustomed to order his aide-de-camp about, and utterly unskilled in appreciating address in intrigue and skill in courtiership; they, therefore, also demanded the triple regency, and at first there was a decided majority for this decision. It was then that the Duke of Victory declared, that the triple regency might be the best mode of rule during the minority of the queen, but that for himself he was determined to make no part of it. It would, he said, be a divided, a squabbling, and a powerless triumvirate. The true patriots then saw the danger of setting aside the general and the army, the instant after both had saved the municipal liberties of the country; they saw the probable result of setting up three not very eminent persons to perform together the all-important office; and waving their objections to Espartero, they agreed to vote him sole regent.

Thus was the Duke of Victory appointed, and he ever after showed his gratitude to the thorough liberal and patriotic party,

who trusted him on this occasion. To them he delivered up the ministry: to them he promised never to interfere with the government, but to live as a constitutional ruler, above the strife and struggles of parties. In this the Duke of Victory was wrong: he should have opened his palace, lived in the throng, listened to the complaints, the desires, the feelings of all parties, and made himself adherents amongst all. The Spaniards tender eminence only on the condition of its being affable, and look upon kings, as we said before, with a kind of Arabic sentiment, as summary righters of wrongs, and controllers of all that is iniquitously done by their servants administering power. Espartero thought he acted the sovereign most fully by shutting himself in a small palace, by doing business regularly, and by eschewing all the pleasurable and representative part of his functions. He understood little of the minutiae of politics, and cared not to talk of them. He gave no dinners, no balls, no *tertullias*, no card-tables. In short, his salary was clean lost to the courtiers and placemen, and would-be placemen. The women declared him to be a very dull Regent, and their condemnation was fatal.

The most inveterate enemies of the Regent were, however, the new and bastard portion of the Liberals—those whom the French ministerial papers called *Young Spain*: men jealous of the old Liberals of 1809 and 1821, who looked upon Arguelles and Calatrava as out of date, and who considered themselves representatives of a new and practical school of liberalism, superior to any yet discovered. Caballero and Olozaga were the chiefs of the party: but these gentlemen, however able as orators and writers, had never succeeded in attaching to them more than an insignificant number of followers. Timid, tortuous, and time-serving, they were of that class of politicians which can harass a ministry, but are incapable themselves of forming an administration. The Regent was sorely puzzled how to deal with them. Their speeches in the Cortes were backed at times by a large number of votes; but when he summoned them to his presence, and bade them form a ministry, they always declined. They had a majority for opposition, they said, but not for power. This might have puzzled a more experienced constitutional sovereign than Espartero. Soldier-like, he bade them go about their business. He was wrong. He ought on the contrary, like Louis Philippe in similar circumstances, to have facilitated their formation of a ministry; he ought to have smiled upon them; he ought to have lent them a helping hand; and then, after they had been fully discredited by a six months' hold of power, he might easily have turned them adrift, as the king of the French did M. Thiers.

Secure in the affection and support of the old staunch liberal

party, the Regent never dreamed that these could be overcome by men affecting to be more liberal than they. But Spain was not left to itself. The French court became exceedingly jealous at this time of the Regent's intentions respecting the marriage of the young queen. They sent an envoy, who was called a family ambassador, and who as such pretended to immediate and uncontrolled access to the young queen. The Regent resisted, the envoy left, France was more irritated, and then determined on the Regent's downfall. Thirty journals were almost simultaneously established in Madrid and different parts of the peninsula, all of which set up the same cry of the Regent's being sold to England, and of Spain being about to be sacrificed in a treaty of commerce. Barcelona, most likely to be affected by this bugbear treaty, was of course the centre of opposition; and there, under the instigation and with the pay of French agents, open resistance was organized, and insurrection broke forth. The subsequent events are known: the bombardment, the reduction, the lenity of the Regent, the impunity of the Barcelonese, and their perseverance even after defeat in braving authority.

The army was then tampered with: at least some regiments. The Spanish officer though brave is unfortunately a gambler and an idler, with little prospect of making way in his profession by talent or by promotion in war; all chances of the latter are at present cut off; promotion is now to be had only by revolutions, since, if these are successful, the military abettors rise a step. Then there are court ways of rising in the army: a handsome fellow attracting the attention of the queen or of a lady in whom king or minister is interested: and all these chances were precluded by the dull, moral regency of Espartero, to whose self and family and ministers, such ways and intrigues were utterly unknown. The young officers longed for the reign of the queens, young or old, and 'down with Espartero' was first their wish, and then their cry.

Indeed from the first the Spanish officers were disinclined to Espartero as general, and much preferred Cordova, a diplomatist and a courtier; but the soldiers on the other hand preferred the Regent. With this class, then, especially with the non-commissioned officers, the efforts of the conspirators were chiefly made. Calumnies were circulated, promises lavished, the soldiers attached to the service were promised grades, the rest were promised dismissal to their homes: in fine, the army was debauched, and when the Regent wanted to make use of it as a weapon of defence, it broke in his hands and pierced him.


The condemnation on which Espartero's enemies, the French, lay most stress, is his want of skill in maintaining himself in power. Success with them covers every virtue. The want of it

exaggerates every defect. There was a discussion at Prince Talleyrand's one evening, as to who was the greatest French statesman in modern times. Each named his political hero. Talleyrand decided that Villèle was the greatest man, on the ground that in a constitutional country he kept the longest hold of power: adding, that the best rope-dancer was he who kept longest on the cord. The great proof of political genius, according to Talleyrand, was to stick longest in place. The rule is a wretched one, and yet Espartero would not lose by being even in that way judged: for no Spaniard has kept such prolonged command and influence, none have attained more brilliant ends. The Treaty of Bergara, and the Regency, are two successes that might well content a life. And after all Espartero was long enough regent to allow Spain to enjoy tranquillity under his rule, and to afford every one a taste and a prospect of what Spain might yet become, under a free, a peaceable, and a regular government.

A greater and more rare example offered to Spain by the Regent's government, was the honesty of its political and financial measures. There was no court nor court treasurer to absorb one-third or one-half of every loan and every anticipation, nor could the leasers or farmers of the public revenue obtain easy bargains by means of a bribe. Such things were disposed of by public competition; and Calatrava in this respect left behind him an example, which will render a recurrence to the old habit of proceeding too scandalous and intolerable.

So, morality and simplicity of life, though a cause of dislike with courtiers, with place and money-hunters, was on the contrary, a rare and highly-appreciated merit in the eyes of the citizens. No one cause occasioned more disgusts and revolts in Madrid than the scandals of the court of Madrid. Its removal was a great bond of peace, whatever people may say of the salutary influence of royalty!

The party attached to the regency of the Duke of Victory as the best symbol and guard of the constitution, lay chiefly in the well-informed and industrious class of citizens, such as exist in great majority in Madrid, Saragossa, Cadiz. In Catalonia the manufacturers and their workmen were against him, from a belief that he wished to admit English cotton. Seville is an old archiepiscopal seat, where the clergy have great influence; and the clergy there, as well as rivalry of Cadiz, occasioned its resistance. There is, one may say, no rustic population in the south. All the poor congregate in towns, or belong to them, and form a mass of ignorant, excitable, changeable opinion, that is not to be depended upon for twenty-four hours. There is throughout a strong vein of republicanism, and a contempt for all things and persons



north of the Sierra Morena: so that nothing is more easy than to get up an *alborato* against the government of the time being. The north of Spain, on the contrary, depends upon its rural population; and is slower to move, but much more formidable and steady when once made to embrace or declare an opinion. Throughout the north, neither citizens nor servants declared against the regent. It was merely the garrisons and troops of the line. Such being the force and support of the different parties, one is surprised to find that Espartero so easily succumbed, and we cannot but expect that his recall, either as regent or general, is sooner or later inevitable.

The career of the Duke of Victory being thus far from closed, it would be premature to carve out his full-length statue: to be too minute in personal anecdote, too severe or too laudatory in judging him. Our materials too are but meager; though the 'Galerie des Contemporains' which heads our article is a popular and meritorious little work. Our present task is, however, sufficiently discharged. Señor Flores promises at Madrid a life of Espartero in three volumes; and the Duke of Victoria and Spain are subjects that we shall have ample occasion and necessity to recur to.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Des Jésuites, par MM. MICHELET ET QUINET. Paris. 1843.

MICHELET the historian, and Quinet the eloquent lecturer upon the literature of the South, have suspended their ordinary labours to ring an alarm upon the revival of the Jesuits in France. Let us glance at the cause of their provocation. For some time past the clergy have complained of the exclusive control exercised by the University over the education of the rising generation, the heads of which they accuse of corrupting the minds of youth by the dissemination of infidel principles. This charge pushed through all its consequences (and they are readily conceivable), is, as our readers will acknowledge, very grave, and such as the government itself, the direct patron and supporter of the university, could not allow to remain unanswered. M. Villemain, the minister of public instruction, himself a professor formerly, was the earliest to take the field : in the first instance verbally in his place in the Chamber of Peers, and then as the author of an elaborate report, officially prepared upon the state of education in France, in which he not only demonstrated the immense spread of education through the care of the university, but asserted its strict attention to the provision of religious instruction. M. Villemain's defence of the university rendered him perhaps the most popular of the present ministers : his vindication, complete as it was considered to be, limiting itself to the strict line of defence. Had it been more, it might have detracted from its own completeness as well as from the temperate dignity of a high government officer. But the university professors were not trammelled by considerations of etiquette and position ; and they, attacked directly as corrupt teachers, have not felt bound to forego the exquisite pleasure of retaliation. Infidels as they were accused of being, they knew that there was a name more hateful still, *the name of Jesuit*, and this they have loudly shouted through the length and breadth of the land.

It was in the early part of the summer that M. Michelet turned, in a seemingly abrupt manner, from an historical course he was pursuing, to deal with the mechanical, material, lifeless, soulless form which he considered the literature of the present day to be taking : the same system which he conceived to have been once adopted by the enemies of all true knowledge. 'The Jesuits in the 16th century affected to be lovers of learning, and consented to feed the intellect with the husks and shells, the mere mechanical forms, that they might the more easily deprive the soul of its true food.' But in Michelet's dealing with the subject of Jesuitism, there is more of the poet than of the keen controversialist. 'The machinery employed by

the Jesuits,' he exclaims, 'has been active and powerful: but its productions have nothing of life: there has been wanting that which is in all society the most striking sign of life, a great man—not one man in three hundred years.' Even their skill as teachers, looked upon generally as their redeeming merit, he treats with contempt as merely mechanical, as rendering the pupils automatons, regulating the external conduct but leaving the heart untouched by any good influence. Michelet, in fine, writes as if he took for granted that mankind had so learned by heart the atrocities of Jesuitism, that no more was wanted than an organ for the full expression of the general indignation. Quinet, on the other hand, is more methodical in his attack, and does not assume any charge to be proved and known. He states his case with the clearness and conviction of proof of a skilled advocate, and waits until the reason be convinced before he fires the passions. We suppose it must be taken as a tribute to the eminence of the poet-historian, that the fragments of his lectures are printed first in order: they ought to have been the last: to feel their full force, M. Quinet's complete history should be first perused. Let us extract from the fifth lecture of the latter the following passage, for its unmistakable application to existing circumstances:

"Wherever a dynasty falls, I see standing erect behind, like an evil genius, as if it rose from the earth, one of those sombre Jesuit confessors, who leads it to death with a gentleness that might be called paternal: Father Nithard beside the last heir of the Austrian dynasty in Spain—Father Auger beside the last of the Valois—Father Peters beside the last of the Stuarts. I might speak of a much nearer period, one in fact within your own experience. (The professor alludes to Charles X.) Let us go back, however, to Louis XIV., and regard the face of Father Le Tellier, as depicted in the Memoirs of Saint Simon. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death, that face casts over all society. An exchange of character seems as it were to take place between the monarch and his confessor, and I know nothing more appalling than such a contemplation: the king giving up day by day some portion of his moral existence, and receiving in return a portion of bitter leaven; the sustained ardour of intrigue invading and seizing as fast as conscience gives way; the triumph by degrees of all that is petty over all that was grand; until the soul of Father Tellier seems to take the place of that of Louis XIV., and to rule the conscience of the nation, no longer able to recognise its old king, whose death at last relieves it from the double load of absolute power and of political religion. What a warning! notwithstanding a difference of time, it ought never to be forgotten."

This passage may suffice to show that religious controversy is not what is prominent in the mind of the speaker. Religion is indeed treated reverently throughout. A protest is raised in the name of the church itself against these modern templars—not half soldier, half priest, but worse still, half monk half police: and that in the worse sense of a continental *gendarmérie*: for the system is one of *espionage* upon the exercise of thought, so subtle and so treacherous that all are agents therein, and as much acted upon as actors.

Is it possible, let us ask, that such a revival is taking place, and in such a country as France? But when we see bastilles surrounding Paris, we may cease to wonder that chains are weaving within for the subjugation of the mind. The hint has not been lost, that those who helped to raise the one may easily submit to the other. The conclusion

is logical. But Jesuitism is an evil to be apprehended equally by ruler and people. Look only at the history of its banishments, from Venice in 1606, from Bohemia in 1618, from Naples in 1622, and from the Low Countries in the same year; from India in the year following, from Russia in 1676, from Portugal in 1752, from Spain in 1767, from France in 1764, and at last from Rome herself in 1773! With such history before us, can it be possible that this society, in thirteen years after the fall and in the country of its last royal victim, threatens to nestle within the barbarous Gothic walls of the most civilized of continental nations? M. Michelet says yes. He declares, upon credible authority, that there are twice the number of Jesuits now that there were at the moment of the revolution of July. The number then was 423, it is now 960. The Jesuits, then confined to some houses, are now in every diocese. Be the apprehension exaggerated, however, or be it well founded, it has drawn forth some brilliant evidence of the spirit ready to meet any attempt upon the freedom of thought, enough to warn the most hardy of the order against persistence in so vast an enterprise.

Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr. (Comedy in Five Acts, followed by a Letter to Jules Janin.) By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Paris. 1843.

It is the critics' custom in France, to write their names on the trenchant blade with which they operate upon all subjects, good or bad. The custom is attended with inconvenience. The author rejects the critics' lessons, and retorts upon the man personally: the critic is apt to forget the author and his work, and to set up on his own account. M. Janin, for instance, who has drawn upon his head the anger of Alexander Dumas for his criticism of '*Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*,' very seldom gives himself much trouble in the way of analysis. The play, with him, is *not* the thing. It is only the *motif* for an interminable *bravura*, brilliant and rattling: the reader thinking all the time only of M. Janin, and M. Janin thinking only of himself. He writes with some such thought as this everlastingly in his head. 'You think that comedy amusing? Fools! I will show you something that is amusing.' And straightway he throws you a somerset, makes you a succession of grimaces, stands on his head, puts his toe in his mouth, and having tickled and confounded you with the untiring capers and *étourderie* of boundless animal spirits, ends by a challenge to the now forgotten author, to match such exploits if he can.

But Janin is not without method in his madness. With all his tomfoolery he is no fool. He knows that in a city where every body goes to the play, none will be prevented going by any thing he can say. He therefore must maintain his critical supremacy by *amusing*; and much of the jealousy and dislike with which he is viewed by comic writers arises from the fact, that at their expense he makes *his* criticisms more amusing than *their* plays. '*Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*,' for instance, are as uninteresting a pair of demoiselles as, to use Lord Byron's expressive, but not overnice phrase, 'ever smelled of bread and butter.' The plot is so improbable as to be utterly absurd. A Count

Saint Harem enters by a false key into the celebrated establishment founded by Madame de Maintenon. His design is upon Miss Charlotte; but a knowing little friend, Miss Louisa, interposes, asking the gentleman the nature of his intentions. The latter finds that, to succeed with the one, he must get the other provided with an admirer; so putting his head out of the window, he calls to a friend who happens to be passing. This friend, although engaged to be married within two hours, agrees to give up one hour of the time, and while his bride is waiting to be conducted to the church, makes love to Miss Louisa, and is accepted. But at the moment the two gentlemen are about to take leave, they are arrested, carried off to the bastille, and obliged to marry the young ladies, lest the character of the establishment should be compromised. The hero and his friend depart for Madrid, and the wives, abandoned at the altar, follow them in disguise, and according to an easily foreseen termination, in a rather clumsy way win back their affections.

Well, nobody could laugh at such stuff as this, so Janin, taking pity upon the public, gave them at the breakfast-table what they ought to have had for their money at the *Théâtre Français*. Now had Janin declaimed from behind the mysterious 'we,' Monsieur Dumas would have felt bound, if in the vein for remonstrating, to have eschewed personalities, and to have defended his play on its own merits. And this brings us to the question we touched upon at starting. It is argued that the signature of criticisms by authors would put an end to personality as *against authors*; but would the personal pronoun singular be equally efficacious in *protecting critics*? The letter of M. Dumas is in some sort an answer. Instead of entering upon the merits of his play, he attacks Janin, reminds him of a time when he lived in a garret, accuses him of having attempted to write a play, in which attempt he failed; rummages Janin's writing for bad spelling of Italian words; and deals in insinuations of which it is presumed M. Janin's friends must feel the force. The end of the matter was, they say, that after challenges sent, and politely declined, the critic and the dramatist were seen, on the occasion of the sixteenth performance of the *Demoiselles*, amicably seated together in the same box of the *Théâtre Français*.

Histoire Philosophique et Littéraire du Théâtre Français depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours. (Philosophical and Literary History of the French Theatre, from its Origin to our own Time.) Par M. HYPPOLITE LUCAS. Paris: Gosselin. 1843.

M. LUCAS treats the early part of the history of the French stage as Robertson did the first portion of the history of Scotland, that is to say, he hardly deems it worthy of treatment at all. The thirty-fourth page of a volume extending to nearly four hundred, brings the reader to Corneille, who is treated as the founder of the French drama. High too as is the author's admiration for the works of this truly great writer, he

is obliged to acknowledge that the school he created does not bear the impress of originality which marks the productions of the English stage.

"The English stage (he says at p. 298) possesses a truly original value. Thanks to Shakspeare, it blossoms upon a richer soil, one more stirred up and more fruitful than our own. Old England, with reform working in her bosom, and agitated by intestine wars, gave birth to more strongly-marked features; and while, at the same time, her national character became more distinctly traced, the citizen had grown, and stood out better from the canvass. . . But when Corneille, and Molière, and Racine wrote, instead of those hardy and vigorous characters which served as models for Shakspeare, there existed mere courtiers, whose sentiments took the tone from those of their masters, as their watch was set by the Château clock."

But fortunately for the character of the French stage, it began to feel the influence of the English drama even before the death of Voltaire; and in proportion as that influence infused itself into its languid veins, did it advance towards power and poetry. M. Lucas declares openly for the 'Romantic School:' being indeed an avowed disciple of Victor Hugo. Romanticism he thus defends:

"Ridicule in France very quickly attaches itself to words, but does not long retain its hold; in their course of circulation it is soon rubbed off, and they no longer pass current. It is thus that we now hardly dare to use the word *romantique*, once so famous; and yet in this word there is a just idea, an idea of progress as yet incomplete; few persons have comprehended its true acceptation. In the eyes of many it still represents some young enthusiasts, with long hair upon their shoulders and pointed beards, or certain literary eccentricities opposed to common sense; but those who have reflected upon works of art, know well that the mask must not be taken for the face, and that allowance should be made for the exaggerations which necessarily accompany innovation. What is the meaning of that romantic school, whose place can no longer be disputed? Taking it in the serious sense given to it by the critic, romantic signifies simply that which, springing from the poetic fancy, is opposed to mere convention. Greek literature was in this sense romantic; Roman literature, on the contrary, was classic for the reason that it was a constant imitation. The Spaniards, the English, the Germans have been romantic; we cannot too often repeat it, their literature has sprung from their soil; while French literature from its very birth was imitative—impregnated with the spirit of antiquity."

It was at the period of the Restoration that French poets showed themselves sick of Mars and Cupid. But, remarks M. Lucas,

"By a reaction against the worn out form of which they felt the absurdity, they at first adopted the language of Catholicism, making a display of religious and even monarchical sentiments, with which they were a little touched. Old cathedrals and old châteaux, revived by the taste for the middle age, gave to the new poets a colour of royalty and of devotion, which quickly disappeared. Such were the ideas which troubled Victor Hugo when he presented 'Hernani;' he gave battle to the stationary party, who disputed the ground inch by inch. M. Victor Hugo called to his aid the young, the ardent, the impetuous like himself; all who spurned conventional forms, prejudices, and abuses; all who demanded the liberty of art. Then flocked from the painters' *ateliers*, from the workshops, from the libraries, from the lecture-rooms, all this vigorous and bearded race, original and cavalier—this army, which it must be allowed sometimes demeaned itself a little too arrogantly—and which M. Hugo is blamed for having called together, as if he had opened a pandemonium."

We need not follow M. Lucas through his critical analysis of the dramas of Victor Hugo, and of those other writers of the Romantic School who have with more or less distinction followed in his wake.

The reading public have already formed their opinions upon them. It is sufficient to say that M. Lucas has not a word of censure to offer against any writer, from Corneille to himself, except M. de Balzac, against whom he seems to entertain as much prejudice as a singularly kindly nature will allow. And even against him he does not discharge any acrid humour. It is a squeeze of a lemon, only disagreeable because limited to that one spot. We confess we could not only pardon, but relish a stronger infusion, mixed with a little more art. All the praise may be deserved, no doubt; but so much of it leaves a dull languid sweetness upon the palate, as if the author had dipped his pen in treacle—as Balzac says he is apt to do.

In his concluding chapter the author asks what ought to be the comedy of our time, and gives the following ingenious answer:

“M. de Talleyrand, according to the idea entertained of his character, might be regarded as the model of this comedy. It consists chiefly in an hypocrisy of words transparent enough for men of sense to pierce through. Fools alone are deceived. Life with these amiable forms, which pretend to show regard, and fear to disoblige, wears a more agreeable aspect. It is not falsehood—but politeness: we like to be lulled with the sound of its eulogistic music. We pass the censor from one to the other with grace and discretion. All being dissimulation, few marked features appear. The art of comedy consists now, perhaps, in the difference between thought and language, between life as it is, and the opinion that we wish others to entertain of us. It conceals itself in the train of little falsehoods that form the foundation of the greater part of the characters of the day. From the clashing of diverse interests and of wounded vanities, let truth be elicited: you will have the comedy of the age.”

This History of the French Theatre has, in a certain sort, supplied a desideratum in French literature. But we must protest against the high-sounding title of ‘*Historie Philosophique*,’ &c., it is the *Dip the wig in the Atlantic* of Sterne’s Barber. Philosophy is a great word, raising great expectations. Whereas, those who sit down to read M. Lucas with great expectations, will certainly be disappointed. They will have a pleasant *resumé* of the plays which graced the *Théâtre Français* and the *Odeon* from their foundation, with notices of the most remarkable actors. And *voilà tout*. But even that is a great deal, for those who are not unwisely led to look for more.

Nizza und die Meeralpen, geschildert von einem SCHWEIZER. (Nice and the Maritime Alps, described by a Swiss.) Zürich: Meyer and Zeller.


NICE, now chiefly celebrated for its concourse of consumptive Englishmen, sent there under an erroneous notion of its fitness to cure pulmonary complaints, has been an important city in the history of Europe, and has come in for its fair share of all the broils that have agitated Italy, from the wars of the ancient Romans to the invasions of republican Frenchmen. The first eruption of barbarians was followed by the destruction of Nice; it was burned by the Lombards in 577; it was demolished by the Saracens in the time of Charlemagne. Most frequent has been its change of masters. Attached, together with Provence, to France by Charles Martel, it followed Provence when the kingdom of

Arles was formed. A few years of republican independence were allowed it in the twelfth century, by the indolence of its rulers; and during this short period, a constitution arose, the outlines of which exist at the present day. But it soon passed over into the house of Arragon, by honourable treaty, when Alphonso I. inherited the countship of Provence. A deficiency of male heirs caused a transfer of Provence and Nice to the house of Anjou, in consequence of a marriage, in 1246, of the Arragonian heiress with Charles, brother of the King of France. Then the new acquisitions of its Angerin monarch rendered Nice an appurtenance of the crown of Naples; and when the unfortunate Queen Giovanna fled, in consequence of the murder of her husband, about which there is so much difference of opinion, it was in this city she found the kindest reception. In the contentions for the succession, which followed the death of Giovanna, Nice declared for the house of Durazzo; but it now found that it had a sovereign who was unable to assist it against the claims of the rival pretender, and was forced to seek a protector in the person of Amadeus II., Count of Savoy. The choice of this protector was made with the consent of Ladislaus of Sicily; and it was understood that the rights of the latter were in no manner compromised. This uncertain position of protector was, however, soon changed for a more substantial title; and in 1419, Nice formally passed from the house of Anjou to that of Savoy. The Counts of Savoy became dukes in 1416, and Kings of Sardinia at the beginning of last century; and therefore to the kingdom of Sardinia, the city of Nice is now attached.

The anonymous 'Swiss' who has written the account of Nice, has made a very small book, but a very complete one. In little more than a pamphlet, he has given a description of the city and the surrounding country; he has set forth the nature of its constitution; he has pointed out the moral peculiarities of the people; he has criticised the climate, pronouncing the belief that it is beneficial to consumptive subjects to be quite fallacious; he has shown the life which foreigners may expect to lead when they visit Nice; he has drawn up a succinct history of the town, from the time of the Romans to the present day; and he has exhibited the peculiarities of the provincial language in a chapter, which it would not be too much to call a grammar. This is, indeed, and in the best sense, *multum in parvo*!

We select for extract the chapter which is devoted to the 'foreigners at Nice.'

"The foreigners who come annually to Nice to pass the winter there form a distinct part of the population. They are mostly English, and their number is estimated at from 5000 to 6000, in addition to the French, Germans, Russians, Poles, &c. For their reception is the new quarter of Nice prepared; for them is the large suburb, Croix de Marbre, erected; for them are designed the beautiful villas which adorn the environs of the city, and the number of which is said to amount to 1000. Hence there is no want of lodgings for large or small families, or single individuals. These residences are completely furnished. The rent varies according to the situation and quality from 300 to 1000 francs for the winter half year. There are lodgings for the highest and genteel class, as well as for persons of the middle rank. In the summer months the rent is much lower. The proprietors consider winter as the



only time when they can derive any profit from their houses, and therefore they make a point of then paying themselves for the whole year.

"Provisions are not dear at Nice. Throughout the winter there are peas and other pulse, cauliflowers, spinach, and artichokes, as well as apples and potatoes. The sea affords many kinds of fish. Meat, poultry, and butter come from Piedmont. The wine, which is grown in the country, is cheap, but seldom unmixed. Red wine is commonly drunk; the white is scarcer and dearer, and generally sweet, in consequence of the materials with which it is mixed. The water, without being bad, is not remarkably good, as it is generally drawn from cisterns. The milk too is not excellent, since there is a want of meadows, and the few cows that are kept do not find proper nourishment. Fruits of all sorts are in abundance, especially pomegranates, which are exceedingly cheap. Ripe figs are seen after April, cherries and strawberries appear in May, grapes are to be procured in July. Wood and charcoal, which are chiefly used in cooking, are dear. A visiter can either keep his own establishment, or dine at a *restaurateur's*. There are also numerous hotels and *pensions* which will provide a dinner at home.

"The mode of life adopted by foreigners at Nice is as it generally is with such places as are visited by some for the sake of pleasure, and others for the sake of health or laborious indolence.

"The beauties of nature, the warm sun, the blue sky, invite to excursions which are made sometimes on foot, sometimes in carriages, and sometimes on horseback, or on asses, which is here just as common. The environs of Nice are inexhaustible in affording new and pleasant walks; and the city itself, the mound with its extensive prospect, the corso, with its shady trees and bustle of life, and the terrace by the seaside, offer much that is attractive.

"Those who seek the pleasures of social life and of the world, will be satisfied at Nice. Besides a theatre, at which there are performances in French and Italian, there is a society called the 'Philharmonic Circle,' to which foreigners may have admittance. In the well-ordered part of the city there are social *réunions*, balls, and concerts, and there is also a library, and a selection of the journals and periodical publications which are allowed in the country. Of these, indeed, there is no great number, and a zealous politician and reader of newspapers here and through the whole of Sardinia, must imbibe a spirit of content, and be satisfied with tolerably bare and monotonous diet. Periodical literature is confined within very narrow bounds, and very few foreign journals are allowed to penetrate into the celestial kingdom of Sardinia. The legitimist journals of France, the 'Gazette de France,'* and its less important relations, the 'Gazette du Midi,' &c., enjoy the highest degree of favour. Journals of another complexion, even though moderate, as the 'Journal des Débats' are excluded. Of German papers, the 'Wiener Zeitung,' and the 'Oesterreichische Beobachter,' and others of a similar character are admitted. The 'Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung,' which is read all over the world, even in Austria, and especially at Milan, is among the prohibited wares, and, like other journals in the same condition, can only be procured by favoured persons with the especial permission of the minister for foreign affairs, which it is most difficult to obtain. Of Swiss papers, the 'Tessinerzeitung,' and the 'Constitutionel Neuchatelois,' are alone tolerated. In Sardinia itself, there is only one paper, the 'Gazette Piémontese,' and this contains extracts from the foreign journals which are not admitted.

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"Other branches of literature share the same fate as the periodical, when

* Since prohibited.

religion and politics are concerned. Nothing is allowed that is not in accordance with the spirit of the whole, with the idea of a patriarchal and priestly government. If a person takes with him but a few books, excessive rigour is not used; but if, contemplating a long stay, he wishes to bring a collection of favourite works, or to order them from home, that he may take his necessary intellectual food, and guard off the insipidity consequent on a *dolce far niente*, he will find his project attended with many difficulties. If the books, by observance of the necessary forms, happily cross the frontier, they will not pass the custom-house at Nice, without the consent both of the spiritual and temporal authorities. This is only given after a careful investigation: to further which, the owner must give a threefold list, containing the exact titles of the books in question. If, unfortunately, any religious works, and above all, any of an anti-catholic or political character are found, the consent is very difficult to obtain, and then it is granted only under certain conditions. New difficulties arise when a person wishes to quit the country, and to proceed further with his books. For then they are examined anew at the first custom-house; a threefold list must again be prepared; and in spite of all entreaties, they are kept back, sealed with lead, and sent by a special conveyance to the frontier, where the owner, if he is in luck, will find them on payment of the carriage expenses.

“Under such circumstances, it is expedient to content oneself with such literature as the place affords; which, is not of a very important character. There are to be seen at Nice several booksellers and reading-rooms, but these afford little to satisfy the higher demands of the mind, and the stock consists merely of English, French, and Italian *belles lettres* and romances. Other more important necessities, namely, those of a religious kind, part at least of the foreign residents, find a difficulty in satisfying. The English indeed, consistently with their estimable mode of thought, have erected a place of worship even in Nice; but this is only of service to those who know the English language. A French clergyman who settled at Nice some time ago, and delivered very edifying discourses in his own language, was not tolerated by the bishop, and left the country to the regret of every one.”

We think the above will show that Nice is not a place that will suit an Englishman for a length of time, especially when it is proved that it has wrongly obtained that character for curing pulmonary complaints, which has hitherto formed its chief attraction.

SCHELLING: *von Karl Rosenkranz*. Danzig. Gerhard, 1843.

If we give but a very brief notice of this highly interesting course of lectures, it is not because we have lightly skimmed over them, but because we shall probably, on some future occasion, give a general review of the Schelling and Hegel controversy, in which event they would form one of our text-books. In the meanwhile, having carefully read them through, we state our opinion that M. Rosenkranz, who is a well known Hegelian, has succeeded in putting Schelling in the worst possible position, by means the fairest that could be devised. The lectures are not essentially polemic: Rosenkranz scarcely in any instance opens a direct attack: but he gives an account of the whole of Schelling's philosophical career, taking him book by book, in the chronological order of publication, to the time of his accepting the professorship at Berlin. Then he leaves him: for Schelling has been cautious enough to print nothing since

he took the chair he at present holds, and if any one else speaks for him he is ready at a moment's warning to declare that he has been misunderstood. Without intrenching on the lines of his new fortification, M. Rosenkranz has ample opportunity to lower the estimation in which Schelling may be held, by directing his attention solely to works that bear Schelling's name, and pointing out the phases of his career. And a pretty figure does poor Schelling cut, when all the treatises that he wrote from about 1790 to 1834 are marshalled before him! We find a man spoiled by over-success in his youth; committing a series of the most glaring inconsistencies; and still professing that he has but one system. We find him making promises of further developments that he never performed; we find him wantonly changing his phraseology at every step; we find him recklessly picking up all sorts of discoveries in science and archeology, endeavouring to fit them to his own system, and then obliged to 'make a forget of it;' we find him loosely drawing large conclusions from the most insufficient premises; we find him mistaking fancy for reason; we find him ungenerous to his early friend Hegel:—in a word, if we would give a picture of a truly unphilosophical character we would say 'look at Schelling!' In his early days he had a great thought. He broke through the one-sided subjectivity of Fichte, and proclaimed an 'absolute' that should be indifferent to subject and object, and from which both should be developed. He gave the hint of the first truly logical beginning, but he never constructed a complete philosophical system, and he never will.

Ueber den Frieden unter der Kirche und der Staaten. (On Peace between the Church and the States.) By the Archbishop of Cologne. Münster. Theissing. 1843.

A BOOK belonging to the controversy between the Prussian government and the Roman church. The archbishop endeavours to define the true position of ecclesiastical establishments: asserting the right they have not only to existence, but to efficient means for extending their influence, and contending that a full maintenance of all their privileges must operate beneficially as well to the state as to the church, even though the governor of the state be a Protestant. Whether the treatise will convince any one, who is on the opposite side of the question, we cannot say; but we can bear witness that the aged bishop defends his position with singular force and acumen.

Handbuch der Wasserbaukunst. (Manual of Hydraulic Architecture.) Von G. HAGEN. Königsberg: Bornträger. 1841.

THE title of this book sufficiently explains its object, the execution of which is admirable. The first part, the only one already published, treats of the management of small bodies of water, or springs; and we are promised a second and third, respectively devoted to rivers and seas. The work is of the most elaborate description, and is accompanied by a large atlas of plates.

Geschichte Roms. (History of Rome.) Von W. DRUMANN. Königsberg: Bornträger. 1841.

THE merits and peculiarities of Professor Drumann's history of Rome in the time of its transition from the republic to the empire, are too well known to need a particular description. The reader who takes interest in such subjects, will recollect that this Roman history is treated quite on a new plan, being divided into the histories of the several great families. The fifth volume, which was published in 1841, is devoted to the Pomponii, the Porcii, and the Tullii.

Lehrbuch der Ungarischer Sprache. (Compendium of the Hungarian Language.) Von J. N. REMÉLE. Vienna: Tendler and Schaefer. 1843.

Analyse Ungarischer Classiker. (Analysis of Hungarian Classics.) Von J. N. REMÉLE. 1842.

Ungarischer Geschäftsstyl in Beispielen. (Hungarian Commercial style, in examples.) Von J. N. REMÉLE. 1843.

WILL the English readers, who have just sipped Magyar poetry from Dr. Bowring's translation, feel an inclination to plunge deeper into the literature, now such very inviting books as those of Professor Reméle are before them? We fear not: though indeed the plan upon which his 'Lehrbuch' is constructed, is such as to render them extremely tempting. He does not begin with long tedious rules, but at once introduces the reader to the Hungarian tongue by abundant examples, both of words and sentences, conveying such grammatical information as is not contained in the paradigms by means of notes at the bottom of the page. The 'Analysis,' which was published before the 'Lehrbuch,' is not exactly on the same plan; as it is introduced by grammatical rules shortly stated. The substance of the work consists of selections from Magyar authors, with an interlinear translation.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

LAST year Dr. Jeitteles made a journey in Italy with the intention of publishing his observations on various objects of art and antiquity; but unfortunately his sudden death frustrated that design.

Literature has sustained a loss by the death of Caroline Pichler, who has long maintained a distinguished rank among the novelists and poetesses of Germany. She was born on the 7th September, 1769. Her mother was one of the Empress Maria Theresa's ladies of the bedchamber, and Caroline Pichler held an appointment in the service of the court of Austria, where her husband was a counsellor of state. She died at Vienna the 9th of July, after an illness of considerable severity and duration. To the last, in conversation with her friends, she manifested a lively interest in literary subjects.

BELGIUM.

M. Fetis, the well-known musical historian and critic, has recently made some discoveries in the Royal Library at Brussels, which promise to furnish valuable contributions to the history of music. Among the books of plain chant in the library, he has found a volume of masses and motets by celebrated composers who lived about the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries. The most important pieces of this volume are three masses each for three voices by Guillaume Dufay; two masses for four voices by the same composer; a mass for three voices by Binchois; the mass 'Omnipotens Pater' for three voices, by a composer named Jean Plourmel; and the mass 'Deus creator omnium,' by an English composer named Rignardt (Richard) Cox. All these masters wrote during the interval between 1380 and 1420. These masses are followed by the motet 'Orbis terrarum' for four voices, by Busnois; a 'Magnificat' for three voices; the famous Christmas chant for four; another 'Magnificat' for four; the motets 'Ad cœnam ogni providi' for three; 'Anima mea liquifacta est' for three; 'Victimæ paschali laudes,' for four; 'Regina cœli lætare,' for four; another motet for four on the same text; a mass for three voices, 'Sine nomine.' All these compositions are by Busnois. The volume closes with a mass 'Ave Regina,' for three voices, by Le Roy, commonly known by the name of Regis. By these compositions, a considerable chasm in the history of the musical art is filled up. Another discovery made by M. Fetis, though less valuable than that just described, is nevertheless very important. It consists of a superb manuscript, written on fine vellum, presenting a beautiful specimen of calligraphy, and adorned with curious arabesques, amidst which is traceable the portrait of the court fool of Maria of Burgundy. This manuscript belonged to a volume formerly kept among the Belgian archives, but which was cut up and destroyed.

In another volume, which has been mutilated by cutting out the miniatures and arabesques, M. Fetis found the following compositions uninjured :

1. An admirable mass, by Josquin de Près, for six voices, 'ad fugam in diatessaron super totam missam.' This composition differs from that published in the third book of the same author's masses, by Petrucci di Fassombrone. The whole mass forms a triple canon in fourths, each part for two voices.

2. The mass 'De Assumptione Beatæ Mariæ Virginis,' for six voices, composed by Henry Isaak, Chapel Master to the Emperor Maximilian I., about the year 1450. Before the discovery made by M. Fetis, this composition was known only by name.

3. The mass of 'Sancta Cruce,' for five voices, by Pierre de la Rue, Chapel Master at Antwerp, about the close of the fifteenth century. This last composition is also found in another manuscript in the Royal Library of Brussels. M. Fetis has already scored the masses of Josquin de Près and Isaak ; and he is now engaged in scoring the compositions contained in the other volume.

During the last few years Belgium has rendered a just tribute of honour to several of her illustrious sons, by erecting public monuments to their memory. Some time ago a statue of Gretry was erected in front of the University of Liege ; and a statue of Van Eyke (better known by the name of John of Bruges), the inventor of oil-painting, was placed in one of the squares of his native city. The recently finished monument to Rubens has been erected on the Place Verte, at Antwerp. It consists of a finely-executed bronze statue, larger than life, raised on a marble pedestal. The model from which the statue was cast is the work of Geefs, the sculptor. The statue and all its accessories were completed on the 13th of August, on which day its inauguration was celebrated by public rejoicings. The great master of the Flemish school of painting is represented standing, and his shoulders are draped by the ample folds of a long mantle. He wears a sword, and round his neck is a chain, from which a medallion is suspended. On one side of the figure is a stool, on which a palette is lying. The expression of the head is very fine, and the resemblance is striking.

EGYPT.

We have already made our readers acquainted with some important communications from the expedition sent by the King of Prussia to examine the architectural monument and other remains of art in Egypt. We have now to call attention to the most important of the labours of the expedition, viz., the exploration of the Labyrinth of Mœris. We give the account of this great discovery from extracts of the learned professor's own letters, published under the authority of the Prussian government, the same authentic source whence our preceding articles relating to the expedition were derived.

" On the Ruins of the Labyrinth, June 20, 1843.

" For some weeks past we have had our camp pitched on the ruins of the Labyrinth. I write to Cairo, for the purpose of communicating to you by the packet which sails from Alexandria on the 27th, the first intelligence of the definitive discovery and examination of the real labyrinth of the Mœris Pyramid. It was impossible, even on the first superficial inspection, to doubt that we had the Labyrinth before us and beneath our feet, though early travellers have scarcely mentioned these structural remains. We at once discerned some hundreds of chambers rendered plainly perceptible by their walls. When you shall have an opportunity of seeing the plan drawn by Herr Erbkam, the architect, who has devoted great labour to his task, you will be astonished to

perceive how much still remains of these remarkable edifices. Former descriptions, even those of Jomard and Courtelle, do not correspond with the localities as we found them on the spot ; and my confidence in the representations of Perring, Colonel Vyse's able architect, is greatly diminished on account of his sketches of these ruins. All that is in best preservation, the part lying to the west of the chasm Bahr Sherkié, is omitted ; neither has Mr. Perring given the original circumference of the whole. The chasm Bahr Sherkié seems to have been the principal stumblingblock to previous travellers ; but we easily passed it by placing across it two poles, and so forming a sort of bridge.

“ The principal results of our exploration is the monumental evidence of the name Mœris—the confirmation of the actual construction of the Labyrinth for a palace, and of the Pyramid for a tomb. We have here also the confirmation of the account of Manethon, who placed Mœris in the 12th dynasty, and not the 17th, as has been supposed. With this letter I send you a ‘Treatise on the Structure of the Pyramids,’ which I wrote at Cairo, when recovering from a severe attack of illness. I am also forming a collection of the stones found in the Labyrinth. They will interest you on account of the prevalence of black minerals, as you doubt the existence of basalts of the proper olive kind. I have likewise collected some specimens of the innumerable kinds of pottery, fragments of which have been employed in covering and facing the chambers of the Labyrinth. The same sort of facing with shell or thin pieces of stone or tile,—or what may be called ostracous structure,—we had previously observed in the ruins of Memphis. Our drawing of the ruins of Memphis, also the work of Erbkam, exhibits the ground plan of that splendid structure. We live altogether here in the greatest harmony, enjoying excellent health. We submit to the various unavoidable plagues indigenous to this land of Egypt, and of which we have already had no slight experience, but we have passed through them with spirits undepressed, and tempers unruffled.”

In another letter from Professor Lepsius, of the same date as the above, he writes as follows :

“ Since the 23d of May, our camp has been pitched near the southern foot of the Pyramid of Mœris. This said Mœris reigned from 2194 to 2151 before our era, and was the last king of the Egyptian empire before the conquest of the Hyksos. The Labyrinth, and more especially the Lake Mœris, are testimonies of his power, of his love of grandeur, and of his proneness to great undertakings for the general benefit of the country. Contemporaneous with our arrival at Fayoum, M. Linant, the French architect in the service of the pasha, who devotes himself chiefly to hydraulic works, made the highly interesting discovery (which he has described in a special treatise), that the ancient Lake Mœris, which has hitherto been an object of anxious research with the learned, no longer exists; the water having nearly all been carried off by some channel, whilst there remains only a portion of the gigantic dam by which it was kept back. Throughout the whole province no lake is to be found except Birket-el-Kerun, which lies to the north-west ; therefore it would be a remarkable instance of injudicious criticism to refer to it the descriptions of the ancients ; since it has neither been the work of human hands, nor did it ever water the principal town Crocodilopolis and the Labyrinth. Neither is the existence of its fishery proved by the fact of the saline property of its waters. Besides, it does not lie in the specified direction, nor does it encircle two pyramids, and the great object which fame has recorded, could not have been adequately accomplished by it. That object was to intercept the water during the overflowing of the Nile, and to let it out again in the season of drought ; thus supplying due moisture for the plains of Memphis and the adjoining provinces of the

Delta. The dry lake discovered by Linant is bounded by dams of 160 feet in breadth, and is equal in extent and depth to the Berket-el-Kerun Lake. It perfectly fulfils all the required conditions, and this would be recognised by any impartial eye, for the ground which yet embraces the whole of that part of the province is apparently soil from the bed of the lake. We daily look out from the Labyrinth, not across the water as Herodotus looked, but over the black bottom of Lake Mœris towards the minarets of Fayoum, the present capital of the province of the same name, built partly on the ruins of the ancient Crocodilopolis. However if it was difficult to find the ancient Lake of Mœris in Birket-el-Kerun, it certainly was not more easy to overlook the Labyrinth, the ruins of which correspond with the descriptions of the ancients in all respects. The agreement as to distances is generally exact, as also are the relative positions of the real lake Crocodilopolis. The pyramid in which Mœris was interred lies to the south of the great plain of ruins, and to the south is the village mentioned by Strabo now only ruins, and separated from the site of the Labyrinth by a later eruption of water. With respect to the ruins themselves, present observers must not rely entirely on their own eyes, whether in surveying the portions now existing, or comparing them with the accounts of more early travellers. Where those travellers saw only formless heaps of rubbish and a few walls, we found, even on the first rapid inspection, several hundreds of chambers and corridors, of different sizes, some with roofs, floors, and partitions; with pedestals for pillars and stone facings. In two of these structures, which had four flats, one above the other, we observed none of those hole-like windings described in early accounts. Though all the walls have their directions in conformity with the celestial rhumbs, yet we found so much irregularity in their structure, and so much variety in the forms of the rooms, that at first we could not thread our way through the mass of buildings without the help of a guide. Three thousand rooms below and above ground are mentioned by Herodotus, and from the remains which we have before us, this number seems by no means excessive. The forms of the more important parts of the palace are not now discernible. According to Herodotus, they consisted of twelve aulæ, that is to say, open courts, surrounded by covered colonnades. The site of the palace, which was surrounded on three of its sides with the mass of labyrinthine chambers, is now a large deep square, spotted here and there with low hillocks of rubbish, and intersected by an oblique canal or ravine. In this hollow our colony is now encamped: and a number of little huts, built with the bricks of the pyramids, almost picture to the mind's eye the ancient village described by Strabo, which stood on the same level with the Labyrinth. Around us, on every side, lie scattered immense blocks, some of granite, others of a white and very hard kind of calcareous stone, resembling marble. Fragments of the ancient columns and architraves of the aulæ are likewise visible. These remains have acquired much interest by our expedition; for we have found in different fragments the name of the founder of the Labyrinth, Mœris, and of his sister who succeeded him. On the summit of the pyramid of Mœris, commanding a view of every thing to a great distance, we have planted the Prussian eagle, as a symbolical evidence that northern science has had the gratifying task of describing these remains of antiquity so remote. We daily employ 100 labourers on the ruins, making excavations to facilitate the examination of the foundations of the structures and their ground-floors; cleaning out the apartments, and laying open the proper entrance to the pyramid. We are now on the north side, crowded into a large chamber formed in the rock, the floor of which is in part covered with thin plates, and the walls faced with other lamina. This chamber was entirely

filled with rubbish, beneath which we found the often described and figured stones, having the name of Mœris and of his royal sister inscribed on them. It is, however, still not quite evident that this was the sepulchral vault, which might indeed be expected to be found more in the centre of the pyramid. At any rate, the determination of the historical question of the founder is, by the discovery of the hieroglyphic names, the most important result that we could have been expected to reach; and we shall therefore leave this memorable place with more satisfaction than, from the descriptions of preceding travellers, we had reason to anticipate. This will be clearly seen as soon as our zealous and indefatigable architect, Erbkam, shall have finished his special plan of the Labyrinth, which will assuredly make one of the most remarkable plates of our collection. He will accompany me on a tour for the inspection of other interesting objects in this province. We shall then have completed our course over the first pyramid station or stadium. We shall probably pass rapidly through central Egypt, to take for ourselves in Thebes a proper position, before we commence our journey to Meroë. That journey we must be obliged to postpone until April in the ensuing year, in order that we may be inured to the ungenial climate which may then have spent its whole force upon us."

The above is all that has yet appeared of the last letters received in Berlin. To the official publication of the extracts by the Prussian government, the following note is added:

"From the introduction to the Treatise 'On the Construction of the Pyramids,' which Professor Lepsius has sent to the Academy, we perceive that in the expedition to the Pyramids of Giseh 106 tombs were explored, of which drawings of only three or four have been given by previous travellers. They are all exceedingly copious in hieroglyphic representations and inscriptions, which are of immense importance in throwing light on chronology and history, arts and manners, and for the explanation of the Egyptian character and language. We have already in deposit in Cairo a collection of original documents and memorials, which relate to twenty great monuments, and which would load more than thirty camels. There are already five hundred sheets of impressions on paper of the most interesting inscriptions, and we have above three hundred drawings in great folio. Nearly all the sepulchres are of the fourth and fifth Manethonian dynasties, or 3000 and 2500 years before our era. The *Camera lucida* has been of good service to us in making these copies and drawings. Our topographic plans embrace the whole coast of the desert as far as it is covered with pyramids. These monuments succeed each other along a margin of four and a half geographical miles (eighteen English) in a row almost entirely uninterrupted from Abu Roash, three leagues north of the Giseh Pyramids to near Dahshar. Thence in a series towards the south are the pyramidal groups of Lisht, Meidom, and Fayoum, to the extent of about ten geographical miles (a German geographical mile is equal to four English). Dr. Lepsius is of opinion that the pyramids of Sakhara are of more modern creation than those of Giseh. The two large stone pyramids of Dahshar, which are attributed to the third Manethonian dynasty, are, in the opinion of Lepsius, the most ancient of any. Numerous drawings accompany the treatise, whereby it appears that the pyramids are of various construction. The greater number of them have a small one internally, as a nucleus. This may be seen in the stone pyramid of Sakhara and in those of Meidom, Abusir, and Illahun, which, mantle-like encompassing the nucleus, are of necessity gradually elevated and enlarged."

FRANCE.

Ruggi's statue of Lapeyrouse, which has lately been exhibited at the Louvre, is to be erected in Alby, the native town of the celebrated navigator. The exhibition of the statue at the Louvre has excited a considerable share of public interest, whilst at the same time it has revived a painful recollection of the unfortunate fate of two great men, viz., Lapeyrouse and Dumont-Durville. Jean François Garaup de Lapeyrouse was born in 1741. On the 1st of August, 1785, he sailed from Brest, with the two frigates, *La Boussole* and *l'Astrolabe*, for the purpose of following up the discoveries of Captain Cook, in conformity with a series of geographical instructions drawn up by the hand of Louis XVI. For upwards of forty years, his fate and that of his companions was enveloped in mystery, in spite of the most active endeavours to discover traces of them. The last letters received from him were dated from Botany Bay, in the month of March, 1788. At length, in the year 1827, the English Captain Dillon discovered what was presumed to be the place of the shipwreck of Lapeyrouse. It was a reef of rocks, near one of the Vanikoro islands, northward of New Hebrides. In the following year, February 1828, Captain Dumont-Durville visited the little archipelago, ascertained the melancholy truth, and drew up from the bottom of the sea many portions of the wrecked vessels, together with guns, cannon-balls, anchors, and various other things which were conveyed to Paris, and deposited in the *Musée de la Marine*. Captain Dumont-Durville erected on the shore a little monument, with the following inscription: "*A la mémoire de Lapeyrouse, et de ses compagnons, 14 Mars, 1828.*"

Professor Rauke has been in Paris actively engaged in his historical labours. He spends the greater part of every day in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, where he employs himself in exploring the archives. His company was eagerly sought for in the literary circles of the French capital.

The 'New York Courier' has reprinted thirty thousand of Eugene Sue's '*Mystères de Paris.*' The feuilleton of the '*Journal des Debats*' has been almost as widely circulated in America as in France.

M. Gourdet, a French military officer, who has been for several years in Africa, has recently returned home, bringing with him several objects of curiosity which he collected during his stay in that part of the world. Among these curiosities is a Koran in Arabic manuscript. It is bound in morocco, once red, and in every respect presents the appearance of great antiquity. It is not divided into *surates* or chapters, which proves it to be one of the two primitive editions produced at Medina. It is written on thick silk paper, and is adorned with coloured capitals. This Koran belonged to a Marabout of the tribe of Ben-Menasser, and was found in the habitation of the chief of that tribe, by M. Gourdet, after a battle which his battalion fought in that mountainous district of Africa.

Dr. Hahnemann, the celebrated founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine, died in Paris, on the 2d of July, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Hahnemann was born at Meissen, in Saxony. He took his degree of Doctor in Medicine at Heidelberg, in the year 1781, and in 1790 he made some chemical discoveries which created a great sensation throughout Germany. Whilst engaged in translating the great Dr. Cullen's work ('*First Lines of the Practice of Physic*'), he was struck with the numerous hypotheses suggested respecting the febrifugal action of the Peruvian bark. Hahnemann resolved to try its effect upon himself, and for several days he took large doses of that medicine. He soon found himself in a state of intermitting fever, resembling that which the bark is employed to counteract. This was the starting-point of the medical system to which Hahnemann has at-

tached his name, and which is summed up in the principle, *similia similibus curantur*.

The Paris journals have recently announced the decease of the celebrated sibyl, Mdlle. Lenormand, who died possessed of a large fortune. She had a splendid funeral, and the sale of her effects excited great interest, especially among the ladies of Paris. One of the most valuable articles disposed of at the sale, was a miniature of the Empress Josephine, painted by Isabey, and set in a beautiful medallion encircled by pearls. This miniature, which was a present from the empress to the fortune-teller, was sold for 4750 francs. Among Mdlle. Lenormand's papers were a multitude of autograph letters, written by persons of rank and celebrity; but by her will she directed that all her correspondence should be burned, to avoid the risk of compromising the feelings of any one. This direction has been literally obeyed.

M. de Lamartine is said to be busily employed on a work for which he has been during many years collecting materials. It is a 'History of the most Remarkable Periods of the French Revolution.'

M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female 'Académie Française.' Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty. Among the ladies who are already chosen members of the new academy are, Mmes Georges Sand, Emile de Girardin, de Bawr, Virginie Ancelot, Anna des Essarts, Clémence Robert, Charles Reybaud, Princesse de Craon, Eugénie Foa, Mélanie Waldor, Anaïs Ségalas, d'Helf, Comtesse Merlin, and several distinguished female painters and musicians.

GERMANY.

Strangers who visit Weimar have often been much annoyed at not being able to find the house in which Schiller resided; and to obviate this disappointment, it has sometimes been suggested, that the street in which this great man lived should bear the name of 'Schillerstrasse.' But though the street has not yet been honoured with that appellation, yet the present owner of the house, Frau Weiss, has with good taste distinguished Schiller's abode by placing over the street-door, the simple inscription—'Hier wohnte Schiller' (Here Schiller dwelt).

Baron von Rumohr, a distinguished connoisseur of art, died lately at Dresden, he was a well-known contributor to several of the German periodicals, especially the 'Morgen Blatte.'

The plan of transferring the University of Leipsic to Dresden, which has often been suggested, seems now to be seriously entertained.

The Herculean labour of removing the books belonging to the Court and State Library of Bavaria to the new building erected for their reception in the Ludwig Etrasse at Munich, was completed on the 25th of July. The removal occupied upwards of four months. The collection of books, exceeding 800,000 volumes, all closely heaped together in the five stories of the old library have been cleaned and arranged in admirable order in the two stories of the new building. In spite of the unfavourable circumstances, and very bad weather which attended the removal of this valuable collection, yet not one of the books or manuscripts has been lost or injured.

Dr. Strauss, the celebrated author of the 'Leben Jesu,' and other philosophic works which have excited great interest in the learned circles of Europe,

is said to be at present engaged in the composition of an opera. Strauss some time ago married a public singer, and this union appears to have animated the learned doctor with inspirations of a less serious character than those which heretofore prompted his labours.

'Göthe's Studentenjahre' (Göthe's Student Years), is the title of a novel recently published at Leipsic, where it has excited a considerable deal of interest. The author, who is understood to be a man of rank, has drawn an admirable portrait of Göthe during the years of his college life; and has introduced into the romance some hitherto unpublished correspondence between the great poet, and other literary characters of his time.

The university of Heidelberg is likely to sustain a great loss by the removal of Bischoff, the professor of Physiology, who has been called to Giessen, where the government proposes to found a physiological institute. Bischoff is a pupil of Johann Müller; and his lectures, in which deep learning and research are combined with clearness of explanation, have long been the pride of the university of Heidelberg.

Friedrich Kind, a novel-writer and dramatist of considerable reputation in Germany, and the author of the *libretto* of Weber's 'Freischütz,' died at Dresden, on the evening of the 25th of June. It is mentioned as somewhat curious, that the 'Freischütz' was performed at the Dresden theatre, on the night when its author breathed his last. In the year 1817, Kind founded the 'Abendzeitung,' conjointly with Theodore Hell. He was born at Leipsic, on the 4th of March, 1786.

A letter from Munich mentions that the superb frescoes which adorned the royal residence of that capital, have been scratched by some sharp pointed instrument in such a manner as to be totally destroyed. The active exertions of the police have not yet succeeded in discovering the perpetrator of this atrocious act, which has deprived Munich of a series of *chefs-d'œuvres* by Cornelius, Lessing, Overbeck, and other celebrated masters.

ITALY.

The letters of Dante, discovered by the German philologist, Theodore Heyse, and which have been described and commented on by professor Karl Witte, of Halle, have recently been published at Verona. The editor, Alessandro Torri, accompanies each letter with notes of his own, and with the commentaries of Witte and Fraticelli. At the close of the volume, the editor has inserted a dissertation on earth and water, written by Dante at Verona, in 1320, the year preceding his death. This remarkable treatise was first printed at Venice, in 1508, and reprinted at Naples, in 1576, but it had become so scarce, that a copy existing in the library of the Marquess Trevulzio, at Milan, was considered as precious as a manuscript. From that copy the reprint has been made.

Barsani, whose writings once made a considerable sensation in Italy, died in June last, at his retreat on the banks of the Lago di Garda. He rendered himself famous by his furious attacks upon Napoleon. At Malta, he published, under the protection of England, a periodical, entitled 'The Carthaginian,' which oftener than once disturbed the repose of the French emperor. At that time Barsani was on a footing of close friendship and daily intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French. Of that intimacy his writings betray obvious traces.

The King of Naples has appointed the celebrated composer Mercadante, director-general of all the theatres of that capital.

Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old ar-

chives in the Palazzi Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.

Amari's historical work, the suppression of which by the Neapolitan government, excited so much interest [see '*Foreign Quarterly Review*,' No. LXI., p. 299], is about to be published in Paris, with considerable additions by the author. Amari has taken up his abode temporarily in Paris, where he enjoys the society of a few of his literary countrymen, who like himself have been driven by despotism to seek refuge in foreign lands.

Several splendid works on art, with illustrative copper-plate engravings, have recently been undertaken at Rome, at the expense of the papal government. No sooner were the plates of the Etruscan Museum completed, than the publication of the Egyptian Museum, the second gigantic creation of the reigning pope, was resolved upon. Cardinal Tosti has agreed to pay 8000 scudi for the execution of the plates, to Troiani, the eminent architectural engraver. The learned antiquarian, Father Ungarelli, has undertaken to write the text for this important work. Father Secchi has finished his elaborate treatise on the Mosaics found in the Thermæ of Caracalla. In the preface he expresses a hope that his Holiness will assign the Palace of St. Giovanni as a depositary for these valuable mosaics.

PRUSSIA.

On the 7th of August the '*Medea*' of Euripides was performed in the theatre attached to the Palace of Potsdam, in the presence of the king, the royal family, and the court. This is the second essay made by the King of Prussia for the dramatic representation of ancient Greek tragedy. The '*Antigone*' of Sophocles was performed about a year ago, and the choruses of that piece were set to music by Mendelssohn. But the structure of the choruses of '*Medea*' appeared to Mendelssohn, as well as to Meyerbeer, less favourably adapted to musical composition than the choruses of '*Antigone*.' This opinion induced both those eminent composers to decline the task of arranging them, the more especially as their talents are employed on other musical subjects, in which the king takes a deep interest. His Majesty therefore gave the commission to the Music Director, Taubert, by whom it has been executed in a highly satisfactory style. Donner's translation of the tragedy was selected for the performance.

The Opera House at Berlin, which was destroyed by fire on the 18th of August, was built by Frederick the Great, who himself drew the plan for it whilst he was Prince Royal. The theatre was opened on the 7th of December, 1742, with Graun's opera of '*Cæsar and Cleopatra*.' It was capable of containing 4000 spectators. This fire has destroyed property amounting in value to 500,000 thalers. The collection of music, which was fortunately saved, is supposed to be worth 60,000 thalers.

His Majesty the King of Prussia, animated by a desire that the musical portion of the church service in his dominions should share the improvement consequent on the advancement of art, last year commissioned Mendelssohn Bartholdy to reform the music of the Lutheran church. A few weeks ago service was performed in the Cathedral of Berlin, in celebration of the anniversary of the Treaty of Verdun. The king and the royal family were present, and then, in the performance of protestant worship, an

application was for the first time made of the grand music of the modern school.

In the composition of the hymns and psalms, Mendelssohn Bartholdy has employed all the resources of art to impart to them a due solemnity and grandeur of character. These new compositions consisted of recitatives, solos, choruses, and concerted pieces for four, six and eight voices, with accompaniments for an orchestra and two organs. They were executed by six hundred performers, partly professors and partly amateurs, under the direction of Mendelssohn. The effect was magnificent, and at the conclusion of the service, the king summoned the composer to the royal pew, and expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering terms.

A letter has recently been received from the celebrated Prussian missionary Gatzloff, who is at present in China. It contains the following curious observations :—" I have obtained uncontradictable evidence that the art of constructing buildings of cast iron was practised several centuries ago in the celestial empire. I found on the summit of a hill near the town of Tsing-Kiang-Foo, in the province of Kiang-Nan, a pagoda entirely formed of cast iron, and covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions. The dates and the form of the characters belong to the period of the dynasty of the Tsangs, who occupied the throne as early as the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era. This monument, which may be presumed to be twelve hundred years old, is seven stories high, and each story contains curious historical pictures. The structure is singularly elegant, in its form, and surpasses every thing of the kind I have hitherto seen."

In a lecture recently delivered by von Raumer at the University of Berlin, the learned professor made some just remarks on the absurd custom of introducing foreign words and phrases into the German language. " Our rich, pure, racy, flexible, and vastly comprehensive language," he observed, " is corrupted, not merely in the journals, but in literary and scientific writings, and even in the draughts for public laws. The German language is clothed in a motley garment of foreign words and phrases, which would have disgraced the worst period of the seventeenth century. In a late number of the ' State Gazette,' which is almost entirely filled with the reports of legislative acts, the following foreign words appear." (Here the lecturer quoted no less than 112 foreign terms, for which it would have been easy to have found German synonymes.) " Thus," continued Herr von Raumer, " we work the destruction of our noblest inheritance, our medium of thought and expression. We have among us too much of that arrogant conceit, which discards with contempt the rules of the vernacular tongue; too much of the indolence which will not be troubled to gather up the treasures that lie scattered around ;—too much of the frivolity which loves to bedeck itself in foreign tinsel ;—and too much of the affectation which lays claim to superior cultivation. In this respect, at least, the French have the advantage of us. They would never tolerate such a disfigurement of their comparatively poor language."

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT.

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2. *Voices of the Night, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London. 1843.
3. *Poems.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. London. 1842.
4. *Tecumseh; or, The West Thirty Years Since: a Poem.* By GEORGE H. COLTON. New York. 1842.
5. *Washington: a National Poem.* Part I. Boston. 1843.

‘AMERICAN Poetry’ always reminds us of the advertisements in the newspapers, headed ‘The best Substitute for Silver:’—if it be not the genuine thing, it ‘looks just as handsome, and is miles out of sight cheaper.’

We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans, that their poetry is little better than a far-off echo of the father-land; but we think it is a reproach to them that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions to the poetical character in the face of educated nations. In this particular, as in most others, what they want in the integrity of their assumption, they make up in swagger and impudence. To believe themselves, they are the finest poets in the whole world: before we close this article we hope to satisfy the reader that, with two or three exceptions, there is not a poet of mark in the whole Union.

The circumstances of America, from the commencement of her history to the present time, have been peculiarly unfavourable to the development of poetry, and if the people were wise they would be content to take credit for the things they have done, without challenging criticism upon the things they have failed in attempting. They have felled forests, drained marshes, cleared wildernesses, built cities, cut canals, laid down railroads (too much of this too with other people’s money), and worked out a great practical exemplification, in an amazingly short space of time, of the political immoralities and social vices of which a democracy may be rendered capable. This ought to be enough

for their present ambition. They ought to wait patiently, and with a befitting modesty, for the time to come when all this frightful crush and conflict of wild energies shall in some measure have subsided, to afford repose for the fine arts to take root in their soil and 'ripen in the sun.' It is not enough that there are individuals in the tossing multitude afflicted with babbling desires for ease, and solitude, and books, and green places; such dreamers are only in the way, and more likely to be trampled down in the blind commotion, than, like Orpheus, to still the crowd and get audience for their delicate music. There must be a national heart, and national sympathies, and an intellectual atmosphere for poetry. There must be the material to work upon as well as to work with. The ground must be prepared before the seed is cast into it, and tended and well-ordered, or it will become choked with weeds, as American literature, such as it is, is now choked in every one of its multifarious manifestations. As yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous, ready for all weathers, with an incredible genius for lying, a vanity elastic beyond comprehension, the hide of a buffalo, and the shriek of a steam-engine; 'a real nine-foot breast of a fellow, steel twisted, and made of horse-shoe nails, the rest of him being cast iron with steel springs.' If any body can imagine that literature could be nourished in a frame like this, we would refer him for final satisfaction to Dr. Channing, whose testimony is indisputable where the honour of his country is concerned. 'Do we possess,' he inquires, 'what may be called a national literature? Have we produced eminent writers in the various departments of intellectual effort? Are our chief sources of instruction and literary enjoyment furnished from ourselves? We regret that the reply to these questions is so obvious. The few standard works which we have produced, and which promise to live, can hardly, by any courtesy, be denominated a national literature.'

How can it be otherwise? All the 'quickenings influences' are wanted. Peopled originally by adventurers of all classes and casts, America has been consistently replenished ever since by the dregs and outcasts of all other countries. Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, have from time to time poured upon her coasts like wolves in search of the means of life, living from hand to mouth, and struggling outward upon the primitive haunts of the free Indians whom they hunted, cheated, demoralized, and extirpated in the sheer fury of hunger and fraudulent aggrandizement. Catholics, Unitarians, Calvinists, and Infidels, were indiscriminately mixed up in this work of violent seizure and riotous colonization, settling down at last into sectional democracies bound together by a common

interest and a common distrust, and evolving an ultimate form of self-government and federal centralization to keep the whole in check. This brigand confederation grew larger and larger every day, with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind,* by continual accessions from all parts of the habitable world. All it required to strengthen itself was human muscles; it lacked nothing but workmen, craftsmen, blood, bones, and sinews. Brains were little or nothing to the purpose—character, morality, still less. ‘A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,’ was the one thing needful. Every new hand was a help, no matter what brand was upon its palm. The needy and dissolute, tempted by the prospect of gain—the debased, glad to escape from the old society which had flung them off—the criminal, flying from the laws they had outraged—all flocked to America as an open haven of refuge for the Pariahs of the wide earth. Thus her population was augmented and is daily augmenting; thus her republics are armed; thus her polite assemblies and select circles are constantly enlivened by fresh draughts of kindred spirits and foreign celebrities—the Sheriff Parkinses, the General Holts, the town-treasurer Flinns, the chartist secretary Campbells, and the numerous worthies who, having successfully swindled their own countrymen, seek an elegant retirement in the free states of the Union to enjoy the fruits of their plunder. The best blood America boasts of was injected into her at the time of the Irish rebellion, and she looks up with a justifiable pride, taking into consideration the peculiar quality of her other family and heraldic honours, to such names as those of Emmet and M’Nevin.

Can poetry spring out of an amalgam so monstrous and revolting? Can its pure spirit breathe in an air so fetid and stifling? You might as reasonably expect the vegetation of the tropics on the wintry heights of Lapland. The whole state of American society, from first to last, presents insuperable obstacles to the cultivation of letters, the expansion of intellect, the formation of great and original minds. There is an instinctive tendency in it to keep down the spiritual to the level of the material. The progress is not upwards but onwards. There must be no ‘vulgar great’ in America, lifted on wings of intellectual power above the level of the community. American greatness is only greater than all the rest of the world; at home, all individual distinctions are absorbed in the mass; and every thing that is likely to interfere with that concrete idea, by exercising a disturbing mental influence

* Although the progress of population in America has not quite borne out Mr. Malthus’s theory (which is presumed to have been based upon it), it has advanced at an alarming ratio, doubling itself within thirty years, commencing with the first census of Congress in 1790.

on the surface, is cut down at once by a tyranny as certain in its stroke as the guillotine. The result is that whenever men of more than ordinary capacity have arisen in America, they have adapted themselves, forewarned of their fate, to the overruling exigencies in which they found themselves placed. Instead of venturing upon the dangerous experiment of endeavouring to elevate their countrymen to their own height, they have sunk into the arms of the mob. Hence America has never produced statesmen, but teems with politicians. Hence the judges on the bench constantly give way to popular clamour, and law itself is abrogated by the law-makers, and openly violated by its functionaries. Hence the total abnegation of all dignity, earnestness, truth, consistency, and courage, in the administration of public affairs. Hence the ascendancy of Lynch-law over state-law; hence assassination in the daylight in the thronged streets; hence impunity to crime, backed by popular fury; hence the wild justice of revenge bearding the justice of the judicature in its own courts; hence the savage bowie-knife glittering in the hand of the murderer on the floor of Congress, where if decency, or self-respect, the subjugation of passion, or a deliberate sense of any sort of responsibility, existed anywhere in the country, we might hope to discover it; and hence that intimidation from without which makes legislation itself a farce, and which, trampling upon all known principles of human rights, has prohibited the discussion of slavery in the chambers, where discussion, to be of any value at all, ought to be free and above suspicion, exhibiting in the most comprehensive spirit a fearless representation of all classes, all interests, and all opinions. The ablest men in America have bowed down before these demoralizing necessities. They have preserved their own equivocal and insecure position by a servile obedience to the masses. No man in America stands clear of this rotten despotism. No man dare assert his own independence, apart from the aggregate independence of the people. He has no liberty but theirs, and the instant he asserts the right of private judgment he is disfranchised of every other. So thoroughly and universally is this acknowledged, so implicitly is it submitted to, that it has long ceased to excite observation. It is one of the fundamental conditions of society; a matter of tacit usage, universal and unavoidable. It ranges with equal force throughout all orders, from the highest to the lowest. It even governs questions of taste, as it coerces questions of policy. The orator is compelled to address himself to the low standard of the populace: he must strew his speech with flowers of Billingsgate, with hyperbolical expletives, and a garnish of falsehoods, to make it effective, and rescue it from the chance of being serious or refined. The preacher must preach down to the

fashion of his congregation, or look elsewhere for bread and devotion. The newspaper editor must make his journal infamous and obscene if he would have it popular; for let it never be supposed that the degradation of the American press is the work of the writers in it, but of the frightful eagerness of the public appetite for grossness and indecency—as one of these very poets, of whom we are about to speak, says,

Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat;
But ours, who throng the board and grossly eat.

We shall not be suspected of even a misgiving about the practical benefits of public liberty. But the case of America is no longer a safe example of the working of republican institutions, or of the experiment of universal franchise; something more is required in one direction, and a great deal less in another, to constitute her that which she claims to be, the 'model republic' of the world; and he who best appreciates the value of true liberty, will be the very last to applaud the condition of social anarchy into which America has fallen out of the very lap, as it were, of freedom. We must be careful to distinguish between use and abuse, the true and the counterfeit, the genuine and the spurious. The whole question is—what is liberty? A great authority, whose dictum will not be disputed at the other side of the water, tells us that liberty consists in the obedience of a people to laws of their own making. America presents the very converse of this proposition, and seems to have literally mistaken outrage and disorder and naked licentiousness for the assertion of personal and political rights. Her journalists, echoing back in frantic exultation this universal drunkenness of the people, openly glory in their profanities and perjuries, and in their having cast off every semblance of order, control, and moral responsibility. This is the crowning evidence of that depravity which rots like a canker at the core of American society. 'Every element of thought,' says the 'leading journal' of New York, in a passage we recently quoted from its scandalous columns, 'society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, currency, and philosophy, is in a state of agitation, transition, and change. Every thing is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act, and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. *In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year, or oftener. In morals we have all sorts of ideas: and in literature every thing in confusion. Sceptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step.*'

This is a portrait of American society, drawn by one who knows it well, and who is of all men the best qualified to describe it accurately. The literature that comes of it, and that is expressly addressed to it, must inevitably partake, more or less, of all these

characteristics. It is essential to a national literature that it should have some standard of appeal in the settled tastes and habits of the people. But where is this to be found in the state of convulsion so faithfully delineated above? That there are educated and highly intelligent men in America, who look with sorrow upon the condition of their country, we are glad to acknowledge; but they form no class, and are not even numerous enough to produce any sensible effect upon the tone of the community. They are scattered over the face of the land, are powerless for good by segregation and dispersion, and, giving them full credit for a grave desire to resist the malignant circumstances of their destiny,—are finally sucked into the whirlpool that surges and roars around them. A national literature craves the fosterage and protection of thoughtful minds, of cultivated leisure, of scholarship resident somewhere amongst the people, and constantly moulding and refining their usages, and raising gradually out of the mass an intellectual order of men to give a dignified and distinctive stamp to the national character. That such a result may yet be educed from the tangled and hideous democracy of America, we will not attempt to deny; although its accomplishment seems too remote for any useful speculation. But it is obvious that no such means exist in the United States for the production and sustentation of literature at present, and least of all for those forms of literature which make a direct appeal to the imagination. The one thing that goes down most successfully in America is money. This is the Real which has so effectually strangled the Ideal in its iron gripe. A bag of dollars is a surer introduction to the 'best society' in America than the highest literary reputation. A famous author will be stared at, and jostled about, and asked questions, and have his privacy scared and broken in upon by impertinent curiosity; but a rich man moves in an atmosphere of awe and servility, and commands every thing that is to be had in the way of precedence, and pomp, and circle-worship. As there must be an aristocracy everywhere of some sort, of blood, or talent, or titles, so America has made her election, and set up her aristocracy of dollars—the basest of all. It would be the greatest of calamities were it not also the greatest of burlesques; and there is hope that its essential absurdity may at length bring it into general contempt. People are sometimes laughed out of their vices, who cannot by any means be induced to reason upon them; and so it will happen, doubtless, in the fulness of time, with the aristocracy of America. It cannot be endured for ever. A sense of the ridiculous must one day set in, and the whole fabric must be smelted, and such proportion of ore as it may really contain will be separated from the dross with which it is now mixed up. Generals and colonels

keeping whiskey stores and boarding-houses—titles of honour borrowed from the old world, and labelled upon the meanest of callings in the new, suggest such an irresistibly ludicrous association of ideas, that the Americans themselves, once they begin to see things in that aspect, must be glad to be relieved from a motley fool's costume which only excites the derision of other countries, making itself felt in shouts of laughter that may be said to come pealing upon them over the broad waters of the Atlantic. But in the meanwhile it interferes fatally with the culture of letters. The aforesaid bag of dollars, no matter how acquired—utter indifference to the honesty of the means of acquisition giving additional impetus to the naked passion for gain—is worth a dozen poets in America. The poets are keenly alive to their condition, and sometimes, in sheer self-defence, embrace the idol they despise, and through whose brazen ascendancy they are themselves despised. They adopt the creed and practice of the money-changers in the temple, and are ready at a moment's notice to take part in the sacrilege, to fall foul of the priests themselves, and slay them on their own altar.

We have collected all the publications containing American poetry we could procure. The titles of only a few of the most prominent will be found in the heading; for we have not thought it necessary to encumber the reader with an enumeration of books and ephemera which could not possibly interest him, and of which he is not very likely ever to hear again. Through this mass we have laboured with diligence. We do not think a single versifier has escaped us; certainly not one who enjoys the least celebrity. We have drawn our materials from a variety of sources, occasionally from complete editions when such could be had, and, in lack of other means, from a huge anthology collected by a Mr. Griswold—the most conspicuous act of martyrdom yet committed in the service of the transatlantic muses.

The anthology is 'got up' in a style creditable to the American press. But we are loth to pay a compliment to the printers at the expense of the poets. The plan is something similar to the collections of English poetry by Southey, Campbell, and others. All the poetasters who could be scrambled together are crammed into the volume, which is very large, double-columned, and contains nearly five hundred pages. There is an 'historical introduction,' (!) and a biographical notice prefixed to each name, and the specimens are, of course, the best that could be selected. By dint of hunting up all manner of periodicals and newspapers, and seizing upon every name that could be found attached to a scrap of verse in the obscurest holes and corners, Mr. Griswold has mustered upwards of a hundred 'poets.' The great bulk of these

we have no doubt were never heard of before by the multifarious public of the Union, and many of them must have been thrown into hysterics on awaking in their beds and finding themselves suddenly famous. The book is curious in this respect, that it not only assists us to a complete *coup d'œil* of American poetry, but also to a running flavour of American criticism. But let us 'suspend our admiration for a while.'

The whole batch is spread over a period of about eighty years. Within the same period England has given birth to Burns, Bloomfield, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Wilson, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, Joanne Baillie, Tennyson, Talfourd, Knowles, Ingoldsby, and others who will live in the world's memory, and who were oppressed by a difficulty from which America as a nation, with manners and inspirations of her own, was exempt—that of having been preceded by an illustrious race of poets, who had already occupied so large a space, as to render it a work of genius in itself to strike into 'fresh fields and pastures new.' We do not refer to these names by way of instituting, or even suggesting, a comparison. On the contrary, we mention them to put them out of court altogether, for it would be too much of a good thing to place them side by side with the Trumbulls, Frisbies, Alsops, Clasons, Cranches, Leggetts, Pikes, and the rest of the euphonious brood of American jinglers. But suppose some enthusiastic Griswold on this side of the water were to scrape up out of magazines and annuals a book, or books, (for he might easily manufacture fifty such volumes,) of English verse, belonging to that class which, for convenience, is called minor poetry, embracing specimens of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, Major Calder Campbell, Lord Gardner, Miss Eliza Cook, Miss Camilla Toulmin, Miss Skelton, Lady E. S. Wortley, the false Montgomery, the Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard, Swain, Bowles, Watts, Hervey, and a score or two more;—we can honestly assure the reader that, hopeless as such a collection would be, it would immeasurably transcend in freshness and intellectual vigour this royal octavo from the United States. The Delphic Oracle of old did not more cruelly beguile its questioners, than brother Jonathan is beguiled by the poetry of the Philadelphic press.

One grand element is wanted for the nurture of the poetical character in America:—she has no traditions. She started at once into life, rude, rugged, savage, self-confident. She has nothing to fall back upon in her history—no age of gold—no fabulous antiquity—no fairy-land. If she had carved a National Poetry out of her peculiar circumstances, she would have solved a philosophical doubt which can never again be tested by an ex-

periment so vast and perfect in its kind. By a National Poetry we mean a poetry moulded and modified by the national mind, reflecting the character and life of the people, and reposing upon a universal faith. This does not seem to be a thing to be grown in a season like maize or carrots, or to be knocked up on a sudden like a log-house. Yet it is in this way the Americans seek to supply the want. Having no national poetry of their own, they import the national poetry of England, and try to adapt it to their own use; but it is an indigenous product, and cannot be transplanted without degeneracy. The lack of a poetical machinery is felt so forcibly that the poets are obliged to borrow foreign agencies, and work at second-hand. But how the poor fairies and hamadryads lose themselves in the American woods!—How the elves and sprites mope about in the dismal solitudes! Their enforced presence only reminds us the more painfully of the prosaic desolation of the land, which is so miserably destitute of all poetical appliances. America has not even a poetical name to ring the changes upon, and, in the last extremity of distress, the poets sometimes call her the Western Star! One of them, in a sort of despair, expresses serious doubts whether she has properly any distinctive designation whatever; and, considering that America is the name of the whole continent; that Columbia, never actually adopted, is now ‘repudiated;’ that North America includes Canada, Greenland, Mexico, Texas; that the term United States applies equally to the Southern Confederation; and that there is nothing left, native to the soil, except the ludicrous New England title of Yankee, it *does* seem as if the founders of the Republic forgot to give it a name.

The poetry of all other countries is distinguished by particular characteristics—by its forms, colouring, temperament. There is nothing of this kind in American poetry. It takes all forms and colours. It is national only in one sense—it never fails, opportunity serving, to hymn the praises of

The smartest nation
In all creation.

Upon this point, all the poets are unanimous. The want of historical elements is supplied by the intensity of the glorification. The two great subjects are Liberty and the Indians. Upon these two subjects, the poetical genius of the country runs riot, from Nova Scotia to New Orleans, from the Alleghanies to the sea, with sundry significant exceptions in the south and west. Two more unfortunate topics could not have been hit upon. All men are born equal, says the declaration of independence; we are the freest of the free, says the poet; and so the slave-owner illustrates the proposition by trafficking in his own sons and daughters, and

enlarging his seraglio to increase his live stock. He is his own lusty breeder of equal-born men. A curious instance of American liberty is cited by a traveller, who informs us that he knows a lady residing near Washington who is in the habit of letting out her own natural brother! As to the Indians, nothing can exceed the interest these writers take in their picturesque heads, and flowing limbs—except the interest they take in their lands. Nobody could ever suspect, while reading these fine effusions upon the dignity and beauty of the Indians, that they were written by people through whose cupidity, falsehood, and cruelty the Indians have been stripped of their possessions, and left to starve and rot; that while they were thus evincing the tenderest regard for the Indian nations in octo-syllabic verse, Congress was engaged, through its servants, in suborning Indian chiefs, and making them drunk to entrap them into deeds of sale of their hunting-grounds; and, as if these and similar atrocities were not enough to mark the difference between the poetry and the policy of the States, importing blood-hounds from Cuba to hunt the Indians of Florida! It is quite impossible to account for the incredible folly which tempts them to indulge in such themes, unless we refer it to the same infatuation which makes them boast of their morality in the face of their filthy newspaper press, and of their honesty in the teeth of pocket-picking Pennsylvania.

It might be anticipated that the scenery of America would produce some corresponding effect upon her poetry, and that, if there were nothing else to stamp it with nationality, there would at least be found something like a reflection of the surrounding grandeur. But here the reader will be grievously disappointed. A spirit of dreary immensity settles down upon the descriptive verse, as if the mountains were too huge, the cataracts too awful, the forests too stupendous to be dealt with in the ordinary way; as if the senses were stunned rather than inspired by their magnitude. The result is that three-piled hyperbole which gives you exaggeration without distinctness, the turgidity and the vagueness of the false sublime. This is merely want of imagination. But aggravated bombast is not the only evil arising from the want of imagination; it sometimes falls down on the other side. We could bear to have Niagara tumbling double its depth into bathos, and the springs of Saratoga splashing the stars; but it is not so endurable to have grand natural objects stript of all their poetical associations, and examined with the naked eye of utilitarian calculation. Lakes, rivers, prairies are viewed sometimes in reference to their capabilities, as if they were merely auxiliaries to the great business of draining, clearing, and building. Colonization, or settling down, occupies an important phase in Ameri-

can life. It is the remote alternative to which every man looks in the event of being driven to extremity—it is the ready resource of a people who exist in a state of perpetual fluctuation, who are never sure of to-morrow, who are afflicted with an irresistible love of change and movement, and who are accustomed to contemplate without emotion the vicissitudes of a semi-barbarous mode of society. The novelty and strangeness of the settler's position are abundantly suggestive; but the American poet takes the matter as it is, literally, and has no conception of any thing beyond the most common and trivial circumstances. He goes to work like a back woodsman, and hews away until the thunders of the axe drive out every image from the mind except that of struggling toil and its precarious tenement. All this may answer well enough in the United States, where wood and water are regarded chiefly as sources of profit and convenience; but it is nothing better than daily labour put into verse. Such subjects are not necessarily unpoetical, but penury and baldness of treatment sink them below criticism.

The earliest specimens of American poetry are of this class. The art seems to have struck its roots amidst the drudgery of the woods and fields. The very first poet treats us to a succinct view of the life of the settler, recounts the severities of the winter and the calamities of the spring; how the worms destroy much of the corn before it is grown, how the birds and squirrels pluck it as it grows, and the racoons finally annihilate it in full ear; how, in lack of warm clothing, they are forced to put 'clout upon clout;' how they are obliged to substitute pumpkins and parsnips for puddings and custards; and how, there being no malt, they are compelled

to sweeten their lips

With pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips;
with a sly fling at some who were not over-satisfied with this style of living, and inviting others to supply their place:

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;

and winding up with this commodious advice to the newcomers—

To bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

By way of extenuation for a heap of doggrel of this kind, Mr. Griswold reminds his readers that the early age of American colonization was not poetical—a piece of information he might have spared himself the trouble of communicating. 'Our fathers,' he says, 'were like the labourers of an architect; they planted deep

and strong in religious virtue and useful science, the foundations of an edifice, not dreaming how great and magnificent it was to be. They did well their part; it was not meet for them to fashion the capitals and adorn the arches of the temple.' If they 'planted deep and strong,' they did something which was not warranted by English grammar; but, setting aside their manner of planting temples, this little passage, although the writer is very innocent of such an intention, puts the poetical claims of America completely at rest. By fashioning capitals and adorning arches Mr. Griswold means the cultivation of poetry—or, as he expresses it a little higher up, 'the poet's glowing utterance.' It was not meet for 'our fathers' to trouble themselves with the graces of literature; they were too busy laying the foundations of the republic, and they left poetry and 'such small deer' for those who came after them. Now this is exactly the experiment that has been tried in America, and in America alone. *They began at the wrong end.* They put the cart before the horse, and expect the whole world to wonder at the marvellous progress they have made. In all other countries poetry appeared first and utility afterwards, the slow fruit of necessity and experience. Mr. Griswold admits that in America utility was all in all at the beginning, and poetry nothing; but in the stupidity of his candour cannot see how fatally, by that simple admission, he compromises the whole question at issue.

It is not pretended that there was any thing approaching to poetry in America until after she had achieved her independence. 'The poetry of the colonies,' says Mr. Griswold, in large type, meant to make a profound impression, 'was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction.' This is meant to convey a severe sarcasm upon England, Mr. Griswold being again unconscious that he is all the time cutting the ground from under his own countrymen. The criticism, however, unfortunately for the argument it is meant to insinuate, applies with too much accuracy to nearly all the poetry that has been produced in America ever since. The independent manufacture is scarcely a shade better than the colonial article.

The earliest poet admitted into the recognised literature of the States, is one Philip Freneau. He died in 1832. We have no need to travel very far back for the Augustan age of America. The life and works of Freneau were as varied as those of his all-but namesake, Freney, the Irish rapparee. Failing in an attempt to get up a paper in New York, he was appointed to a place in one of the public offices; but this was too sedentary 'for a man of his ardent temperament,' and he threw it up to conduct a journal of Philadelphia. The journal failed, and he went

to sea in command of a merchant vessel; qualification being as little required in commanding American vessels as in writing American poetry. Like too many great men of antiquity, nothing more is known of Freneau, except that he lived in Philadelphia in 1810, and had a house burned in New Jersey in 1815; but whether in the ardour of his temperament he burned it himself, or somebody burned it for him, does not appear. He wrote satires, songs, politics, and naval ballads, and even contemplated an epic; but some of these pieces, Mr. Griswold says, were 'deserving of little praise for their chasteness.' They enjoyed unbounded popularity for all that, and his songs were sung everywhere with enthusiasm—a practical commentary on the 'religious virtue' in which the great edifice was planted. We will not trouble the reader with any specimens of this patriarchal poet, whose principal merit consists in having been born before those who came after him.

The declaration of independence threw all the small wits into a state of effervescence. The crudest talent for tagging verses and scribbling songs *ad captandum* was hailed as a miracle; and some estimate may be formed of the taste of the people by a glance at one or two of the ballads which stirred their blood to battle, and 'like a trumpet made their spirits dance.' The two emphatically national songs of America are those entitled 'Hail, Columbia,' and 'The Star-spangled Banner.' These songs are still as popular as ever. Mr. Griswold assures us that they are 'as well known throughout the United States as the Rhine Song in Germany, or the Marseilles [?] Hymn in France.' The former was written by no less a person than the 'late excellent Judge Hopkinson,' and opens like a cannonade.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valour won.

The poet has no sooner given them credit for their good sense in enjoying the blessings of peace when the war was over, than he recommends them to raise an altar to the skies, and rally round their liberty; and in the opening of the next stanza he calls upon them, rather unexpectedly, to go to war again:

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore.

This standing invitation to go to war, although there be no foe to fight withal, hits off with felicity the empty bluster of the national character. The call upon the 'immortal patriots' to 'rise

once more' is sung at all hours in every corner of the Union by men, women, and children; and it is very likely that every day the 'heaven-born band' get up out of their beds they believe they are actually rising once more to defend their rights and their shore. This is the key to the popularity of 'Hail, Columbia.' It flatters the heroic qualities of the people, without making any further requisition upon their valour than that they shall implicitly believe in it themselves. 'The Star-spangled Banner' is constructed on the same principle, and blows the 'heaven-born' bubble with equal enthusiasm; closing with the vivacity of a cock that knows when to crow on the summit of its odoriferous hill.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

These are genuine samples of the cock-a-doodle-doo style of war-like ballads. But the most remarkable writer of this class was Robert Paine, a heaven-born genius, who is said to have ruined himself by his love of the 'wine-cup'—which is American for mint-julep and gin-sling. He was so depraved in his tastes, and so insensible to the elegant aspirations of his family as to marry an actress! It is amusing and instructive to learn from the American editor that this monstrous union between two professors of two kindred arts was regarded with such genteel horror in the republican circles as to lead to poor Paine's 'exclusion from *fashionable society*, and to a disagreement with his father, which lasted till his death!' The false nature of all this is as striking as its *pseudo* fine breeding; and it shows how much bigotry and intolerance may be packed under the surface of a large pretension to liberality and social justice. Certainly there is nothing so vulgar and base as American refinement—nothing so coarse as American delicacy—nothing so tyrannical as American freedom. The worthy woman in the comedy who cries out at every turn, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' is the exact type of the *fashionable society* of America. It lives in constant terror of its dignity, and is as much afraid of catching any contagion in its polite manners as honest people would be of incurring a public shame. A marriage with an actress is punished by a sentence of ostracism; as if the actress might not be, and out of the very joyousness and spirituality of her life had not a fair chance of being, a hundred times more intellectual and loveable in mind and heart than the whole mob of her persecutors. In England, where we have a legitimate frame-work of society, and something at stake in the

intermixture of orders, marriages of this kind, in spite of a little begging of the question between aristocracy and art, are frequent enough for the vindication of poor humanity. American exclusiveness would be abominably shocked at an enumeration of the people who have married from the stage into high life, and done honour to it in the end. Lady Herbert married Beard, the singer; Lady Bertie married Gallini, the dancer; Lady Susan Strangeways conferred her lustre on O'Brien, the comedian; Mrs. Robinson became Lady Peterborough; Lavinia Fenton became Duchess of Bolton; Miss Bolton was married to Lord Thurlow; Miss Brunton to the Earl Craven; Miss Farren to the Earl of Derby; Harriet Mellon to the Duke of St. Albans; Miss O'Neill to Sir Wrixon Beecher; a catalogue which might be advantageously enlarged by the introduction of the names of Miss Tree, Miss Searle, and twenty others. It is not worth while to ask why the actress, who may thus ascend to rank and prosperity in England, is not permitted by the Americans to pass 'between the wind and their *gentility*.'

But to return to Robert Paine. Notwithstanding his evil reputation, he was the most popular of all the poets. Perhaps, if the truth were known, his bad character helped him on by stimulating the morbid curiosity of those who affected in public to abhor his practices, while they read his verses with avidity in private. Certain it is that his poems had an enormous sale, since he was paid no less than fifteen hundred dollars for a single poem; which was at the rate of upwards of one pound English per line. For a song of half a dozen stanzas, called 'Adams and Liberty,' he received seven hundred and fifty dollars, equal to 150*l.* of our money. This song is regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and the following stanza is pronounced to be the best it contains. If payment and popularity go for any thing, it ought to be the best in the whole range of the American Helicon.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
 Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
 For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
 His sword, from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!

If he had made Franklin turn his sword into a conductor, it would have been more to the purpose; although that prudent philosopher would scarcely have attempted the feat with the thunder, whatever experiments he might have tried with the lightning. The American editor observes that 'the absurd estimate of this gentleman's abilities shows the wretched condition of taste and cri-

ticism in his time.' This is frank at all events; but what shall be said for the taste and criticism of the present time, when the still more deplorable trash of Judge Hopkinson is regarded as an article of faith? Paine, with all his faults, had a certain fantastical wildness in his verse not ill calculated to fascinate the ignorant; but he married an actress, and was not to be forgiven. Decency demanded that he should be offered up as a victim to the outraged decorum of 'fashionable society.'

Ascending from the popular ballad-makers who, in America, occupy the lowest rank, let us turn to the poems of James Gates Percival. This gentleman is a very voluminous writer, and enjoys great credit in the States. If he have not the 'inspiration' he has at least the 'melancholy madness' of poetry, for he is said to take no delight in any society but that of his books or the fields. His critics describe him as being possessed in an eminent degree of the 'creative faculty' and a 'versatile genius;' which is true in this sense—he writes a great deal, on a variety of subjects; a description which seems to include his whole merit. He aims at realizing the greatest possible quantity of words with the fewest possible number of ideas; and sometimes without any ideas at all. He speaks of the 'poetic feeling' as sitting at a banquet with 'celestial forms' as lovely as ever haunted wood and wave when earth was peopled:

With nymph and naiad—mighty as the gods
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove, &c.

This is a fair specimen. If it be asked which is 'mighty as the gods'—the 'poetic feeling,' the 'celestial forms,' or the 'nymph and naiad'?—whether the 'palace' is Olympus and the clouds, or Olympus only?—which bore that awful grandeur on their features, the 'gods' or the 'clouds'—and what is meant by bowing the eye, unless it be gouging? we cannot answer. We have no notion what it all means; and we are in the same dilemma with the bulk of Mr. Percival's poetry. It is only fair, however, to mention that he candidly avows his opinion that poetry ought to 'foam up with the spirit of life, and glow with the rainbows of a glad inspiration.' Under such circumstances perhaps his verse is as good as can be expected.

John Pierpont, a barrister of reputation, is celebrated as the author of a work called the 'Airs of Palestine,' in which the influence of music is traced through a variety of illustrations. He has also produced numerous short pieces in a variety of metres, impressed for the most part with an earnest piety and cheerful

benevolence, which entitle him to the full respect of his readers. A poet of this description rarely commits himself to absurdities, and he is accordingly tolerably free from the usual excesses of imagery and expression; but little more can be said for him. The grain of his poetry is irretrievably commonplace. Like all the rest, he has his songs of triumph and congratulation on the victories of the revolution. In one of these, having dismissed the subject of war, he makes a stirring apostrophe to the 'God of Peace.'

Now the storm is o'er—
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more.

It is a curious tendency in the American mind to be thus eternally invoking the God of Peace to lead them on to battle. Mr. Pierpont will not be satisfied without another revolution and innumerable Washingtons, to establish on a lasting basis the belligerent tranquillity of America.

Amongst the didactic poets, Charles Sprague occupies a high position. He is cashier of the Globe Bank in Massachusetts, mixes very little in society, and never was thirty miles from his native city. The effect of this life-long monotony is palpable in his verse, which is evolved from a study of books with little fancy and less originality. His principal poem, 'Curiosity,' is a sample of what the American critics call an 'elegant mediocrity'; but the elegance is by no means so apparent as the mediocrity. The best passages are mechanically constructed on the model of Pope, and not always with success. The failure is most conspicuous where he attempts to imitate the polished irony of the English satirist; thus speaking of the corruption and dishonesty of the newspaper press:

As turn the party coppers, heads or tails,
And now this faction and now that prevails, &c.

Pope would hardly have made even Ned Ward toss coppers to determine which side of a question he should take. But the comparison has obviously a peculiar force and fitness in its application to the American writers; and if we were to select a satire in which the low state of the public taste and intelligence is fairly, fearlessly, and most appropriately depicted, we should certainly choose this poem of 'Curiosity.' It is honest, at all events, and bespeaks a just, although a very inferior mind.

Dana, the author of the 'Buccaneer,' and Drake, who has written a pretty little poem called the 'Culprit Fay,' may be dismissed as agreeable versifiers. Neither of them rises above the

display of neat dexterity, and neither possesses any sustaining power. The 'Buccaneer' is a hobgoblin pirate story, not unskilfully related, but terminating with an abruptness fatal to its final impression. With the single exception of the 'Culprit Fay,' Drake has produced nothing worth remembering. Sometimes he wrote so ill that, in the end, he had the good sense to wish to be forgotten. In one of his odes, for instance, he favours us with the following comical account, intended to be highly poetical, of the origin of the stripes and stars in the American flag:

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light!

This word 'baldric' is in great request. The Americans make heavy demands on the vocabulary of chivalry, at the manifest risk of the most ludicrous association of ideas.

One of the most formidable metrical productions of the union is the narrative romance of 'Tecumseh.' It occupies a whole volume to itself, and is intended as a record of the western tribes, now rapidly passing into oblivion. The measure is fitful and irregular, after the manner of Scott; but miserably deficient in that variety of melody which can alone carry the attention over so extended a surface. It is not easy to understand why Mr. Colton did not prefer prose as the medium of his Indian story. He writes very sensible prose and execrable verse. But teaching cannot make poets, and it would be idle to enter into details. In the same category may be included the author of a poem of tremendous pretensions, called 'Washington,' expressly designed by the author to be the National Epic. Dr. Channing's remarks on the deficiencies of the national literature made a deep impression on him, and he resolved to do something to relieve his country from the disgraceful imputation. 'I determined,' he exclaims, 'to write a national poem.' But he found he could not write the poem and carry on his business at the same time; what was he to do in such an awful 'fix?' Why, like a prudent man, carry on his business first and write his poem after, to be sure. 'I made it a matter of conscience,' he says, 'not to spoil a good man of business in order to make a bad poet.' So he worked at his trade till he made money, then retired upon his imagination to make a poem. We believe the case is quite new in the history of epics. But then so is the epic itself. The subject is boldly announced, how

kingly recklessness had then 'gun rear
To trample the folks' rights.

the folks were not to be reared or trampled upon. No—
ad a soul above kings. Their course was clear,

Live upright,
Or die down-stricken; but to crawl or cringe
We cannot. No; *that king mistook us much, &c.*

Washington advises them to strike the iron while it is hot, and
akes, on his part, to raise the people in a single night.

Now while the iron is hot
Strike it; for me, as from this chair I rise,
So surely will I undertake this night
To raise the people.

comes home in the evening, and finds his wife at tea—

There by her *glistening* board, ready to pour
Forth the refreshment of her Chinese cups.

it is no time for tea-drinking—he begs to be excused—

Nay, dearest wife,
My time is not my own; and what I came
It was but to assure thee, &c.

is quite enough for a taste of an American epic. The au-
ys he is gathering the effect of its publication from 'the
le of retreat.' We hope it is a 'retreat' provided for him
friends; in which case, we advise them to stop up the
ole,' as communication with the outer world, in his pre-
ate, can only increase his excitement.

poem of 'Washington' appears to have been composed
an impression that America had not hitherto produced a
of heroic dimensions. This is a mistake. She boasts of no
in two previous epics: the 'Conquest of Canaan,' by Dwight,
en books—a dismal load of very blank verse; and the 'Co-
d,' by Barlow, a work of twenty years' gestation, which we
ieved from noticing by Mr. Griswold, who declares that it
ither unity, strength, nor passion, that it is sometimes incor-
d often inelegant, yet that it has 'many bursts of *eloquence*
triotism.' He does not inform us how many bursts go to an
em. If we may judge by the number of candidates for ad-
n, the 'retreats' of the poets ought to be capacious. Mr.
her ought to be provided for, who apostrophizes the west in
yle—

Land of the west!—green forest land!
Clime of the fair and the immense!

leal, who says that he loves to dream of 'shadowy hair

and half-shut eyes,' and describes the head of a poet with large eyes,

*Brimful of water and light,
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright,*

betrays dangerous symptoms.

We find a pleasant relief from these distressing hallucinations in the poems of Alfred B. Street. He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and healthful. The opening of a piece called the 'Settler,' is very striking.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
*And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.*

His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardour of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making un-likenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults his poems cannot be read without pleasure.


There are several female poets in America; but only one who deserves to be especially distinguished—Mrs. Brooks, formerly known as *Maria del Occidente*. The poem of 'Zophiel,' originally published in London, is a work of singular merit; fantastic and passionate to a height, rarely, if ever before, reached by the genius of a woman. The conception is no less remarkable than the almost masculine vigour with which the author wrestles against the difficulties of the obstructive stanza she has infelicitously chosen. But nobody reads 'Zophiel.' The tasteless splendour of the diction wearies the ear; the passion is too fervid, the style too strained for enjoyment. She writes like a prodigal, and squanders her brilliant powers as if they were so much loose cash. The only wonder is, that she does not exhaust herself as well as her readers. Leisurely criticism alone will ever bestow patience enough on 'Zophiel,' to extricate its spiritual beauty from the mass of glitter-

ing phrases under which it is buried. The feeble verbosity of Mrs. Sigourney—who is usually advertised, as if it were something to boast of, as the American Hemans—is familiar to all readers of *Annals*. For the lady-like inanity of her lines, we can imagine many excuses; but none for her habit of putting words to the torture—such as super'fices for su'perfices—calis'thenics for calisthen'ics, &c. Verse-making has latitude enough without taking liberties with language. Mrs. Osgood, who published a book here some years ago, aims at writing tragedies, but succeeds best in stringing verses for children. Her juvenile rhymes are juvenile as they ought to be; the worst of it is, her tragedies are juvenile also. In the first eight lines of her dedicatory verses, she flings her book on the stream of time, in the same manner, she informs us, as the maiden 'in the Orient,' trims her lamp, and gives her 'fairy bark' to the 'doubtful waves.' There is no saying what may have happened to the bark, but it is certain the book has long since gone to the bottom.

Of the score, or so, of poets we have now run through—the previous picking of the multitude—it will be seen that we have not yet found one who rises above the level of the 'elegant mediocrity' already referred to. Mr. Griswold himself admits that there are very few who have written for posterity. We are happy at last to be in a fair way of coming to these few, having cleared the audience of the rabble. That the select circle of these choice spirits should be so small, is to us matter of great and sincere regret.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he has written very little in this way, comes accredited to us by unmistakable manifestations of an original and poetical mind. He is the author of a volume of profound *Essays*, recently re-published in England, under the editorship of Mr. Carlyle, who discovered in him a spiritual faculty congenial to his own. Mr. Emerson was formerly a Unitarian minister, but he embraced the Quaker interpretation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and threw up his church. He is now the editor of a quarterly magazine in Boston. The same thoughtful spirit which pervades his prose writings is visible in his poetry, bathed in the 'purple light' of a rich fancy. Unfortunately he has written too little to ensure him a great reputation; but what he has written is quaint and peculiar, and native to his own genius. From a little poem addressed 'To the Humble Bee,' which, without being in the slightest degree an imitation, constantly reminds us of the gorgeous beauty of 'l'Allegro,' we extract two or three passages.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me,



Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek—
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid-zone!

* * *

When the south-wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze,
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a colour of romance,
 And infusing subtle heats
 Turns the sod to violets—
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

* * *

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen,
 But violets, and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap, and daffodels,
 Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
 And brier-roses dwelt among.
*All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he past.*

This is not merely beautiful, though 'beauty is its own excuse for being.' There is pleasant wisdom hived in the bag of the 'yellow breeched philosopher,' who sees only what is fair and sips only what is sweet. Mr. Emerson evidently cares little about any reputation to be gained by writing verses; his intellect seeks other vents, where it is untrammelled by forms and conditions. But he cannot help his inspiration. He is a poet in his prose.

Fitz-green Halleck has acquired a wider celebrity, and won it well. He is the author, amongst other things, of a noble lyric, 'Marco Bozzaris.' Had he written nothing more he must have earned a high popularity; but he has written much more equally distinguished by a refined taste and cultivated judgment. But the 'Marco Bozzaris,' containing not more than a hundred lines, or thereabouts, is his master-piece. It is consecrated to the Greek chief of that name who fell in an attack on the Turkish camp at Laspi, and is, as a whole, one of the most perfect specimens of versification we are acquainted with in American literature. We will not detract from its intrinsic claims by inquiring to what extent Mr. Halleck is indebted to the study of

well-known models; for, although in this piece we catch that 'stepping in music' of the rhythm which constitutes the secret charm of the 'Hohenlinden,' we are glad to recognise in all his productions, apart from incidental resemblances of this kind, a knowledge as complete, as it is rare amongst his contemporaries, of the musical mysteries of his art. It is in this Mr. Halleck excels, and it is for this melodiousness of structure that his lines are admired even where their real merit is least understood. We are too much pressed in space to afford room for the whole of this poem, and are unwilling to injure its effect by an isolated passage. The chrysolite must not be broken. But here is an extract from a poem called 'Red Jacket,' which will abundantly exhibit the freedom and airiness of Mr. Halleck's versification. Red Jacket was a famous Indian chief.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)
 Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
 As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
 Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches
 The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
 And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
 The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,
 But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
 And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
 Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,
 The god-like power, the art Napoleon,
 Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
 The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men leave crowded
 The road to death as to a festival;
 And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded
 With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.

* * * * *

And underneath that face like summer's oceans,
 Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
 Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
 Hatred—for missionaries and cold water;
 Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone ;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

The author of these stanzas, strange to say, is superintendent of the affairs of Mr. Astor, the capitalist, who built the great hotel in New York.

We have been all along looking out for a purely American poet, who should be strictly national in the comprehensive sense of the term. The only man who approaches that character is William Cullen Bryant; but if Bryant were not a sound poet in all other aspects, his nationality would avail him nothing. Nature made him a poet, and the accident of birth has placed him amongst the forests of America. Out of this national inspiration he draws universal sympathies—not the less universal because their springs are ever close at hand, ever in view, and ever turned to with renewed affection. He does not thrust the American flag in our faces, and threaten the world with the terrors of a gory peace; he exults in the issues of freedom for nobler ends and larger interests. He is the only one of the American poets who ascends to 'the height of this great argument,' and lifts his theme above the earthy taint of bigotry and prejudice. In him, by virtue of the poetry that is in his heart, such themes grow up into dignity. His genius makes all men participators in them, seeking and developing the universality that lies at their core. The woods, prairies, mountains, tempests, the seasons, the life and destiny of man, are the subjects in which he delights. He treats them with religious solemnity, and brings to the contemplation of nature, in her grandest revelations, a pure and serious spirit. His poetry is reflective, but not sad; grave in its depths, but brightened in its flow by the sunshine of the imagination. His poems addressed to rivers, woods, and winds, all of which he has separately apostrophized, have the solemn grandeur of anthems, voicing remote and trackless solitudes. Their beauty is affecting, because it is true and full of reverence. Faithful to his inspiration, he never interrupts the profound ideal that has entered into his spirit to propitiate the *genius loci*:—he is no middleman standing between his vernal glories and the enjoyment of the rest of mankind. He is wholly exempt from verbal prettiness, from flaunting imagery and New World conceits; he never paints on gauze; he is always in earnest, and always poetical. His manner is everywhere graceful and unaffected.

Two collections of Mr. Bryant's poems have been published in London, and the reader may be presumed to be already acquainted

with nearly all he has written. The following passage, descriptive of the train of thoughts suggested by the shutting in of evening, as appeared only in the American editions:

The summer day has closed—the sun is set:
Well have they done their office, those bright hours
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with earthy walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! one glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age,
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

When America shall have given birth to a few such poets as Bryant, she may begin to build up a national literature, to the recognition of which all the world will subscribe.

Only one name now remains, that of the most accomplished of our brotherhood, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. But we have

some doubts whether he can be fairly considered an indigenous specimen. His mind was educated in Europe. At eighteen years of age he left America, and spent four years in travelling through Europe, lingering to study for a part of the time at Gottingen. On his return he was appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College; but at the end of a few years he went into Sweden and Denmark, to acquire a knowledge of the literature and languages of the Northern nations. When he again returned, he accepted the professorship of the French and Spanish languages in Haward College, Cambridge, which he now holds. We must not be surprised to find his poetry deeply coloured by these experiences, and cultivated by a height of refinement far above the taste of his countrymen. But America claims him, and is entitled to him; and has much reason to be proud of this ripe and elegant scholar. He is unquestionably the first of her poets, the most thoughtful and chaste; the most elaborate and finished. Taking leave of the others, with a just appreciation of the last mentioned two or three, and coming suddenly upon Longfellow's lyrics, is like passing out of a ragged country into a rich Eastern garden, with the music of birds and falling waters singing in our ears at every step. His poems are distinguished by severe intellectual beauty, by dulcet sweetness of expression, a wise and hopeful spirit, and complete command over every variety of rhythm. They are neither numerous nor long; but of that compact texture which will last for posterity. His translations from the continental languages are admirable; and in one of them, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner, he has successfully rendered into English, the 'inexorable hexameters' of the original.

We believe nearly all Mr. Longfellow's poems have been reprinted in England; and we hope they may be extensively diffused, and received with the honourable welcome they deserve. From the 'Prelude to the Voices of the Night,' we take a few stanzas of exquisite grace and tenderness.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
 I lay upon the ground;
 His hoary arms uplifted he,
 And all the broad leaves over me
 Clapped their little hands in glee,
 With one continuous sound:
 A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
 The feelings of a dream—
 As of innumerable wings,
 As, when a bell no longer swings,
 Faint the hollow murmur rings
 O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
When the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The spring, clothed like a bird,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.


The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered mild and low,
" Come, be a child once more !"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar.

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer !
Like one in prayer I stood.

The artful modulation of these lines is not less worthy of critical
ce than the pathos of the emotion which literally gushes like
; through them.



Having arrived at this point—beyond which there is nothing but the Future, and a very Chaos of a Future it seems—we leave the evidence on the whole case to the dispassionate judgment of others. Our survey has been necessarily rapid and desultory; but it is sufficient as a sort of outline map of general characteristics. We might have submitted the subject to a severer analysis, and accumulated a larger variety of illustrations; but it could have served no other end than that of showing still more elaborately the paucity of exceptions to the rule. We have made the exceptions clear, which is the chief thing. For the rest, we have no compunctious visitings. We are well aware that amidst such a heap of craving and unequal pretensions, individual vanities must be wounded—above all by total omission. But our business lay with the spirit, forms, and influence of the whole body of American poetry, which we have endeavoured to trace through the representatives of classes, as far as such a method was practicable with materials so crude and unmanageable. We have nothing to do with respective merits, which must be adjusted at home by the native scale: a scale so peculiar, that we should despair of being able to accommodate ourselves to its demands. In the obscurest recesses of the Union there are men of such renown, that it would be idle to talk of Socrates or Bacon in their neighbourhoods. Of what avail would it be to apply to these illustrious persons any standard of criticism, except that which they have themselves set up and pronounced final? You must take American fame at its word, or have nothing to do with it. Yet this American fame is not very easy to understand after all, since one hardly knows what relative value to place on it: and relative value it must have, if it have any; since, although all men are born equal, all men are not born to equal fame, even in America. When we are informed, for instance, that Mr. Willis is enjoying the laurels of a European reputation, ‘at his beautiful estate on the Susquehanna,’ we are sorely perplexed, and cast into a maze of wonder to know what it can possibly mean.

We observed at starting, that American poetry was little better than a far-off echo of the Father-land. It is necessary to enter a little into this point, for the sake of exhibiting the nature, as well as the extent of the echo.

All poetry is imitative. True poetry imitates nature: that which imitates poetry ought to have some other name. Of this latter sort—the Spurious—there are several kinds; inasmuch as there are several kinds of models, good models and bad, old models and new. The old models are better than the new, because they are nearer to the source, and fresher, and are less artificial, and less conventional. The tendency of America is strenuously towards

the new. She is new herself, and being afflicted with perpetual restlessness and curiosity, she is always looking round her, and forward; but she never looks back. The past is, to her, oblivion. There are no modes in it to be revived: no grand-mother's hoops, no voluminous wigs, no buckles, no ruffs. She is always on the watch for the last fashion, with the eagerness of a citizen's wife, who thinks the world at an end if she does not dress in the taste of the day. Even in this, America is unfortunate, for by the time the fashions reach her, they are pretty well cast off in the old countries. Her newest shapes are out of date. Stepping out of the literature of England into that of America, is like going back twenty years into a sort of high-life-below-stairs resuscitation of the style of that period.

We find constantly-recurring examples of this *fade* spirit scattered through their poetry; which is everywhere patched up with phrases long since worn threadbare—such as 'realms yet unborn,' 'a magic and a marvel in the name,' the eagle's 'quenchless eye,' 'the beautiful and brave,' 'the land of the storm,' &c. All this looks trifling enough separated from the context, but pettiness and trashiness are the crying sins of this description of verse. If there were nothing to complain of but that drowsy familiarity of *tour-nure*, which sends vague fragments of reminiscences flitting through one's memory, it would be hardly worth noting; but unfortunately this petty larceny forms a prominent and ostentatious feature in these productions. It is almost the first peculiarity you detect in an American poem. It is common to nearly all the poets. The majority of them are distinctly modelled upon some particular author, whose manner and subject they strive to copy with the exactitude of a fac-simile. These models are all selected from our modern writers. The old ones are never imitated. The Spenserian stanza is occasionally attempted—but the original kept in view, is not the 'Fairy Queen,' but the 'Castle of Indolence,' itself an avowed imitation.

Mrs. Sigourney alone seems to be proud of her position as the shadow of a poet. But there are others who are not less entitled to that distinction. Sprague, whom we have already spoken of as a close follower of Pope, is glad to follow any one else when it helps out his purpose. Thus, in an ode on Shakspeare, he has no objection to avail himself of Collins, with a distant line burlesqued from Shakspeare himself:

Madness, with his frightful scream,
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
Avarice, with his blade and beam,
Hatred, blasting with a glance ;

Remorse that weeps, and rage that roars,
And jealousy that dotes, yet dooms, and murders, yet adores.

This is nothing to the description of Shakspeare:

Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings.

Having undertaken to write about Shakspeare, who had depicted all the passions, Mr. Sprague naturally had recourse to Collins, who wrote an ode on them. In another poem he gives us a glimpse of 'the bower she planted,' speaking of a departed friend:

This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided—
This book was thine, &c.

It would be a pity not to treat the reader to a *soupçon* of this gentleman's felicitous manner of taking the plums out of Pope's tragedy and putting them into his own comedy.

In the pleased infant see the power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand—
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum!

Mr. Wilcox has written two poems called 'The Age of Benevolence' and 'The Religion of Taste,' in which Thomson is imitated, at incredible length, with a perseverance quite unexampled. Not content with dogging the poet through the Seasons, he hunts him into the Castle of Indolence, and gets up a rival establishment which he calls the Castle of Imagination. Mr. Trumbull, in like manner, has devoted himself to the service of 'Hudibras,' of which he obliges us with an elaborate imitation, entitled 'M'Fingal.' The Trumbull-Hudibras is by no means the worst of the large family of the Hudibrases, notwithstanding that we occasionally stumble upon such lines as the following:

Whence Gage extols, from general hearsay,
The great activity of Lord Percy.

Timothy Dwight makes an experiment on the 'Rape of the Lock' in a poem called 'Greenfield Hill.' The attempt to adapt its fine sarcastic spirit to the habits of American society is eminently ludicrous, and not much mended by rhymes of this kind—

To inhale from proud Nanking a sip of tea,
And wave a courtesy trim and flirt away.

We are in entire ignorance of the nature of the operation described by waving a courtesy trim. The 'sip of tay' from 'proud Nanking' seems to fall within the same system of orthoepey which celebrated the activity of Lord *Peersay*.

Paine is esteemed by his countrymen as a copier of Dryden's; but he copies him so badly that we are inclined to let him off as a worse original. He resembles Dryden in nothing but his turgid bombast (the vice chiefly of Dryden's plays), and here he outdoes him.

Pierpoint, of whom we have already spoken, is crowded with *coincidences*, which look very like *plagiarisms*. Take one:

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,—
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne:
By the pilgrims' toils, &c.

And so on to the end. Burns is frequently complimented in this way. Poe is a capital artist after the manner of Tennyson; and approaches the spirit of his original more closely than any of them. His life has been as wild and Tennysonian as his verse. He was adopted in infancy by a rich old gentleman, who helped him to a good education and a visit to England for improvement, and intended to make him his heir; but incurring some debts of honour, which the old gentleman very properly refused to discharge, Poe discharged his patron in a fit of poetry, and went off to join the Greeks. Stopping by the way at St. Petersburg, he got into debt again. From this trouble he was extricated by the consul; and upon his return to America he found the old gentleman married to a young wife. The lady was looked upon as an interloper, and Poe quarrelled with her, for which the old gentleman, very properly again, quarrelled with him, and so they parted, Poe to get married on his own account, and the old gentleman to go to heaven, leaving an infant son behind to inherit his wealth. All this has a strong Tennysonian tinge—we mean of course poetically; for there is none of this unhinging and rebellion in the blood or actions of the true Tennyson. Here is a specimen of the metrical imitation:

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Snow-white palace) rear'd its head.

Again—

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes—

In another place an 'opiate vapour'—

Steals drowsily and musically
 Into the universal valley.
 The rosemary nods upon the grave,
 The lily lolls upon the wave.

And this is even still more like—a strain under an ‘open lattice’—

The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
 Flit through thy chamber in and out,
 And wave the curtain-canopy
 So fitfully, so fearfully,
 Above the closed and fringed lid
 ‘Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
 That o’er the floor and down the wall,
 Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall.

These passages have a spirituality in them, usually denied to imitators; who rarely possess the property recently discovered in the mocking-birds—a solitary note of their own. A Mr. Hill toils hopelessly after the bounding lyrics of Barry Cornwall: *ex. gr.*

A glorious tree is the old gray oak:
 He has stood for a thousand years,
 Has stood and frowned
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers, &c.

Barry Cornwall is not very likely to be imitated with success; although the freedom and beauty of his style are peculiarly calculated to fascinate imitators. Picked words and a dancing measure are not enough; there must be a luxuriant imagination, earnestness, and high enthusiasm. With such qualifications, however, a man might set up for himself.

A Mr. Fairfield has a song, or ode, the first stanza of which opens with—

Ave Maria! ’tis the midnight hour—

The second with,

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of love—

The third,

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of prayer—

And thus to the close—the body of the verse being constructed on the same honest principle. Another writer has a song,

I think of thee when morning springs,

and ‘I think of thee’ in every verse, refrain, and all stolen, gipsy-fashion, and disguised. But these are venial offences. It is reserved for Charles Fenno Hoffman to distance all plagiarists of ancient and modern times in the enormity and openness of his

lefts. "No American," says Mr. Griswold, "is comparable to him as a song-writer." We are not surprised at the fact, considering the magnitude of his obligations to Moore. Hoffman is more hocused for the American market. His songs are *rifacimientos*. The turns of the melody, the flooding of the images, the scintillating conceits—are all Moore. Sometimes he steals every words. One song begins, 'Blame not the bowl'—a hint taken from 'Blame not the bard:' another 'One bumper yet, allants, at parting.' Hoffman is like a hand-organ—a single touch sets him off—he wants only the key note, and he plays away as long as his wind lasts. The resemblance, when it runs into whole lines and verses, is more like a parody than a simple plagiarism. One specimen will be ample.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
 With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
 Like the music that's said from the ocean
 To rise in the gathering storm,
 That her image around us should hover,
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
 We may breathe through the foam of a bumper,
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel.

He had Moore's measure ringing in his ear, and demanding a simile in the middle of the first quatrain—hence the music from the ocean. The third and fourth lines are an echo of a sound without the smallest particle of meaning or application in them. They constitute the means, nevertheless, by which Hoffman hinders the Americans. Drop them out altogether, and, so far as the sense is concerned, the song would be materially improved. Not enough, and more than enough, of these monkeyana.

The result upon the whole examination may be thus briefly summed up:—that American poetry is deficient in originality; that it is not even based upon the best examples; that it is wanting in strength of thought, in grace and refinement; and errs largely on the side of false taste and frothy exuberance. The classical acquirements of the American poets are loudly insisted upon by their critics; but no such influence is visible in their works—Longfellow and three or four more excepted. It might rather be predicated that they are utterly ignorant of the principles of art, or that they hold all principles in contempt. The qualifications of the poet are lowered in them to the meanest and basest elements. They are on a level with the versifiers who fill up the corners of our provincial journals, into which all sorts of platitudes are admitted by the indiscriminate courtesy of the printer. Their poetry is emphatically *provincial*, even to its

diction, which often stands in as much need of a glossary as one of our dialects. They not only employ words obsolete long ago in England, but use current words in new senses, frequently converting substantives into verbs, adjectives into adverbs, and shuffling and cutting all the parts of speech to suit their purposes. You ever and anon meet such phrases as 'unshadow,' 'tireless,' 'environment,' 'flushful,' 'fadeless,' 'unway,' 'unbrokenly,' 'med-
lied,' 'incessancy,' 'delightless.' Rapidity of execution is another peculiarity by which these writers are distinguished. Numerous anecdotes are related, even by themselves, of their velocity in composition. We can readily believe them. But they will find out in the long run, that the go-ahead system is as fallacious in literature as they have already, to their cost, found it to be in more substantial affairs.

We repeat, however, that it is matter of regret, and not of censure, that America should be destitute of a national literature. The circumstances through which she has hitherto struggled, and to which she continues to be exposed, are fatal to its cultivation. With the literature of England pouring in upon her, relieved of the charges of copyright and taxation, it is impossible there can be any effectual encouragement for native talent. Literature is, consequently, the least tempting of all conceivable pursuits; and men must float with the stream, and live as they can with the society in which they have been educated. Even were the moral materials by which this vast deposit of human dregs is supplied, other than they are—purer, wiser, and more refined,—still America could not originate or support a literature of her own, so long as English productions can be imported free of cost, and circulated through the Union at a cheaper rate than the best productions of the country. The remedy for this is obvious, and its necessity has long been felt on both sides of the water,—a law for the protection of international copyright. Such a law would be valuable to us, simply in a commercial point of view—but to America its advantages would be of incalculably greater importance. It would lay the foundation of a comprehensive intellectual movement which never can be accomplished without its help; and by which alone, she can ever hope to consolidate and dignify her institutions. We trust the day is not far distant when the unanimous demand of the enlightened of both countries will achieve a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

ART. II.—*Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire, ou Science du Développement de l'Humanité.* Par P. J. B. BUCHEZ. Second Edition. 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

Cours d'Etudes Historiques. Par P. C. F. DAUNOU. 3 vols. Paris. 1842.

THE endeavour to reduce the facts of history to a science is in England pretty generally regarded as chimerical; while in Germany and France there is scarcely a doubt of its possibility: the only difference there being as to how it is to be accomplished. Although we cannot altogether share the continental enthusiasm, neither can we regard the English scepticism as philosophic. The science of history seems to us more enlarged, complicated, and difficult than our neighbours generally believe; and more definite, positive, and possible, than our own countrymen generally admit.

To the latter we may put a few brief questions. You doubt whether it be possible to create a science of history; and on what grounds do you doubt this? Its difficulty? That is no reason. You are bound to show that there is something inherent in the very nature of the subject which defies scientific appreciation. The difficulty of a science of history is a reason why it should be slow in being formed, not why it should not be formed at all. The impossibility of a science of Ontology lies not in its difficulty, but in the fact of the subject itself being beyond the means and limits of human appreciation. Does the subject of History lie beyond these limits? Clearly not. History is the record of human actions, and the evolution of humanity. These actions, these transformations were produced in conformity with certain laws: these laws are appreciable by human intelligence; and what is science but the co-ordination of various laws?

We ask again upon what is scepticism on this matter founded? Surely no thinking man in this nineteenth century can believe that the events of history were fortuitous. The apple does not fall by chance; by chance no single phenomenon, no single act can be produced. Chance is but a word to express our ignorance; and it is less and less employed as we become more and more instructed. Chance is an unascertained law. If the smallest event is the consequence of some determinating cause, it requires no great logical force to see that great events must also have their causes. To detect these causes is difficult; but we have not heard that any of the sciences were formed with ease; and we have yet to learn on what grounds the detection of the causes of historical events is impossible. Let us be understood.

We by no means aver with many French authors that the great evolutions of humanity are to be readily appreciated. Far from it. Yet once for all we contend that difficulty is no ground of scepticism.

History must be a science before it becomes an art; it must be understood before it can be narrated. This is a truism; yet, like many truisms, overlooked by those who contend that the historian should be a mere narrator. Granted, he should be a narrator; but how can he truly narrate that which he does not understand? and how is he to understand the past, which differs so minutely from the present? Not by reading chronicles; not by reading former historians; this is only a quarter of his task. He must address himself to the philosopher, and from him receive solutions of the various problems presented by difference of race, state of ideas at the time, condition of humanity, connexion of the period with its predecessor and successor, with many other circumstances. All these problems belong to the science of history; and all of them are at present without complete solutions. To narrate without having solved them is to draw up a more or less instructive catalogue, fully justifying D'Alembert's idea of history being 'a conventional necessity, and one of the ordinary resources of conversation.'*

The question which next presents itself is: how are the causes, the laws of history to be discovered? We answer: there is but one method by which science is possible: observation, classification, and induction. This Baconian method as it is called, is as necessary in history as in chemistry, and will lead to similar certitude. There have been various attempts to construct sciences, but this one alone has been found successful. It is one demanding great patience and great fortitude of mind; but its rewards are sure and lasting. Let historical students courageously accept it, and they may win immortal honour; without it they can win but transitory praise. It may not be at all clear at present how the laws of human evolution are to be discovered; but only conceive the labours of our predecessors in the physical sciences to have been fruitless, and then try to imagine how the laws of chemistry could have been discovered, and then imagine the difficulty of their discovery! To hope greatly, to believe slowly, and to labour patiently, are the qualities of the philosophic mind.

The two works placed at the commencement of this paper may be regarded as the types of two opposing schools. M. Buchez is one of those to whom we alluded as believing the philosophy of history to be a very easy matter. We should call his book the metaphysics of history. M. Daunou on the other hand, believes

* D'Alembert, 'Réflexions sur l'Histoire.'

in a science of history; but unfortunately seems to think a science is the knowledge of facts, whereas it is the knowledge of laws. We should call his book the criticism of history. Its merits are great and solid; its faults are more negative than positive: as far as he goes M. Daunou is a valuable guide, but he leaves you halfway.

M. Buchez is a physician who has gained some celebrity by his 'Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française,' as also by this 'Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire,' as we judge by it arriving at the dignity of a second edition.

He is to us an insupportable writer; and one we believe whose works throw more discredit on the continental belief in the possibility of a science of history, than all the attacks of sceptics. We are not denying M. Buchez's talent, which is not inconsiderable; it is his method that we reprobate. He deals with science as if it were a subject for rhetoric. His pompous formulas as often turn out to be old truisms as new falsisms. He talks a great deal about 'humanity being the function of the universe,' more about faith, progression, and *mathématique sociale*; not a little about egoism, eating the heart of society and 'formulas of life.' M. Buchez is one of the fatiguing class called *humanitaires*, of whom it has been said, that in Paris they 'beset you on all sides.' They have novelists, feuilletonistes, critics, and artists, perpetually occupied in illustration of the grand dogma of *l'humanité*. Their modes of *propagande* are various, energetic, and effective. They do not content themselves with the slow process of conviction; they range under their banner young and old, philosophers and poets, artists and lovely women. Boys of twenty swell the ranks and demand of you your formula of life. In vain you reply that a formula of life and of the universal life is not so ready an attainment, and that for your part you have still to seek it. They wonder at you, declare that every man must necessarily have such a formula, and present you with their own. We can believe that people read such works as this of M. Buchez with considerable pleasure; but we are certain, without profit. There is something attractive in the facility with which the vital problems of our existence are to be solved; there is something which carries away the reader's imagination in this confident talk about so vast a subject, rendering it so simple. But for the most part, it is as barren as the east wind. There is no conviction to be gained from such a book; scarcely a hint as to where one may be obtained. He has begun his science at the wrong end. Had he even begun legitimately, had he really elaborated for himself some scientific notions, they would have been lost to the reader by his abstract method of presenting them. It is the vice of metaphysical writers not only to deal with generalities but to

special illustrations. This while it prevents criticism renders instruction impossible. Of what use is it to go on stringing principles to principles, axioms to axioms, formulas to formulas, when the reader is in doubt as to your meaning, and without the power of confronting you with facts? If a man has discovered one of the laws of human evolution, let him by all means give it its abstract definition, and then proceed to explain with it the series of facts subordinate thereto. So little does M. Buchez attempt this that we are still dubious as to his meaning on almost every point. A meaning can generally be affixed to what he writes, since he does not write positive galimatias; but we are never sure that the meaning we affix is the meaning he wishes us to accept. For example he defines humanity to be the 'function of the universe.' It is a somewhat pompous definition; vague and extremely unscientific; still one sees a meaning in it; viz., that the whole universe is subordinate to man, as the theatre of his development. Now, when a writer aspiring to a scientific character proposes a definition, the reader has a right to expect this definition will be subsequently adhered to. M. Buchez on the contrary has no settled use of the word humanity; nay, in one place he says that during the time of Arianism, 'l'humanité fut sauvée par le Pape, évêque de Rome, et par la France.' How the pope with the aid of France could have saved 'the function of the universe' we cannot yet conceive.

Another vice in this 'Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire,' is the prevalence of rhetoric; which, though an excellent quality when well-timed, is otherwise extremely tiresome, and in a work of science it must generally be out of place. It is a fatal gift, that of rhetoric, to those whose philosophic habits are not sufficiently strong to regulate its use. And by rhetoric we do not here designate declamation; we mean that tendency to *persuade* rather than *convince*, to rouse the feelings rather than satisfy the reason, to reason by metaphors and logical deductions from *petitiones principiorum*, instead of deductions from authenticated facts and ascertained laws. The greater portion of M. Buchez's work is written in that style. We will select one instance. Deploring the present condition of both men and women, he proceeds to investigate the causes of the evil. Women he finds divided into two classes, those who have a dowry, and those who have none. Having expressed his contempt for the mercenary spirit presiding over the *marriages de convenance*, he asks why those women who have fortunes, and could live in freedom and idleness, should seek for husbands, and consent to be bought and sold as they now are? The reason, he says, is because they are incapable of self-guidance, taught as they are to fill only one vocation, that of maternity;

because, beyond marriage and maternity they have been taught nothing good and useful; because woman is nothing, or fit only for a cloister life, without friendship, without joys, without consolation. We will occupy no reader's time with a refutation of such absurdity as this; we quoted it as an example of the author's vicious rhetoric not as a dangerous error to be refuted. Nevertheless, although the book has many serious faults, it is not without its merits. It is difficult and wearisome reading, yet contains some views which will doubtless be new to many of our readers, and some hints which may perhaps fructify in a meditative mind. He has distinctly seen the necessity of founding the philosophy of history upon the ascertained laws of human physiology; a conception due we believe to Auguste Comte, and which seems so obvious that it is almost incredible any one should have overlooked it. The following observations are not unworthy of attention.

The aim of scientific investigation is to discover the order of succession of phenomena, and to ascertain their reciprocal relations of dependence, so that on any phenomenal state being given, one could calculate the phenomenal states which preceded and succeeded it. It is evident that we are determined on such researches only in as far as we admit the existence of a constant,* or invariable principle in the order of production of the phenomena; it is also evident that we must admit certain *variations*, otherwise there would be no possibility of prevision, since there would not be many phenomena, but one only and of an indefinite duration. Thus, therefore, every attempt at the discovery of causes supposes the admission of two simultaneous conditions: a *constant* or invariable principle of order in the production of phenomena, and a certain variation in the manifestation.

The existence of certain *constants* in the life of humanity (*la vie de l'humanité*), has been generally admitted; nay, more, most authors have seen but this one fact, and have only differed in their designation of it; some believing it to be owing to individual organization; others placing it in human reason; others in the religious feelings; others in the necessities of commerce; and others in climate, &c.

On regarding the conditions of existence of the individual or of nations in an abstract point, we cannot perceive the variations; but on descending to the concrete, it is no longer thus. We then find this *constant*, this abstract principle never resolves itself in absolutely the same manner, and that it is susceptible of

* We are forced to use the author's own nomenclature, though with great reluctance. The word is as great a barbarism in French as in English, but it is intelligible.

a great variety of realizations. This is the origin of the variations which constitute the progressive movement of humanity.

Thus the aptitudes of men are always similar in number. Zoologists will prove that the addition of a single faculty would change human nature. But in the long series of generations the aptitudes themselves have varied, inasmuch as they have become more powerful and more extensive. The medium in which these aptitudes exercise themselves is of two sorts—human, and foreign to man. Now, as to the human world, the wants of social life have always been the strongest of all interests. But social life offers a multitude of possibilities or different practices, and consequently affords a multitude of experiences: it is a series of essays to find the best régime. Hence a continual incitation to change, in the hope of finding something better. The inanimate world also, though remaining the same with respect to its aptitudes, changes with respect to relative intensity. Our faculties have always acted on the inanimate world, and been in turn reacted on by them: that is the ‘constant.’ But, inasmuch as our faculties have increased in energy, and the inanimate world has been more and more modified thereby, there has resulted a series of regular variations. The origin of the ‘constants’ is in human spontaneity, and all the active elements subordinate to it. The variations are the expression of all the difficulties of realization, that is to say, of the diverse struggles which man has had to contend with, either against the inanimate world or against mankind itself.*

To discover then the laws of humanity, we must take the various ‘constantes sociales’ with which history makes us acquainted; make each of these a speciality; and underneath each special head range in their order of historical succession all the variations which belong to them. What is a ‘constante sociale?’ It is one of the problems of which the solution is one of the constitutive elements of society, one of its conditions of existence, such as the definitions of good and evil, the aim of activity, the system of social functions, the system of politics and morals.

What are the variations? Nothing but the various solutions offered of the fundamental problems of social existence; they are the results of progressive impulsions which change imperfect institutions, or which modify the formulas that imperfectly represent the popular wants.


* This is but a diffuse form of the fundamental position of Michelet’s ‘Introduction à l’Histoire Universelle.’ “With the world began a struggle that will end only with the world—that of man against nature, mind against matter, liberty against fatality. History is nothing but the narrative of this interminable struggle.”

In spite of the metaphysical mode of exposition, there is a notion in the foregoing paragraphs which is not without its value. We may say the same of his subsequent attempts to lay down the basis of a 'physiologie sociale.' But the reader will have already seen enough of M. Buchez's method to judge of its futility; he must read for himself to appreciate its wearisomeness. On the whole we can by no means recommend the work to any but a believer in 'Les Humanitaires,' and in Pierre Leroux.

The 'Cours d'Etudes Historiques' of M. Daunou, is a book as wise as that of M. Buchez is absurd. It is a book eminently calculated for English students; indeed for all students. While many will with us regret that the author did not see that his subject was a hundred-fold as great as he believed it; every one must, we think, pay tribute to the sober but solid talent and acquirements which it displays. It is never metaphysical, pompous, vague, aspiring, or flip-pant: dull indeed, sometimes; but with a sort of academic dulness, on the whole respectable. One passes over a few pages of rather obvious remark, and others of measured commonplace, not because these are merits, but because they seem suited as it were to the occasion. A professor expounding the moral of history to his young audience, may fitly deal with commonplaces, provided he do not at other times ornament his discourse with the tinsel of rhetoric and sentiment. A lecturer whose aim is to be useful rather than brilliant, must necessarily sometimes be dull.

As with the book, so with the man. M. Daunou was greater than his reputation, because his talents wanted brilliancy. Few Frenchmen with so much solid worth have had less *éclat*. He is known as one of those men of patient industry and prodigious erudition, who sufficiently refute the popular notion in England respecting the frivolity of the French. He is also known as one of those upright citizens who for half a century have sustained unblemished reputations, whilst others around them have been bought and sold, have wavered and fallen, unable to withstand the temptations of ambition. There is something peculiarly attractive in the contemplation of a life like that of M. Daunou, affording as it does such a lesson to the politician and the man of letters.

PIERRE CLAUDE FRANÇOIS DAUNOU was born on the 18th of August, 1761, at Boulogne-sur-mer. His father was a surgeon, and destined him for the same profession; but he manifested an invincible repugnance to it, and wished to follow the law. The means of his family not permitting this, he became monk of the order of Les Oratoriens. The customs and manners of this learned and peaceful order well suited his inclinations. To rise with the



dawn, to have his life comfortably regulated, to learn much, to live more with ideas than with men, exactly fitted the young solitary, who spent thus fifteen years of pleasant labour. He became professor, and successively taught Latin in the College des Oratoriens at Troyes, logic at Soissons, philosophy at Boulogne, and theology in the celebrated house of Montmorency. During this period he was ordained priest, in 1787. The love of letters only increased with years. The academy of Nismes having in 1785 proposed a prize for the best 'Eloge de Boileau,' M. Daunou succeeded in obtaining it. He subsequently showed by his learned edition of that poet that he fully appreciated the astonishing good sense and refined taste which reign throughout his works.

The revolution burst forth. M. Daunou loudly applauded it; and the taking of the bastille called from him a solemn yet triumphant discourse on the approach of liberty and its connexion with Christianity. His writings produced strong effect. The church was divided: its leading members refused to obey the new laws, which, however, obtained numerous adherents. Several of the elected bishops sought the co-operation of M. Daunou, whose reputation was now considerable. He consented at first to become diocesan vicar of the Bishop of Arras, and afterwards metropolitan vicar of the bishop of Paris who confided to his care the direction of the seminary of St. Magloire.

After the 10th of August he was called to take a more direct part in the events of the day. The citizens of his native town addressed this letter to him: 'Daunou, free men know everywhere how to recognise the generous defenders of liberty and equality. You have long had the esteem of your fellow-citizens: they have now found means of proving their confidence in you which you will never betray, in unanimously naming you Deputy of the National Convention for the district of Boulogne.' Daunou accepted the offer, and quitted the church for ever.

During the storms which agitated the Convention, M. Daunou preserved his firmness and his wisdom. He sat among the Girondists and displayed great courage in resisting the passionate eloquence which demanded the death of the king. He was not to be terrified into voting for that of which his soul so loudly disapproved. He fought against terrible enemies. Robespierre with his inflexible principles, St. Just with his fanaticism, the sneers and suspicions which assailed him on all sides could not shake his mild but courageous spirit. In vain the struggle. The king ascended the scaffold, and the king's defenders became 'suspectes.' The Girondists fell. On the 31st of May the founders of the republic were all proscribed. Daunou, in concert with seventy-two colleagues, protested against such a violation of na-

tional representation. The result may be foreseen. The republicans demanded that a hundred and thirty-five of the most illustrious members of the Convention should be arrested. M. Daunou was one of the number. Placed in La Force, and successively dragged through five prisons, where he had often no bed to sleep on, not even a bundle of straw, his courage did not fail him. In study he found a refuge; in Cicero and Tacitus he found consolation. Thus passed the year.

He was released from prison some months after, and re-entered the Convention where he played a considerable part. By turns secretary and president of the assembly, member of the 'Comité de l'Instruction Publique,' and of the 'Comité de Salut Public,' he exercised extensive authority. He also assisted in the important endeavour to give the Republic a constitution. His labours both in this department, in the establishment of the Institut, and in the plan of national education, have been well appreciated by M. Mignet in his '*Mémoires Historiques*,' from which we have drawn this sketch.

Without participating in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which his friends effected in concert with General Bonaparte, M. Daunou assisted in the establishment of the consulate of the year VIII. Named member of the commission charged with preparing the basis of this consulate, he had little influence on that constitution which was conceived by the metaphysical Sieyès, and shaped by the ambition of Bonaparte, who out of a theory managed to erect a government.

M. Daunou had once before been opposed to Bonaparte. In 1792 the monk of l'Oratoire, who was to become one of the legislators of France, and the artillery officer who was to become its master for fourteen years, disputed the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on a moral subject. M. Daunou conquered as a writer, but was more easily conquered in the political arena. He endeavoured to introduce some of the ancient public guarantees into the new constitution, but Napoleon had his own way. Nevertheless, when the constitution was established, Napoleon is said to have entertained the idea of associating Daunou with him as Third Consul, and on renouncing the plan, he offered him the place of Conseiller d'État; this was refused. Daunou preferred forming one of the Tribunate, of which he was chosen President. He here defended the liberty which he saw menaced. Opposed to the tendencies of the consular government, he combated most of its projects with great ability. Liberty was so dear to him that he constantly found himself in opposition to Napoleon, who was endeavouring to destroy it. The First Consul feared him, invited him to dinner at the Tuileries, and again offered him the place of

Conseiller d'État, which was a second time refused. Napoleon then eagerly pressed him to become Director-general of Public Instruction, but with no better success. Piqued at these refusals, unaccustomed as he was to have his imperious will resisted, Napoleon grew angry, and after a sharp quarrel they separated in mutual defiance.

Towards the commencement of 1802, the senate wanting to replace one of its members, designated M. Daunou. The First Consul angrily declared that he should consider such a choice as a personal insult. The senate therefore named one of his generals. A few days afterwards, Napoleon commanded the elimination of twenty of the members of the tribunate who were opposed to his projects. M. Daunou was of the number, together with his friends Chénier, Ginguéné, Benjamin Constant.

Napoleon did not approve of contradiction, but he was too great himself not to honour the talents of others; and accordingly the place of Director of the Archives becoming vacant, he offered it himself to Daunou, who accepted a place which, without alarming his scruples, left him his independence. At the restoration this was taken from him, in spite of his moderation and learning; but in 1819 his countrymen again sent him to the *Chambre des Députés*, and a third time in 1827. There, as throughout his political career, he fulfilled his duties with honesty and ability, though without éclat. In 1839 he was made a peer; having a little while before been chosen secretary to the *Académie des Inscriptions* in the place of M. de Sacy. And thus in 1840, in the eightieth year of his age, he closed his long, eventful, and honourable career. He was not a brilliant politician. He was neither an original thinker nor a powerful orator; he brought forward few new ideas; he had no rhetorical talent for popularising the ideas of others. He was an eminently useful man. A man of large and varied knowledge; of sane and temperate views; neither given to paradox or quibbling, nor to rash but effective improvisation. A clear, strong, active consistency distinguished him through life. Slow to adopt principles, he had a rare courage in sustaining them. He was certainly not a great man, yet as certainly was he a rare one.

The same characteristics distinguish his literary career. To the patient labour of one of the Benedictine monks he joined an elegant and somewhat fastidious taste. His works are far too numerous to mention; and all of them highly esteemed. Author of nearly two hundred literary and biographical notices, some of which are works, he was also the historian of St. Bernard, Philippe Auguste, of St. Louis, of Albert the Great, of Alexander de Hales, of Vincent de Beauvais, of St. Thomas Aquinas, and of Roger

Bacon. He wrote for the '*Biographie Universelle*.' He edited Boileau, Rulhière, and La Harpe. He wrote pamphlets without number; and left inedited a history of Greek literature, essays on Latin literature, and a vast '*Bibliographie Générale*,' in which he passes in review an encyclopedia of ideas à propos of books. 'Fascinated, by the disinterested pleasure of labour,' says M. Mignet, 'M. Daunou loved production more than publication, loved learning more than applause.' This is rare praise. He seems to have realized his own charming description of certain men who 'seek in solitude repose, and take more sweet delight in observing than in being observed; circumspect and enlightened spirits, always measuring their own deficiencies, and not their superiority over others. They teach as little as possible; they are always learning.*' M. Mignet says of him with as much pith as justice, 'He carried with him into the world the habits of a solitary, and the opinions of a philosopher. At once timid and inflexible, courageous in grave conjunctures, embarrassed in his ordinary relations, obstinately attached to his ideas, stranger to all ambition, he preferred the rights of men to commerce with them, and he sought more to enlighten than to lead them.'

Any work from such a man is worthy of attention; peculiarly so a work on history. He who had joined a practical experience of several conditions of society to a vast knowledge of the past, is above all to be listened to with respect. He had been a monk, a priest, a professor, a politician, a prisoner, a senator, a peer, and a literary man; he had survived two revolutions and two restorations; he had been actively, laboriously employed in every phasis of his career, and he, if any one, had a right to pronounce on historical subjects.

In truth the '*Cours d'Etudes Historiques*' will amply repay attention. They are the lectures which for twelve years he delivered at the college of France, and he himself prepared for the press. Three more solid sensible volumes we have not often met with. The style is extremely elegant, though deficient in vigour and animation; the matter peculiarly acceptable to all historical students. To this matter we now address ourselves.

At the outset let us state, that the '*Cours d'Etudes*' is a work which will be equally valuable to students whichever side they take on the great question of the science of history; whether they espouse the wildest flights of the metaphysical school, or the timid scepticism of the English. M. Daunou teaches us how to study and how to write history; not what history is to prove. His book is a critical introduction to the study; and may be placed on the shelf beside the admirable '*Lectures on Modern History*,' by the late

* '*Cours d'Etudes Historiques*,' t. ii., p. 57.

Dr. Arnold, to which indeed it bears many points of close resemblance. It is a review of the various sources of historical testimony, with the canons of criticism to which they are to be subjected. It is divided into three parts. The first is entitled, 'Examination and choice of Facts,' which is subdivided into two books: the first is 'Historical Criticism;' the second is the 'Uses of History.' The second part of the course is the 'Classification of Facts,' embracing geography and chronology. The third part is the 'Exposition of Facts,' in which the art of writing history is treated. From this brief outline of its object the reader will observe that the work is what its title proclaims, a course of historical study, and not three volumes of speculation.

The greatest fault we have to find with the book is the want of a just conception of the means, conditions, and aim of science; the notion M. Daunou has of a science, is that of a man solely occupied with literature: he fancies that nothing more than authenticated facts is necessary; and that if the facts of history can be ascertained with the same certitude as those of astronomy or chemistry, the science of history will be complete. 'Historical science,' he says, 'has no other source than that of testimonies, and no other instrument than that of criticism applied to the recognition of the authenticity, the precise sense, and the truth of these testimonies;' and further on — 'Thus the first question which we have to treat is to see whether there are certain historical facts so well established by positive testimony that their falsehood is impossible.' And so, throughout the work, facts, and the criticism of the testimony on which those facts repose, are the only conditions deemed necessary. Yet it requires little reflection to perceive that there may be facts in abundance, and authenticated beyond a doubt, without one step being made towards a science. The observations of the Chaldeans did not suffice for astronomy; gases combined incessantly before our eyes, without our detecting their laws, without a science of chemistry; the fall of stones from the sky was authenticated, but pronounced supernatural; the facts of botany and physiology were all satisfactorily established before these sciences were formed. Science is not the knowledge of *facts* but of *laws*; not a catalogue of phenomena but the explanation of them. M. Daunou's error consists in overlooking this point.

At the moment we are writing this, the 'Courrier Français' publishes the result of a conversation between an academician and a statesman, which is very characteristic of the unscientific nature of the historical opinions now generally entertained. It is observed that some great social crisis has occurred in Europe in the middle of each century for the last 500 years. In 1440 it

was the invention of printing which created a revolution. In 1550 it was Luther who shook the foundation of Catholicism. In 1650 it was Bacon and Des Cartes who demolished the infallibility of Aristotle. In 1750 it was philosophy which triumphed, and prepared the revolution of 1789. We approach the year 1850, and it is evident society is preparing to undergo a fundamental revolution. This is the academician's philosophy. Now without cavilling at the very questionable nature of the facts, amongst which the *Novum Organum* is ranked as a 'great social crisis,' let us only insist on the astonishing misconception of the nature of science which the prediction for 1850 implies. Suppose the facts true and important, they would only prove a coincidence of date, not a law of evolution. To be able to say that because some centuries have seen a social crisis, therefore will ours see one, it must be shown that all centuries have manifested this phenomenon; and if this could be shown, it would only make the recurrence a *probability*, not a certainty; to make it a certainty the speculator must show that it is in strict conformity with certain ascertained laws of human nature, whereby, in every hundred years, all the elements of social life are worn out and need renewal. Without this there can be no accurate prevision.

But leaving this high ground of science, and descending into the useful sphere to which M. Daunou has restricted himself, we cannot but applaud his general views. It was peculiarly important that he should have established, as he has, the certitude of historical knowledge. Coming after the reckless and exaggerated Pyrrhonism of the eighteenth century, which occupied itself with endeavouring to prove all historical testimony doubtful, it was imperative on him to refute this error, by separating that which was certain from that which was questionable and that which was obviously false. This he has successfully done. He attacks the notion of D'Alembert respecting the three degrees of certitude, mathematical, physical, and historical or moral, as altogether erroneous. Certitude, he well says, is the impossibility of doubting, and it exists entire or not at all. That which is extremely probable admits of more or less incertitude; and it is too lax a mode of expression to call that certain which may turn out to be false. Certitude begins at the point at which there is no chance of error; but at that point it is already perfect. The existence of Paris, Naples, or Madrid, is neither mathematically nor physically demonstrated to those who have never seen those cities; nevertheless all well-informed men are incapable of doubting it; because the testimonies are so numerous, so various, and so irreproachable that it would be madness to doubt their affirm-

ation. The truths of geometry are otherwise certain, but not more so.

The error M. Daunou combats arose from the sceptics seeing that much of what historians believed was obviously false, and much only probable, and thence concluding that none was certain. It is his especial merit to have carefully and sagely distinguished these, and to have afforded the student canons of criticism, to which every testimony must be subjected. The whole of his first volume is occupied thus, and forms by far the most valuable portion of the work. That there is much recorded in history which is indubitably certain, can now no more be questioned, than that there is much only probable, and much altogether false. The historian's duty is to distinguish these. Many a fact is indubitable, and yet surrounded with error. The assassination of Cæsar is unquestionable; the motives which led to it, the means whereby it was accomplished, are not so. The testimony of contemporaries is unanimous as to the fact; various as to the circumstances. Similar problems are perpetually presenting themselves to the writer of history. He must be as cautious in accepting the truth of some relations, as in rejecting those of others. He must remember also that there is little which can be altogether rejected. If an event be surrounded by improbable or impossible circumstances, he must not, in rejecting them as actual occurrences, forget that they are very important as indications of the spirit of the times. It may not be true that 'direful portents,' dreams, and auguries foretold the death of Cæsar; but it is very true that the people *believed* in such portents; and this fact is of more importance to the historian than even Cæsar's death. M. Daunou has well said, that the very fables of antiquity should be preserved, 'because the belief which they obtained and the influence they exercised, are facts it is not allowable to omit.' Clearly not; they are among the most important facts in the history of the human race; they are facts concerning mankind, not merely concerning individuals. Of what importance is it to the present generation whether Cadmus or Theseus existed—of how much importance that the belief in these men existed, for many years! The one is a question of an individual, the other of the state of humanity. Without understanding the errors, prejudices, superstitions, and creeds of various nations, we should not only be unable rightly to understand their history, but also our own intellectual physiology. A comparative mythology might be written, rich in instruction. Indeed it must be written, before the first letters of the great historical problem can be deciphered. It will form one of the grand specialities of universal history, to which the biographical

portion will necessarily be vastly inferior, both in interest and precision. Indeed the biography of history must always be the least important portion, if only because the least susceptible of precision. The testimonies of contemporaries may give us the outward and visible acts of a man's life; no one can give us the inward motive. All biography can be but approximative. It may be interesting; it never can be precise. The other portion of history which concerns the progress of mankind in general is otherwise important, otherwise accurate; it may indeed be reduced to extreme accuracy when once undertaken on the proper scientific method. There can be no doubt of its facts. It needs no recondite information. The materials are abundant, sufficing. Hence the futility of 'secret anecdotes' on which so much stress is laid. Nothing but what is common can have affected or interested mankind; nothing that affected them can have remained secret. We gain a closer insight into the condition of humanity by the appreciation of certain common facts than by whole archives of secret anecdotes. The Greeks, with all their magnificent and unrivalled architecture, had no bridge; the Italians, who could boast of a Benvenuto Cellini, had not a decent lock. From simple facts like these what deductions to be made!

M. Daunou has combated the opinions of Laplace and others respecting tradition, but has not, we believe, seen the source of the fallacy. It was certainly very characteristic of mathematicians to apply their calculations to human affairs as if men were abstract constant quantities. John Craig, an Englishman, was one of the first to attempt this. In his '*Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*' (1699) he declares that as moral and political facts are by nature subject to modification during transmission from generation to generation, their credibility of course declines in the same ratio; he fancies that certain events which occurred in the beginning of our era will cease to be credible in the year 3153; and this year will therefore be the end of the world. Laplace in his '*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*,' in declaring Craig's analysis *bizarre*, nevertheless accords great influence to the action of time on the probability of facts transmitted from one generation to another by a chain of tradition. 'It is clear,' he says, 'that this probability must diminish in proportion as the chain is prolonged.' M. Daunou opposes various reasons to this mathematical fallacy; but he has not seen that the origin of it lurks in mistaking the metaphor of a 'chain of tradition' for a fact. Tradition is not a chain, as above implied. Some traditions are indeed transmitted from generation to generation with no other testimony than that of constant transmission: such are the stories of the Greek heroes; of Romulus and others. But this only applies to oral tradition; the written has no such decreasing

bability: its certitude is as perfect to us as it was to our ancestors. The various testimonies which made our forefathers credit the invasion of Rome by barbarians have the same force now as then; the belief of our ancestors has little to do with our belief, and no way affects the certitude of the facts; we have the same testimonies to judge by, and we believe; so also will our children believe. That Cæsar lived and conquered Britain will be facts no time can throw a doubt upon.

We must quote M. Daunou's excellent observations respecting the multiplicity of witnesses being no sort of proof on certain points. Somebody satirically said that people were never so much to be doubted as when relating what they had heard or seen: the following remarks are a good commentary on the sarcasm.

“ When an entire nation testifies to the truth of some extraordinary fact, does the probability increase in proportion to the number of witnesses? I believe it will generally be in inverse ratio; for there are facts, which, from their nature, could have been seen but by few persons; the greater the number of those who declare themselves to have been present at scenes which must have been secret, and to have heard words which must have been uttered in confidence, the less would be my confidence. Even with respect to public events, I should not be convinced by the mere multiplicity of witnesses; to be present does not suffice, it is necessary to *observe well*. It has never been found difficult to persuade an assembly of men that they see or have seen that which none of them had looked at closely. In such a case, every one fears lest he should pass for less attentive or less clear-sighted than another, and would rather see more than see less. What is said is repeated, and very many add a little of their own; thus what seems a testimony is but the reception and propagation of a tradition. [No one acquainted with criminal trials can have failed to remark this in the testimonies of witnesses, who have no intention to deceive, but are so preoccupied with the prisoner's guilt, that they make up from their own imaginations the little connecting links which their facts are wanting in, or are persuaded they saw symptoms which they never did see.] I would rather trust in the testimony of four or five astronomers who had witnessed the circumstances attendant on a comet or an eclipse, than that of the voice of the whole people who had only regarded the celestial bodies, terrified by absurd superstitions. Beyond the necessary number to guarantee the exactitude and fidelity of the depositions, the multitude of witnesses generally does nothing but multiply the chances of deception. Let us add, that in general this crowd of witnesses only confirms the recital by a tacit consent easily obtained or supposed, or else by vague rumours which have no constant result. Imposture often invokes the testimony of a nation, which replies only by silence; or else claims the rumours which it has taken care to circulate.”

There is a great deal of this wholesome scepticism in the work. Indeed, all that is true in the attacks of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, against the credibility of history, will be found

in these pages, together with many points they did not see, and above all with the truths they denied. A more healthy course of historical scepticism than this 'Cours d'Etudes' we do not know; especially as the principles of belief are placed beside those of doubt. Every source of testimony is examined, and rules for its criticism laid down. We shall give these rules presently; meanwhile the following passage is worth citing as a lesson to the daring scholars of modern times.

"For nearly four centuries, engraving and printing have multiplied the means of representing with precision all the forms of our public institutions, the productions of our industry, the customs of our private life. There is now hardly the least information of this kind which cannot immediately be obtained from our dictionaries, manuals, statistics, newspapers, almanacs, the narratives of our travellers, and our immense collection of prints. If all this lumber, or at least a large portion of these collections, descends, as it appears to me it must do, to our most distant posterity, it will not be in their power to be ignorant of any of our customs, of the proceedings of our industry, of the details of our civil and domestic usages. But if they possessed only our books of poetry, speeches, novels, histories, treatises on philosophy; if slight remains of our edifices and furniture alone remained, they would need in turn learned men, sufficiently expert to discover in Boileau, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, the materials, forms, and varieties of our habitations, our clothes, and utensils. Such is very nearly our position with regard to the Latins and Greeks. On the one hand, a few ancient passages,—on the other, a few material remains of antiquity,—these are the grounds on which we must base a knowledge of the customs of the Romans and Athenians. These grounds are small, but art is boundless. Monuments are rare, misshapen, defective; what does that matter: before they are hardly dug up, they are described, restored, and so much is done to them that they are explained. Passages are obscure, mutilated, of double meaning; they are commented on, corrected, re-established, or, to employ the artistic word, *restored*; until at last information, whether desirable or not, respecting the least details, not of customs, but of the uses and utensils of antiquity, is obtained from them. It is true that to obtain a knowledge like this, a peculiar logic is required, more expeditious and less inconvenient than that of geometers and timid philosophers: for if before concluding it was always requisite to complete the enumerations, appreciate the value, and determine the meaning of proofs, to be assured of the constant signification of words, and the identity of those which are admitted as middle terms in reasoning, it would be difficult to carry archæological science so far. But by exacting a result from every passage; by deducing from several compared passages, what neither of them expresses in part or as a whole; by imagining analogies and allusions; by collecting homonyms and synonyms; by coining etymologies; by always taking the possible for the probable and the probable for certainty, one may compose a thousand treatises on the history of inscriptions, on numismatics, on paleography, on thography, &c., and science will increase daily; and if, by c

throws some ray of light on certain points of the civil annals, this accidental good fortune will be used as authority to recommend a less useful erudition; viz., that which introduces into historical studies, methods little useful in directing the human mind to real knowledge. By this all history will appear transformed into a conjectural art degenerating into divination; and so many hypotheses, born of the pretension of ignoring nothing, of the habit of doubting nothing, will end by spreading apparent uncertainty and unjust discredit on the results with which they have been mixed up."

We are led to notice one very general error alluded to in the foregoing passage; viz., that literature, being the expression of the spirit of the times, we can best understand those times by studying their literature. It is true, that without a knowledge of its literature, we can never perfectly understand an epoch; it is also true, that the knowledge of its literature alone will never enable us to understand it. Suppose we had nothing but Greek literature whereby to understand Greek history, what should we be able to make of Homer, the dramatists, Pindar, Anacreon, Theocritus, or the orators? These now puissant aids would then be almost useless. They express the age, but they give it an idealized expression; when we can confront this ideal state with the reality, we are enabled to draw therefrom valuable instruction: we can separate, as it were, the matter from its form; we can learn some of the various processes of art. The history of art is one important branch of the history of mankind; and in this sense literature must always be a rich source of historical instruction; but the student must not confound a part with the whole, must not fancy that the past can be understood by merely understanding its literature.

One good result of the modern conception of history is the conviction that not only are politics and biography, archæology and chronology, necessary to its existence, but that it is a vast science intimately connected with every other science, and with every thing interesting to man. Instead of being a detail of diplomatic intrigues or military exploits, it is the *résumé* of all the elements of social life. Every thing is capable of throwing light upon it, since every thing must have had influence on the progress of mankind. Men like Mr. Kemble, profoundly imbued with the historical feeling (if the expression may be allowed), will in the course of an hour's ramble demonstrate the importance of apparently trivial facts; showing how a certain law will imply a certain commercial condition, and how the simplest geographical position will have influenced the destinies of nations, so that living on one or the other side of a river is a matter of consequence; how a man building a wall or a ditch in a certain place may have been of more service to his nation than a warlike

chief. So far from the intrigues of diplomatists, the ambitions of favourites, or the lives and exploits of sovereigns being the important subjects, as formerly imagined, they form but the meanest, smallest parts. The modern conception of history requires for its fulfilment that these special subsidiary histories should be completed:

1. A History of Religion and Morals ; including Mythologies and Superstitions. 2. A History of Law : judicial and administrative. 3. A History of Art. 4. A History of Commerce. 5. A History of Agriculture. 6. A History of Philosophy. 7. A History of Manners, Customs, Sports, &c. 8. A History of the Fusion of Races. 9. A History of Domestic Relations: parental and conjugal, with those of master and slave, employer and workmen, &c. 10. A Comparative History of Language.

These ten special histories, many of them founded on special sciences, together with the sciences of Physiology and Ethology, are all indispensable to a perfect Universal History. From the above enumeration, it will be seen that we have no such enthusiastic hopes as to the speedy completion of the science, as many French and German writers entertain. Our conviction, however, is, that the progress towards completion will be certain, though slow. We may point indeed to the fact of the very great progress which has already been made. Whoever is acquainted with the chroniclers and early writers, down to the Humes and Gibbons, and from them to the Guizots, Thierrys, Michelets, Niebuhrs, and Rankes, will admit the very great progress in the criticism of testimonies and in largeness of conception. The ‘ Pictorial History of England’ has many and serious faults; but it has one prodigious merit: that of making people understand the historical significance of literature, art, law, religion, customs and manners, and commerce. As such, it is a work worthy of national encouragement: written as it is, in general, in a popular and engaging manner.

To return to M. Daunou, we shall best give an exact idea of his principles of criticism, by reducing them here to their abstract expression, referring to his pages for special illustrations, of which there are many and excellent. The first volume contains the exposition of these rules.

I. Every fact, not derived from revelation, which is irreconcilable with the constant laws of nature, is to be rejected as fabulous: it would be superfluous to weigh testimonies in its favour. It is necessarily erroneous or fictitious.

II. Nevertheless, before rejecting any fact as supernatural or chimerical, we must examine whether the narrator may not have attributed that character to it from having been deceived by ap-

pearances; whether he may not have mistaken for a prodigy that which was but the effect of some ill-known law. In this case it would suffice, to render the narrative credible, to remove all the circumstances with which it is surcharged, and the miraculous colour which credulity has given to it.

III. Reason also refuses confidence in narratives which disagree with those that precede and those that follow, or which present a tissue of romantic adventures little compatible with the ordinary course of things. Such are possible, but their improbability excludes them from history, which admits only the probable and the certain.

IV. The only case which warrants the admission of a fact improbable in itself, is when the testimonies on which it reposes are at once so numerous, positive, uniform, and grave, that their falsehood would be more strange than the fact itself.

V. If an historical tradition, which on the above principles would be inadmissible, has obtained belief for a long period, and has exercised an influence over the people, it will merit a place in history, but the writer should carefully distinguish it as fabulous.

VI. Any tradition which is of a miraculous character is to be rejected.

VII. Traditions are admissible only when they are in themselves extremely probable; and in this case, which is rare, they can only have the attribute of probability bestowed on them.

VIII. A traditional narrative should only be considered certain when, besides being intrinsically probable, it has been handed down through many centuries, and always received implicit credence.

IX. Before drawing any conclusion from an historical monument, the first care should be to ascertain whether it be authentic; that is, whether it belongs to the time, place, and persons to whom it is ascribed.

X. The loss of a monument is only in part recompensed by the detailed descriptions of it which may exist; and these descriptions must have been made by attentive and veridical authors who had seen it themselves and closely examined it.

XI. No historical consequence can be drawn from enigmatical monuments; and we must consider those enigmatical which are not immediately intelligible, the object and sense of which can only be explained by conjectures, dissertations, and analogies.

XII. Medals and inscriptions, when clear and authentic, furnish names and dates generally worthy of confidence.

XIII. But medals and inscriptions do not alone suffice to establish facts or memorable actions; because adulation and policy introduce errors and falsehoods. In a bulletin a small victory is always exaggerated, a defeat attenuated. But such authorities serve to

confirm narratives which may be found related elsewhere in similar terms.

XIV. Many charts (*chartes*) which assume to be anterior to the year 1000 are false; up to that period this sort of testimony is to be employed with extreme caution.

XV. From the year 1000, and above all from that of 1200, there exist certain means of proving the authenticity of archives which become in consequence the most fruitful source of historical instruction.

XVI. Trials, reports, bulletins, &c., when drawn up in presence of the facts, generally present the names, dates, and material circumstances with exactitude.

XVII. They have sometimes been altered by political interests; and they must, therefore, when possible, be confronted with particular narratives published at the same time, and on the same matters.

XVIII. The most faithful reports of trials never give a perfect knowledge of the moral and political character of the events or persons.

XIX. The confidence due to private memoirs written day by day is proportionate to that which the honesty and intelligence of the writer inspire.

XX. From the commencement of the seventeenth century, public journals and gazettes furnish with tolerable exactitude the dates and material circumstances of public events.

XXI. Such details as are recorded equally in various periodicals edited with freedom, and published in different interests and opinions, are to be credited.

XXII. The journals expressly avowed by governments are in general exact in what concerns external circumstances and visible results.

XXIII. No sort of confidence is due to gazettes which a government directs without avowal; and the recitals they contain are to be held as worthless unless confirmed by those written with perfect freedom.

XXIV. The memoirs of a man respecting his own actions and affairs merit attention as those of one who knows his subject; but they merit scepticism as those of an interested party.

XXV. The memoirs of writers of every century upon the events which occurred during their lifetime, or a few years before their birth, compose one of the principal sources of history. The first care of the historian should be to ascertain whether these memoirs be authentic both as to time and person. The real author having been ascertained, it is then necessary to learn what value is to be attached to his testimony.

XXVI. His testimony would be valueless if it was discovered that he did not possess the means of verifying the facts he relates.

XXVII. Of little value if it was found that his narrative was dictated by personal interests ; or to flatter his patrons and party.

XXVIII. It is prudent to examine, not reject, the accounts of one who manifests a disposition towards satire.

XXIX. Such authors as accumulate miraculous recitals, and find in most facts some extraordinary circumstances, are to be ranked amongst romancers.

XXX. In suspecting the veracity of him who shows devotion to his sect or party, the other extreme must be avoided ; nor must any more confidence be reposed in those chroniclers who enregister with apathetic indifference the enterprises and revolutions which they pretend to have witnessed.

XXXI. When there is a contradiction or diversity between original narratives, criticism must decide between them by the confronting of testimonies ; but in this case the result can hardly ever be pronounced certain : it has only more or less probability.

XXXII. A negative argument is that founded on the silence of a contemporary, and it acquires great force when the author who remains silent is intelligent, judicious, and exact, and when he could not have been ignorant of the fact nor interested in concealing it.

XXXIII. In default of contemporary narratives, those written one or two centuries afterwards must be accepted ; but subject to all the preceding criticism ; and in general they can only furnish probable results.

Such are the principal rules laid down and illustrated in the course of the first volume, where the reader will find any further fuller information he may desire, as well as the answers to any objections which the abstract statement of these rules may excite. The second volume is, perhaps, less interesting. The several chapters on the usages of history were very needful for his audience ; perhaps to juvenile students entertaining ; but those who read for something more than reading sake we would advise to skim gently over these chapters, alighting only upon such passages as attract them. The second half of the volume is of importance ; it is a review of all the geographical notions which from the earliest to the latest times have been entertained by writers and travellers. It may be called the history of geography. The third volume treats of chronology, and the art of writing history : the latter the author illustrates with abundant examples from the ancient writers.

In taking our leave of this excellent work we must again express our opinion that it has few rivals : temperate and erudite rather than novel or profound ; not so much offering new ideas or new methods as classifying what before was known ; written with elegance and gravity rather than with animation and *éclat*, it remains, after all deductions, an admirable course of historical study.

ART. III.—*Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne ; Tableaux des Salons, Scènes, Anecdotes, et Portraits*; 1814, 1815. (Festivities, &c., of the Congress of Vienna.) Par le COMTE A. DE LA GARDE. Paris: A. Appert Libraire Editeur. 2 Tomes. 1843.

THERE were previous to the present year three Histories of the Congress of Vienna. 1st, the book of De Pradt; 2d, the History of M. de Flassan; and 3d, the Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna, published anonymously in London. The book of the Abbé, and former Bishop of Mechlin, is lively, startling, and showy. In order to prove his honesty and originality—like our own Cobbett—he makes it a point with himself to differ from all the rest of the world, and it is therefore no marvel that he discovers that there is, after all, nothing so very wrong in the partitioning of Poland; that the aggrandizement of Prussia is necessary to the general equilibrium of Europe; and that the annexation of Belgium to Holland is the very perfection of wisdom.

The book of M. de Flassan, entitled ‘*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*,’ and which first saw the light in 1829, is still more voluminous, though infinitely less readable, than the production of his apostolic and diplomatic predecessor. M. de Flassan had no doubt the most favourable opportunities of writing a correct and authentic work. He had long previously been employed at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*. He had been advantageously known as the author of a larger work in six vols., commenced in 1809, and finished in 1811, the ‘*Histoire Générale et Raisonnée de la Diplomatie Française*,’ so that his previous studies and researches had eminently qualified him for the task which his government had imposed. But although he was clothed in an official capacity, enjoyed the confidence of the actors in this great drama of the Congress of the Nations, and had moreover access to all the protocols and archives, there is not perhaps a more arid and colourless production in modern French literature than the ‘*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*.’ Somewhat of this is owing, no doubt, to the dry, dogmatic, and formal style of the publication, a little perhaps to the nature of the subject, but most of all to the diplomatic drill which it was necessary the author’s opinions should undergo before they were permitted to be given to the reading world of Europe and America. We have been told on good authority that M. de Flassan was forced to strike out all the really curious and interesting portions of his MS. The work as printed is but a dull and unanimated record of facts; an enforced and la-

boured panegyric on the five powers and their plenipotentiaries, whom the author complacently and complimentarily describes as 'si supérieures aux jugemens humains' !*

The 'Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna' may or may not be apocryphal; but in any event it is a work which could have been written by any valet or gentleman's gentleman; by the lacquey of Prince Metternich, or the page of the late Emily Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Congress of Vienna, like every other congress in modern times, presents two distinct aspects. The one public and patent to all the world—the other latent and unrevealed, unless to the kings and cabinets initiated. The secret letters and confidential communications of Lord Castlereagh to the Prince Regent, and to Lord Bathurst, from the beginning of October, 1814, to the commencement of January, 1815, and of the Duke of Wellington, who supplied the place of his brother plenipotentiary and friend at the congress, from February, 1815, to the moment of its close, would, no doubt, afford some of the rarest materials for anecdote, history, and memoirs; but it is not likely that any of these familiar and confidential letters will ever be made public; certainly not in our own day. There was yet another hand from which much might have been expected. It is well known that during the congress the most unreserved communication existed between Louis XVIII. and his adroit and pliant plenipotentiary. A scholar, a man of taste and erudition, Louis XVIII. was not only possessed with the mania and weakness of corresponding on all subjects, literary, political, and scientific, but his most Christian majesty was also desirous of learning, like all the branches of the elder Bourbons, the little tittle-tattle, the small gossip, and the secret scandal, of the rout of kings and rabble of ministers assembled in the capital of the soi-disant descendant of all the Cæsars.

Talleyrand was too good a courtier not to gratify this royal yet paltry propensity. There was not an intriguing adventure, not a royal and imperial amour, not a masked ball, not a dinner or supper, or *Tanz Musique* at the *Redouten Saal*, which the ex-bishop did not most unctuously describe for the pleasure and instruction of his royal master. If Alexander, in a fit of half-religious mysticism, or something still more mundane, flung himself at the feet of Madame de Krudener;—if Metternich dallied till the dawn of day in a secluded alcove with some pretty *gräfinn*;—if Castlereagh danced with imperturbable and relentless energy all night long, disclosing his

* Congrès de Vienne, par De Flassan, tome i., p. 219.

thin and shapeless calves in tight pantaloons;—if Maximilian of Bavaria cracked a coarse joke;—or that Daniel Lambert of kings, the Colossus of Wurtemberg, surfeited himself with a Brobdignagian allowance of sturgeon and *sauer kraut*;—if the sly and insinuating Duchess of Oldenburg flirted in the guise of a grisette, for some politic and fraudulent purpose; or the exuberant humour of his Majesty of Denmark exuded in lively quips and cranks, savouring more of the *cabaret* than the cabinet;—if the brisk and insatiable vanity of Lord Stewart, his inevitable want of tact, and unmistakable want of temper, led him into scrape after scrape—all were noted down by the imperturbable and inexorable ex-bishop with point and precision. Nor did the other sex escape unscathed. The fan of this princess, the sable pelisse of that, the diamond stomacher of this duchess, the beautiful bracelet of that other, were all described and chronicled with the special science of a Storr and Mortimer; or, better still, with the glowing eloquence of a Laure (of the house of Maradan Carson); or, to speak synchronously, of a real Bourbonite bodice-maker and legitimate milliner, such as Victorine herself. It was after having received one of these pleasant missives, in which the dresses and costumes of emperors and empresses, archdukes and archduchesses, magnates and starosts, were graphically described, that the gouty and caustic monarch is reported to have exclaimed, ‘M. de Talleyrand n’a oublié qu’une seule chose, c’est de nous faire savoir quel était son costume à lui, car il en a de rechange.’

But where, it may be asked, are all these confidential letters now? This alone is certain, that they are not among the archives of the *affaires étrangères*; for one fine morning, a quarter of a century ago, the Prince of Beneventum took the slight and superfluous precaution of removing the secret and anecdotal portion of the letters to his private hotel in the Rue St. Florentin. There remain, then, in the archives of France but the political and official correspondence, which is in every sense public property. The author of this portion of these materials for future history is the worthy and excellent M. La Bernardiere, previously to the first revolution a member of the congregation of the Oratoire, but who subsequently, on the suppression of his order, embraced the career of politics, and was ultimately employed as *Chef de Division* in the *affaires étrangères*. It is curious as well as instructive, at this distance of time, to reflect how many ecclesiastics were flung into the stormy career of politics by the revolution. Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, Fouché, Minister of Police, De Pradt, Ambassador to Warsaw, Sieyès, of Pigeon House memory, immortalized by the greatest of orators and the first of philosophic statesmen (Burke), and La Bern

Chef de Division, *cum multis aliis*. The only instance of such a signal deviation from an original vocation that occurs to us under the government preceding the revolution, was that in every way most remarkable one, of M. Turgot.*

To return to the matter more immediately in hand. If the publication of the private papers of Castlereagh and Wellington be dim and distant, we fear that there is still less chance of the correspondence of Talleyrand being disclosed to a wondering and expectant public, in all the permanency of pica and long primer. What then are we to do? There is a morbid craving, a 'Morning Post' anxiety for minute and petty details, and private anecdote; and if the primary evidence be wanting—if the original deed be lost or destroyed, we must have recourse to secondary evidence. In this emergency of the reading public, forth comes the Count A. de la Garde, professing to give his recollections and portraits of the dinners, dresses, and dances, of the balls and masquerades, the masks and musical festivals, the punning pic-nickery and *pallardise* of the congress and its complement; and though there be great parvity in the idea, and albeit it plainly discloses a wonderful littleness of mind, still we are bound to confess that the Count has executed his self-appointed task with all the zeal of a literary *Introduceur des Ambassadeurs*, and all the gaudy pride of a provincial posture-master. What manner of man is this however, and where does he come from, who so obligingly ushers us into the best of company? The Count A. de la Garde was we believe (though he does not tell us so) born in France, somewhere about the year 1782 or '83, and must now therefore be in the 60th or 61st year of his age. His father (if we are not misinformed, for on this point also he is silent) was employed in the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*. During the progress of the French revolution he had constantly refused to emigrate. Proscribed because of his attachment to his legitimate king, he saved his head from the scaffold by secreting himself in the house of a friend. When the first paroxysms of the fever of blood were over, the old Count thought he might again show himself in a country which he had never abandoned. But his name was still written in ensanguined letters on the fatal list, and proscribed anew after the 18th Fructidor (4th September, 1797), he was obliged to emigrate to escape a more lingering death in the pestilential deserts of Sinnamary. He fled to Hamburg. His son, the author of the work at present under review, was his only companion. They experienced all the miseries of an involuntary and sudden banishment. Invited by the Count de

* See 'Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet,' tome i., p. 12.

Fersen to repair to Sweden, they left Hamburg, and travelling the arid and sandy plains of Holstein, gained Copenhagen on foot. They were received with the greatest kindness by the Count de Lowendall, whom the elder La Garde had formerly known in Paris. By this worthy man, father and son were presented to the prince royal, at whose grotesque dress the young emigrant had heartily laughed the day previously in the park of Copenhagen. The poor young man when presented would have sunk down from mingled emotions of fear and shame when he found who had really been the subject of his mirth, had he not been encouraged by the angelic countenance of a young woman by the prince's side. This was his charming sister the Princess of Augustenburg, who, with an imploring look, besought her brother to read the petition of the forlorn exile.

The prince read the document attentively, questioned the unfortunate young man more at length, and having learned the history of his miserable pilgrimage, exclaimed to his sister, "Alas! another victim of the revolution."

"But surely you know German?" said the prince.

"Not a word," said the young De la Garde.

"Poor boy!" said the princess, "so young, and withal so much of suffering. How sad and wearisome, indeed, must your journey have appeared over these dreary sands of ours; an exile in a strange land." And the tears started into her beautiful eyes, and coursed each other down her cheeks.

But succour was at hand. An order on the royal treasury was soon given and paid, and the passage of the young exile was taken on board a merchant ship for Stockholm, somewhere in the month of March, 1801; but the vessel being detained by baffling winds, he was present at the passage of the Sound by Parker and Nelson on the night of the 2d of April, 1801, and did good service to the prince, by whose bounty he had profited a few days before.

At length, however, after the signature of the armistice which destroyed the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers, he sets sail for Stockholm, and from thence proceeds to Amsterdam to join his father. In that city he remains till Napoleon has completely triumphed over all the opponents of a consulate for life. The First Consul, strong enough at this juncture—we suppose the 6th Floreal (26th April, 1802), for no dates are given—to be clement, interposes no obstacle to the return of those unfortunate emigrants who had fled to escape the scaffold. The old Count de la Garde, having at this moment urgent need of those pecuniary resources without which it is impossible to live in a land of exile, despatched his son to Paris under the care of a M. Clement. T

take up their quarters at the Hôtel de Calais, Rue Coquillière. But M. Clement is instantly called off on a family business to Dijon, and recommending young De la Garde to M. Chaudeau, a pastrycook and master of the hotel, the stripling is forthwith installed in a modest bedroom on the fifth story at the moderate rent of twelve francs a month. The repasts of the young emigrant are proportioned to the exiguity of his purse. Cold and famine soon stare him in the face, but he nevertheless feels all the inebriating transport of a return to his native land, and like a shipwrecked mariner, seems to clutch the soil on which he is cast. The poor serving girl at the hotel tells him of a handsome young man, the tenant of the bedroom before his occupancy, who had been turned half-naked into the streets in an inclement night by his unfeeling landlord, because he was in arrear of rent. He dreams of this remorseless tapster. He sees the horrid spectre with an unpaid bill in one hand, and a padlock in the other to seal the door for ever against him. Now he no longer sleeps for dread of duns; hardly does he eat. The canker in his mind is corroding away his feeble body. He cannot remain still an instant. Out he goes into the heart of that busy, bustling, stinking, sensual Paris. It is to him a cold yet crowded wilderness. He passes the blood-bespotted Boulevards, traverses the Rue Grange Bataillère, and thinks to come right on the Hôtel Choiseul, which had anciently been the happy home of his family. Alas! the hotel exists no longer. It is transformed into an auction-room. The venerable house-porter, too, is gone, and nothing remains of the past but the old house-dog Castor, who seems to recognise the child who had so often pulled both ears and tail in the days of other years and other dynasties.

Whilst our hero was yet a child living at the Hôtel Choiseul, another family inhabited a portion of the house. There was a young daughter of this family, the playmate of De la Garde's infantine years, who subsequently became the reigning beauty of the day, and afterwards the wife of one of the richest bankers of Paris, M. Recamier. As the pockets of the unfortunate young man collapsed from mere emptiness, as he could not even raise a trifle on the portrait of Louis XVI., presented by the unfortunate monarch to his father, he bethought him of this early friend of his youth. But Madame Recamier is living at Clichy. To Clichy he hies him, dressed out in a three-cornered chapeau, which his father had never permitted him to change for a round hat, the one being in the old man's estimate the type of noblesse, the other of sans-culottism. His coat was the identical upper-vestment, and a motley one it was, which he had worn on the day of his first communion. It was a black cloth, striped with silk of the

same colour. His trousers of nankeen, were buckled at the knees with pre-Adamite buckles, his doublet was lapelled and embroidered with flowers, while his laced buskins disclosed to the eye in all their radiant colours a pair of gaudy silk stockings which had belonged to Gustavus III. of Sweden, and of which the monarch's valet de chambre had made the young emigrant a present at Stockholm. 'Will she receive me, will she recognise me?' thought he as he approached the porter's lodge at Clichy. He sent in his name, and was met with the freezing answer, 'Madame regrets she cannot receive you to-day. Not having the honour of being personally acquainted with you, she begs that you will be so good as to inform her in writing of the object of your visit.' Years had certainly rolled by, yet it was hard to be thus forgotten. The exile was about to wander silently and sadly away, when he bethought him of the name of 'Lolo,' the very sobriquet of his infancy, and by which he had often been called by the owner of the château of Clichy; when, presto! the magic of that little word opens to him the house and table of Madame Recamier, by whom he is received with hospitality and succoured in the manner most grateful to his wants and his feelings.

But it will not do to sponge for ever on the bounty of any one, much less of a noble-hearted woman, and the young La Garde again travels back to Sweden, from whence, at the invitation of Count Felix Potocki, so well known by his colossal fortune, his immense popularity, and the important part he took in the affairs of his country, he proceeds to Poland. At Tulczim, the château of the count, and where hospitality was practised on a scale absolutely regal, we conjecture (for nothing is positively stated) De la Garde remained some years. This must have been one of the happiest periods of his life. The house was always filled with company. Sometimes visits were made of three years' length. A gay and gorgeous hospitality was the order of the day. Horses, equipages, and servants, were at the disposal of the visiter. There were plays, and hunting-parties, and operas, and the Polish poet Trembecky, then in the zenith of his fame, was an inmate of the castle, whose fair mistress, the Countess Potocka, was one of the most fascinating and accomplished women in Europe. The history of this lady, born a Greek of the Fanal, is in itself a romance. It was for her that the garden of Sophiowka, one of the rarest in Europe, was created, on the site of that spot famed as the place where Ovid was exiled. There, in the midst of the Steppes of Yedissen, was created a garden rivaling that far-famed garden of Armida. From Poland young De la Garde proceeds to Russia. Many of the best years of his life are spent between Petersburg and Moscow. He visits the

Crimea too, and Kioff. From his intimacy with Tettenborn, De Witt, Ouvaroff, and others of the Russian army, we incline to think he must have entered the military service of the Czar; but it is plain that if he had ever worn a Russian epaulette, he had cast it off before the autumn of 1814.

He arrived in Vienna in the last days of September, 1814. The fêtes had already commenced. There were, he says, nearly 100,000 strangers already arrived. But surely here must be some gross mistake. Even in 1839 Vienna contained only 8200 houses, and a quarter of a century previous the number could not have exceeded 7000. The population of Vienna in 1814 did not amount to 300,000, and any one who knows any thing of the city, containing as it does only 127 streets, or its faubourgs (like the P.S. to a lady's letter), more important and considerable than the city itself, will at once presume that it was quite impossible that accommodation could have been found for an additional third, suddenly and *uno flatu* added to the ordinary population. It has been our good or ill fortune to have three times visited this celebrated capital, and we never on any occasion heard the number of strangers estimated at above 5000. Nor did they amount to any thing like that number, as we happen to know, in the year 1831, the period of the marriage of the present Emperor. There is evidently, therefore, great exaggeration in this estimate. We are as little disposed to credit that Lord Castlereagh paid for his apartment, during his sejour in that capital, 500*l.* a month, or at the rate of 6000*l.* a year, as even now, thirty years later, when prices and population have greatly increased, one of the finest hotels in the city might be obtained at a rent of 200*l.* a month, or 2400*l.* a year. One of the first visits of De la Garde was to the renowned and witty Prince de Ligne, then in his 80th year. As fully one-third of these volumes is filled with the sayings and doings of the prince, we may be pardoned for giving a slight sketch of a man but little known to the present generation, and of whom no biography is attempted in these columns.

Charles Joseph Prince de Ligne, born in 1735, was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Belgium, of which the House of d'Aremberg is but a younger branch. He was the son and grandson of field-marschals, a dignity which he himself attained late in life. There was no man of his day who attained greater perfection in what the French call the 'art de vivre' than the Prince de Ligne. The tone and polish of his manners, the charm and grace of his conversation, the readiness and piquancy of his wit, always subservient to good taste and good feeling, were not less remarkable than the manly beauty of his person. He entered the Austrian service in 1751. His advancement was

and deserved, for every step was the price of some glorious daring deed of valour. During the seven years' war and the campaigns of the Austrian and Russians against the Turks, he gloriously distinguished himself. But his literary, civil, and social qualities were equally remarkable. The twenty-nine volumes of his published works are but little known in England. Four volumes of these are devoted to military affairs, and though half a century has elapsed since they were published, it is possible even in our day to read them without being struck by their profoundness, originality, and singular power of minute observation disclosed in the '*Fantaisies et Préjugés Militaires*,' a copy of which, printed at what he called his 'refuge' at Leopoldberg near Vienna, we have now before us. It is, however, on his letters, memoirs, and detached thoughts, that the fame of De Ligne, the author, must chiefly rest. We find in these depth without ostentation, originality without egotism, and that indescribable alluring manner, that '*beau desordre*,' that negligent grace beyond the reach of the most practised art. We can well believe in reading the playful and agreeable letters of the old marshal, models of a '*style parlé*,' how he must have amused and impressed Catherine in that famous journey into the Crimea in 1797, when the Semiramis of the north was accompanied by the faithful historian of the journey, by Potemkin, M. de Segur, our own agreeable Fitzherbert, afterward Lord St. Helens. One of the remarkable things we shall ever remember, was a conversation more than twenty years ago of that same journey by an old English diplomatist, who once observing his pretty mistress gazing at the silver glory of the moon on a fine summer evening, gracefully and gallantly exclaimed, '*Ne la regardez pas trop, ma chère, car je ne puis pas vous la donner.*'* Under the wings of this Nestor the favourite of Catherine, of Antoinette, and Joseph II., was De la Garde introduced to the scenes of that gormandizing capital, whose inhabitants think that man was destined by a superior and superintending power to live much and long.

Oben wohnt ein Geist der nicht
Menschlich zürnt und schmälet,
Noch mit Wolkem im Gesicht
Küss und Flaschen zählet:
Nein; Er lächelt mild herab,
Wenn sich zwischen Wieg und Grab
Seine Kinder freuen.

You are come in the nick of time,' said the old warrior, as

* '*Memoirs de Marmontel.*'

De la Garde entered his antechamber. 'All Europe is at Vienna. But the web of politics is embroidered with *fêtes*. The Congress does not march, but it dances, Heaven, knows enough. There is a rabble of kings here, and you cannot turn the corner of a street without jostling a majesty. But dine with me to-morrow at four, and we will afterwards go to the Redouten ball.' And to the ball they did go. There the old marshal does the honours to his young friend, and points out all the remarkable characters. That graceful, martial-looking man is the Emperor Alexander. He gives his arm to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, for whom he has a real liking. When Eugene first arrived here with the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law, the court of Austria long hesitated as to the rank that he should have, but the Emperor of Russia gave 'so decided an opinion that he is now treated with the honours due to his station.'

That grave-looking person dancing with the handsome Neapolitan with the gracefully rounded arms, and the elegant figure, is the King of Prussia. The open countenanced, honest-looking fellow opposite, is the King of Bavaria, and the pale person near him with the aquiline nose, and the white hairs, the King of Denmark. The lively humour and happy repartees of the Dane have made him the delight of the royal and imperial circles. He is called here '*le loustic de la Brigade Souveraine*.' That 'tun of a man' is the King of Wurtemberg; near him is his son, who is in love with the Duchess of Oldenburg. And now having pointed out the principal figures, the old man allowed his *protégé* to shift for himself. There he saw in wandering round the room, Zibin, whom he had known at Moscow in 1812, and with whom he had visited the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Turkey, and Achille, Rouen, and Bulgari, and Cariat, and Tettenborn, and many others *quos nunc perscribere longum est*.

The next day there was a grand military festival, at which all the sovereigns, to use a French phrase, assisted, and at which they took their places (to avoid all quarrels about precedence) according to age, the King of Wurtemberg, as the oldest king, being allowed the *pas*. The arrangement was found so convenient that it was not afterwards departed from. The sovereigns next exchanged orders, crosses, and decorations, and then gave each other regiments in their different armies. No sooner was this done than all the ten digits of all the thousands of tailors in Vienna were put into motion, that his majesty the Emperor of Austria might instantly appear in the uniform of the Imperial Guards of his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. Malvolio's going cross-gartered was a faint type of this huge and heinous piece of Imperial and

Royal tomfoolery. Then there was such a lavish giving of presents. The Calmuc-visaged Czar presented a fur dressing-gown to his elderly brother of Austria, while the starch and stiff King of Prussia, not to be outdone, offered to the *Kaiser Franz* a silver basin and ewer, that he might be enabled to keep a clean pair of hands if not a clear conscience. Nor were these the only civilities. One day Franz was driving in the Prater, and wishing to get out and walk, he tried to catch the eye of some of his lacqueys; but in vain. Alexander, who is on horseback quick as lightning, divines his intention, jumps from his steed, and with all the agility of a running footman, and all the cunning of a Cossack, offers his arm to his less nimble brother. At this spectacle of apt graciousness, says simple Count La Garde, the welkin rang with acclamations.

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Great Council were enveloped in mystery, but a thousand conjectures were hazarded at the salons of the Countess de Fuchs, then one of the most fashionable of the Viennese ladies. The countess was ten years later, as we know from experience, one of the most agreeable women in the high society of Vienna, but at the epoch of the Congress she must have been in the zenith of her fame. Her circle was, in 1815, composed of the Countess of Plettemberg, of the Duchesses of Sagan and ExerENZA, and their sister Madame Edmund de Perigord (better known in London as Madame de Dino), niece by marriage of Talleyrand, and born Duchess of Courlande, of the Chanoinesse Kinski, the Duke of Dalberg, Marshal Walmoden, the three Counts Pahlen, the Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg, the Prince Paul Esterhazy, afterwards ambassador in England; the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the Russian General De Witt, M. de Gentz, General Nostitz, Varnhagen, the poet Carpani, and Ompteda, ex-minister of Westphalia, only ex-minister, because there was no longer a kingdom of Westphalia to serve; and last, though not least, George Sinclair, lately M.P. for Perthshire, or Caithness, we forget which, and son of old mangel-wurzel Sir John. Madame Fuchs had retained the old Viennese habit of eating supper, and at her hotel La Garde became a regular *habitué*.

On the third day of his arrival, our young friend (for he was young thirty years ago), paid a visit to Talleyrand, whom he had not seen since 1806, and received an invitation to dinner. Few persons had been invited. There were present, of course, the different members of the French embassy, and Madame Edmund de Perigord, but beside these the only guests were Count Razomowski, Pozzo di Borgo, the Duke de Richelieu, and De la Garde, who had now seen Pozzo di Borgo for the first time. Pozzo appeared to have all the Corsican *finesse*, vivacity, and

imagination. 'La France,' said he, 'est une marmite bouillante ; il faut y rejeter tout ce qui en sort.' But though the conversation of the Corsican was piquant and pointed, yet it was easy to see, says De la Garde, that the scholarship of which he made a parade was neither ripe nor profound. He had a perfect mania for quotation, but his citations wanted variety. In an after-dinner argument he supported his opinion by a passage from Dante, a phrase of Tacitus, and some shreds and patches from English orators. La Bernardière, who sat next to De la Garde, told him he had heard the very same quotations two days before at a dinner at Prince Hardenberg's. But this conversational legerdemain is practised not only by the gay *tirailleurs* of the dinner-table, but by the heavy humdrum brigade of the house of commons; and demagogues resort to the trick as well as diplomatists. An evening party followed, of which the Countess Perigord did the honours with enchanting grace. Our author is delighted with his dinner and his host. Though there was something cold and indifferent in the demeanour and manners of Talleyrand, yet when he desired to please, every word, every look, every gesture told. Flexible, graceful, easy, and profound, he was equally at home in a congress as in a drawing-room, mastering the most knotty and important questions in the one, by the elevated comprehensiveness of a mind devoid of prejudice and passion, and charming the domestic circle in the other, by happy sallies, or that sly and quiet humour, that sure and exquisite tact, in which he was so wonderful a proficient. Happy the man, says our author, who is placed in the morning next the Prince de Ligne, and in the evening next Prince Talleyrand.

The next visit which La Garde made in company with the Prince de Ligne, was to Isabey, the painter. 'A congress is about to be held at Vienna, go there,' said Talleyrand, and straightway Isabey went. 'I have come to Vienna, M. le Maréchal,' said the painter, 'in the hope of reproducing the features of all the remarkable persons, and I ought undoubtedly to commence with you, my good prince.'

'Assurément en ma qualité de doyen d'âge,' was the old man's reply. Every one has seen either the original or engravings of of Isabey's celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the Congress of Vienna. The picture is supposed to represent the congress at the moment when Prince Metternich introduces the Duke of Wellington. Lord Castlereagh is in the middle of the mass of ministers. Near him is Talleyrand, distinguished by his immovable imperturbability, whilst round him are grouped Nesselrode, Humboldt, Hardenberg, Stakelberg, and the other plenipotentiaries. It was not

originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should figure in the picture, for he did not come to Vienna till the month of February, when the design had been already sketched, but his arrival, even thus late, necessitated the introduction of so important a personage; and Isabey, to whom but a corner of canvass remained, with the quick felicity of a man of real genius made a merit of what to an ordinary artist would have been a misadventure, and by a happy hit, brought forward the Great Duke as being introduced by Metternich when the Congress was in full sitting. Thus were the exigencies of chronology, and the exiguity of the canvass by a happy combination at once reconciled.

For a long while Humboldt refused to sit for his portrait, excusing himself on the ground that he would not on principle pay for so plain a face. At length he consented, unnecessarily stipulating, that he should not pay a *doit*. The portrait, when finished, was a striking likeness. ‘Ah! ah!’ said the great naturalist, ‘I have, indeed, paid nothing for my portrait, but Isabey has had his revenge.’ The face is a perfect resemblance of the original.

The next day our author was present at the *fête* of the people, and on the following day he rode to the Prater. There was Lord Stewart driving his four-in-hand, and the Emperor Alexander in a curricule, with his sister the Duchess of Oldenburg.—On one side of the vehicle rode Prince Eugene Beauharnais; on the other, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. Further on in the drive, our hero fell in with Alexander Ypsilanti, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, his old acquaintance at Petersburg, that jabbering sinuous Slavonian Kosłowski, minister of Russia at the court of Turin, and spruce young Luccheseni (*El muchacho tiene talento*), who was what the Spaniards call *Privado*, and plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, better known as the profuse and profligate Eliza Bacciochi, the eldest sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The four friends adjourned to the *Kaiserinn. von Oesterreich*, where they enjoyed an excellent dinner, seasoned with some of the over coarse stories of Kosłowski, who romanced with more than the usual readiness and recklessness of a Russian.

Thence they adjourned to the little theatre of Leopoldstadt, where they saw Caroline, the pretty check-taker of the Diana baths, transformed into a great lady sitting in her private box. The fancy of the king of —— had caused this metamorphosis, and when the business of the Congress was over, and this faded Covent Garden flower palled on the taste of her princely paramour, he directed the great Israelite banker of Vienna, to count out yearly 12,000 florins to his abandoned Ariadne.

Each nation had her especial queen of the drawing-room, during

the season of the congress. France was represented by Madame Edmund de Perigord, Prussia by the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Denmark by the Countess Bernstorff, England by Lady Castlereagh, afterwards Emily Marchioness of Londonderry, and Russia by the Princess Bagration. The Princess Bagration was then in all the lustre of her beauty. Young, fair as alabaster, with the slightest tinge of rose, with small, delicately chiselled features, a soft and expressive countenance, full of sensibility, an uncertain and timid air, a figure petite, yet perfectly proportioned; she united the Oriental languor to the Andalusian grace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that her *salons* were thronged. Russians, of course, were there in crowds, including the Emperor, Nesselrode, di Borgo, Razumowski, Volkonski, and Nariskin, the inevitable Koslowski, and the Count and Countess Tolstoy, but there too were all the sovereigns, and their ambassadors, the beautiful Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister to the still more beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, and the chronicler of the assembly, our unerring informant, De la Garde. It was at a lottery drawn at this hotel on the evening in question, that the monster in inhuman shape, (for he had neither the look, form, nor gait of humanity,) the Grand Duke Constantine, gained a pair of beautiful porcelain vases, which had been sent for from the manufactory at Berlin, by the King of Prussia. He at once presented them to the charming hostess. Honest old Max of Bavaria won a box of mosaic, which he gave to Mary Esterhazy, and Capo d'Istria, a steel ornament, which he gallantly transferred to Katherine Volkonski. Alexander gained two bronze candlesticks, which *he did not leave with the hostess*, but carried off, like a crafty Cossack as he was, to a Mademoiselle L——, with whom he occupied his leisure hours. An avaricious autocrat was this same Alexander Romanzoff, pitifully parsimonious as one of those canny children of the Cannongate, who come to penny-a-line away their thrifty genius in London smoke, living on the luxury of a haporth of wheaten bread, until in the fulness of time and of fasting they became editors and proprietors of journals, East India directors, sergeants-at-law and queen's counsel, or peradventure attorneys-general or lords chancellors of England or Ireland. All the linen which the emperor wore, says La Garde, was *confectionné*—(the word is sublimely transcendental, and untranslatable)—*confectionné* mark you, by the pretty hands of Mademoiselle Nariskin. He might have accepted the work, saith our moralising cicerone; nothing more simple than that, but then he should have paid like a gentleman for Coulson's best Belfast linen, or Horrocks's superior long cloth. But no; Nariskin's fingers were

worked to the stumps. She was worse treated than Moses' or Myer's women. They receive 6*d* a shirt, saith our tender-hearted 'Times,' and find their own thread and rushlight; but the sewing woman of this cruel Czar, found her own lights and linen, the stuff and stitching were all her own, too, and she had but her labour for her pains. No wonder that Nariskin told the tale of shabbiness to all the little great who would listen to it in town and suburb—on the Bastei, in the Graben, or the more crowded Kohl Markt.

Early the following morning there was a breakfast at a country-box of the Prince de Ligne, at the Kahlenberg, and after that a rendezvous at Ypsilanti's Hotel. Behold, says the Greek, to the wondering, yet believing Gaul, the six *billets doux* I have received since yesterday, and in different languages too, in Italian, in French, ay, even in Greek.

A *billet-doux* written in Greek,
The thought puts me quite in passion;
Could Longinus teach Gräfinns to speak
Soft nonsense to Hospodars of fashion.

There, however, the *billets* lay in black and white, each of these amorous missives proposing an assignation at a different parish church. But instead of going to any of the churches, the hungry young Hospodar galloped off to the Princess Helene Sowaroff's to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, where it may be that he swallowed cutlets of Archangel salmon, some slices of raw ham, a pot of anchovies, and a dish of fresh caviar, washed down with either a bottle of Beaune, or a quart of quass, or a full measure of Crimean champagne, or an honest bottle of Barclay's brown stout, all of which we have seen produced at breakfast *tempo fa* both at Moscow and Petersburg. At this breakfast Ypsilanti is insidiously encouraged by the hostess to labour in the regeneration of his country, Greece; not that any Russian under the sun cared then, or cares now, a rush for the independence of Greece; but that in the confusion and scramble and *mêlée*, the Muscovite always cherishes the latent hope, that his kith, kin, or country may profit. Too well did the young Hospodar learn the lesson taught him by female lips; and, after placing himself at the head of a fruitless and bootless insurrection, he was in the hour of his adversity abandoned and disowned by Russia. Capo d'Istria, who, for his own selfish and sinister purposes, had urged the young man to take the fatal step, was the first to counsel his dismissal from the Russian service. Arrested by the Austrian authorities, he remained seven long years a prisoner, and died at Vienna on the 31st of January, 1828, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

His death arose from disease superinduced by his long imprisonment.

We cannot follow our author to a heron shooting-party, but we must give him rendezvous after the interval of a day at the Prince de Ligne's country-box, where he met old Nowosiltzoff, in his youth a page of Catherine, then a councillor of state of the Emperor Alexander. Nowosiltzoff, whom we remember as afterwards the terror and scourge of Warsaw in 1828 and 1829, but who was nevertheless known to us as an agreeable and well-informed man in private life, was then engaged in the preparation of the constitution for Poland. There was a long discussion between the Prince and the Russian councillor on the subject of Polish independence; but although De Ligne took the popular and generous view, still we are bound fairly to admit, with Nowosiltzoff, that without frontiers and without fortresses, Poland must either be an armed camp in the heart of peaceful Europe, presenting living ramparts in the shape of her own war-like *pospolite*, or she must become the appendage of some first-rate power possessing those natural frontiers or fortresses wanting to unhappy Sarmatia. That evening there was a grand carnival, followed by romances sung by the Princess Paul Esterhazy, the Countess Zichy, and the Duchess of Sagan. But it would require another Ariosto to go over this ground. Intrigues of all kinds, however, lie hidden under these fêtes. It is an *imbroglio*, said De Ligne where the Almas and the Figaros are plentiful as blackberries. As to the Basils, they are thick enough strown everywhere: but heaven forbid that we may not at the end be tempted to exclaim with the gay barber—

“ Mais enfin qui trompe t'on ici.”

Now they are arrived at the *porte cochère* of the Prince's hotel. On the door was engraved his motto:

Quo res cumque cadunt semper stat Linea recta.

On the other side of the mansion, facing the Danube, were these lines:

Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, sans envie.

Pleasure must at length give way to sleep, and to sleep they go at last. Next day there is a comedy at court; the *Pères Nobles* fall to the lot of elderly princes; an empress may be seen doing the *grandes utilités*, and an Imperial Duke barbers, gardeners, and *tutti quanti*. We cannot run down such small deer as this, nor stop to witness the first tableau, even though it be Louis XIV. aux pieds de Madame de la Vallière. In one

of the tableaux there was a Jupiter wanting. The part fell fortuitously, like the crown of Belgium fifteen years afterwards, to Leopold of Saxe Coburg, then a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. When the Apollo came to dress for his part he was found to have a fierce pair of moustaches. These were sacrificed to the inexorable scissors, and the full-grown fools of quality were in ecstasies as the stubble was shaved away. Venus was represented by Sir Sidney Smith's daughter, the old blue jacket having come to the Congress to incense the kings against far honester and heartier fellows, the Barbary pirates. But in the end gallant Sir Sidney took nothing by his motion, either in reference to the pirates or to the legitimate descendant of inflexible old *Tête de Fer*, the Colonel Gustafson, for whose divine-right pretensions the admiral stickled with impetuous pertinacity. During the representation of the last tableau, Baron Thierry, a young Frenchman attached to the legation of Portugal, executed with great taste a solo on the harp. An imperial lady fell in love with him, but it was a *mariage manqué* after all, and Thierry has since in revenge set up for himself in the kingly or imperial line, at some unpronounceable isle in the Pacific ocean. Lord Stewart is all this while running about with noisy mobility, chattering 'chough's language.' He is all fine feathers and fustian, and therefore goes by the nickname of *Paon Doré*.

What a different man, however, is that pale-faced biped in the corner from this thing manufactured of gold lace and pipe clay. That quiet, modest person is De Gentz, to whom all the state secrets of Europe are open, and from whom nothing is hid. He it is that oils the springs of the state machine which Metternich moves with such seeming ease. He holds the pen of a ready writer, and his gray goose quill is really the Austrian government, Aulic Counsel and all. His are the leading articles of the 'Wiener Beobachter,' his the manifestos, his the proclamations and paper pellets, which play as much havoc with the gray-coated man of Destiny as the snows of Russia. But he is heinously avaricious. He wants not gew-gaws and orders and decorations, but solid gold, true *Conventions Munz*, and not mere *Wiener Währung*.* And the sovereigns wisely gratify his stanchless avarice and put heaps of money into both his pockets. He is fond of solid animal pleasures too as honest Jack, and has sometimes but a haporth of bread like the fat knight to a gallon of sack. Wise, long-headed Gentz, peace to thy manes, for thou art gone

* *Conventions Munz* may be rendered as gold of full tale, and *Wiener Währung* as a depreciated paper currency.

to thy account, and must at length answer for thy crapulousness, and hot carousings, and almost pardonable passion for Fanny Ellsler.

Now are evoked the glories of the tournaments of the middle ages. There is another imperial carrousel at the palace of the Kaiser, with twenty-four paladins and their lofty dames. Decidedly this fête has been plagiarised without acknowledgment by Lord Eglintoun, at Eglington Castle, with the help of the *paon doré*, erst Stewart, now Londonderry of Wynyard. After the carrousel there is a supper diversified by the red stockings of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the turban of the Pacha of Widin, the caftan of Maurogeny and the calpack of Prince Manuf bey of Mirza. 'Motley's your only wear' indeed. Lady Castlereagh is at this supper, and displays round her forehead her husband's order of the Garter. The venom of the Frenchman and the hyper-venom of the French emigrant break out at this piece of awkwardness. The story may or may not be true, but true or false we dare be sworn there was not a finer looking pair at the imperial supper of that gay night, nor a more lofty and dignified in air, gait, and manner, than Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, and the fair and full-blown Emily, one of the finest specimens of an English gentlewoman.

The sovereigns feed in public on the following day. They eat right royally, but so monstrous is the King of Wurtemberg about the midriff, that cabinetmakers are previously called in to scoop and hollow out a place in the table to suit the amplitude of his vast abdomen.

Dulness and dyspepsia are now beginning to seize on these diners-out of the first magnitude, when Alexander, in order to give a fillip to the follies of the hour, determines on having a ball at his ambassador's, Count Razumowski's, to celebrate his sister's birthday. The ball is given, but the palace which had been twenty years in course of building and decorating, and which contained the rarest and most precious works of art, suddenly takes fire, and is burnt to the ground. The conflagration produced a startling sensation on all, but excited mournful remembrances in the old Prince de Ligne. There wants but one thing more to 'cap the climax' of the congress, said he, 'and that is the funeral of an old field-marshal—but the potentates shall not be gratified—I am not sufficient of a courtisan to die to please them.'

A day or two afterwards the old man was seized with a violent erysipelas, which after a few days of great pain and suffering, put a period to his existence.

His dying bed was surrounded with his family and friends, and the Emperor of Austria came on foot and alone to bid a last adieu to the oldest of his servants. His eyes were closed by his daughter, the Princess Palfi, on the 13th of December, 1814. His funeral was after all one of the spectacles of the congress. Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Here is his epitaph, by Bonnay, at which he was the first to laugh,

Ci gît le Prince de Ligne :
Il est tout de son long couché :
Jadis il a beaucoup peché ;
Mais ce n'était pas à la ligne.

For a while De la Garde is inconsolable, but one Julius Griffiths, an Englishman—(quære Welsh), one of the most accomplished men in Europe, a scholar, a great traveller, and a philosopher,—tells him that as nature resigns herself to these calamities, so ought the heart of man to learn resignation too. Alas! my dear Julius, says the Gaul, flinging himself into the arms of the Cambrian, when one loses such a friend as this, one mourns him long—one regrets him for evermore. “Evermore” was the scriptural word used, not sempiternally, which is more sounding, though less Saxon.

The old year of 1814 had now rung out its knell too, and by the first day of 1815, De la Garde had taken of Griffiths consolation. He commenced the memorable 1815 in attending the picnic of Sir Sidney Smith in the Augarten. The price of this dinner was fixed at three Dutch ducats a-head, the produce to be applied to the release of the Christians in captivity in Barbary. Every crowned head, every minister of the congress was present. They all ate enormously. Some of them drank deep, and became saving your presence, right royal, which means in other words (though you do not know it), like Davy’s sow. But eating and drinking have their limits, and there must be a *carte payante* at last.

Now comes the reckoning, and the banquet o’er—
The dreadful reckoning—and men smile no more.

The waiter handed the plate to Alexander. Romanzoff paid his way like a man. What he gave to the serving man is not stated. Then came the Dane, and he was down with his ducats too. The *Kellner* intrepidly marches on to excellent Max of Bavaria. Max fumbles in one pocket of his waistcoat—and in the other—then tries his coat—finally his fob—then the waistcoat again, and the coat and the fob in turn; but his majesty is decidedly not worth a doit. He looks wistfully down the table to his

chamberlain, a man of taste and letters, and an author, too; but the chamberlain is talking of a book of his own writing (we know with the fondness of a parent how he may be excused), to Humboldt, and does not catch the monarch's eye. Max then looks demurely and imploringly into the face of the waiter; but there stands Yann's head man, with white waistcoat and new pumps, worn for the first time, determined not to be bilked by any beer-bibbing Bavarian king whatever. A tapster's arithmetic, as we practically know, is stronger than a stone wall, and will not be beaten down unless by a charge of what Frederick of Prussia called 'Yellow Dragoons.' Discountenanced and abashed, the old monarch rolls his eye round the room, in a floating and furtive fashion, when the guests, aware of the circumstances, explode into loud laughter. But the imperturbable waiter stands stock still; and at length Alexander and Eugene Beauharnais rush to the rescue, and pay the scot of their Bavarian brother. It is well this scene did not occur at any Mansion-house dinner, for had Sir Peter Laurie been present, he had doubtless, on the view, committed Max as a rogue and a vagabond. How well do we know that every man in London is a rogue and a vagabond who has not a ducat in his doublet. This is not merely justice's justice; it is the inevitable inference of the money-making public, of the harsh and hard-hearted and muddy-headed aristocracy of the breeches-pocket.

Aquien falta el dinero
Credito falta;
Y sobre el sonrjo
No la esperanza.

There were some droll fellows at this congress as well as diplomatists. There was *imprimis* Aidé, the Greek of Smyrna, in an oriental costume, wishing to pass himself off as the Prince of Liban. This cosmopolitan adventurer was a good deal patronized by Castlereagh. His mania was to be presented to all the notabilities of Europe. The Prince de Ligne had presented him to scores of diplomatists and attachés. He came to the charge a six-and-twentieth time, as some big-wig entered the room, with his eternal 'do me the favour, Prince, to present me.' The quick-witted old man, a little nettled, accorded his request, exclaiming, 'Je vous présente M. Aidé, un homme très présenté, et très peu présentable.' The fate of Aidé was curious. He married a rich wife at Cheltenham and took her to Paris. At a ball at Mr. Hope's the Marquis de Bourbel (of *Bogle v. Lawson* unenviable notoriety) was waltzing round the room, when he accidentally trod on Aidé's toe. 'Je vous demande mille fois pardon, Mon-


sieur,' said Bourbel, who could be very plausible and gentleman-like when he pleased.—'Monsieur,' said Aidé rudely, 'quand on est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valzer, du moins en public.'—'Alors, Monsieur,' rejoined Bourbel, 'je retracte mes excuses.' This was the ostensible cause of quarrel, but bad blood, mixed up with some jealousy, had previously rankled between the parties. A cartel on the part of Aidé was the consequence. De Bourbel, whose aim was unerring, came up to the mark, and shot the Greek through the heart at break of day on the following morning. Apropos of De Bourbel, we could wish he would take to his old tricks again of imitating the 'Billets Circulaires.' We had a pleasant trip enough and a heavy 'honorarium' in that same affair, and should like a repetition of both doses in the coming spring—the one as good for our health, the other for our pocket.

Another of the English originals was Fonneron, formerly a banker at Leghorn, a humped back man with a humped back wife, as rich as Croesus, and whose only ambition was the harmless one of giving good dinners. We regret to think that the breed of Fonnerons is nearly extinct. We say it with mournful consciousness of the melancholy truth, there are few men who give good dinners now, and those few are humble, honest-hearted fellows like ourselves. It is literally the poor feeding the poor—the hungry giving to the famishing. Not one of the many rich rogues we have so often asked, has ever given us a basin of Spartan broth in return. As gentleman Jack Palmer said in the play, whose title we at present forget, 'There is, however, another, and a better world' where it is to be hoped that we shall be looked after, and these varlets shall go 'Impransi.'

The only Englishman who contested the Amphytrionic palm with Fonneron, was one *Raily*. We suppose that our friend De la Garde means Reilly, or O'Reilly. "The first time I ever saw him," says Cambrian Griffiths (scholar, traveller, and philosopher), "was at Lord Cornwallis's table in Calcutta. I afterwards met him at Hamburg, in Sweden, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he told me he had just arrived from Madrid." 'Rarement,' as has been often said to our wandering selves,

Rarement à courir le monde
On devient plus homme de bien.

There is something mysterious and singular about this man *Raily*. He rivals Cagliostro, and the Count of St. Germain, who lived like princes, without having any revenues or honest means of making a livelihood. Here, in Vienna, he outdoes the most opulent. He lives in the magnificent hotel of the Count of Rosenberg; his dinners



are of the most exquisite, his wines of the most *recherché*, his furniture and equipages of the first style of finish, his servants are in the richest liveries.—But then he is a vulgar-minded fellow at bottom, for he talks too much of all these things, and like all low people, has eternally a Duke or a Marquis's name oozing out at the corner of his ugly mouth. De la Garde is dying to see this fellow. They go and call on him. He pours on them the slaver of his fulsome flattery, and lets flow the sluices of his vulgarity. He prays the Cambrian and the Gaul—Griffiths—*Julius* Griffiths, and A. de la Garde, to do him the honour to dine that very day. The notice is short—wonderfully short—but there they will meet his very good friends, the hereditary princes of Bavaria—the Grand Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith. K.C.B. K.H, K.T.S., &c. &c., several ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*, and other persons of distinction of their acquaintance. Julius, the philosopher, and Adolphus, the epicurean, accept with alacrity: the repast is sumptuous, the wines exquisite, the coffee perfectly aromatic; but then, immediately after the liqueurs, whist and *carté* are introduced, and the guests crowd round a dry-looking mummy of an old man, tall and straight as a poplar, with a lively, fraudulent, beggar my neighbour sort of eye. This is *Misther* O'Bearn, (quære, O'Beirne) the most ancient and inveterate gambler in Europe, who tells them many queer stories of play, but not a man among them all is pigeoned or plucked, though Reilly and O'Beirne are plainly confederated for plunder. Reilly is, in fact, a regular leg, a Bath born knight of the green cloth, who has shaken the dice box, and chicken-hazarded his way through every nook and cranny of this wicked world, where there was a shilling to stake, or a sixpence to gain. We have ourselves met a fellow of the name at Paris, as ignorant, as vain, and as vulgar, and who was under the strange hallucination that he could speak and write English. We thought him a leg or a spy. It may have been the same man. His vicissitudes were indeed strange. Three years after this, in 1821, he was in the capital of France, a beggar and an outcast.—His money, diamonds, carriages—horses—all are gone. He calls on De la Garde. 'I have exhausted every thing,' said he, 'but this bracelet; which contains my poor wife's hair. The bracelet would have followed every thing else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot.'—'Good Mr. Reilly,' exclaims De la Garde, 'why not address those illustrious persons you regaled so magnificently at Vienna.'—'I have addressed them,' rejoins the gambler, 'but have received no reply.' Such, alas! is human life. Three years later, Reilly died of hunger in the public streets!

What are the Great ones of the Earth, 'who play for the higher stakes of empires and kingdoms,' doing all this while—

They eat, they drink, they sleep—what then?
Why drink, and sleep, and eat again.

The imperial table costs 50,000 florins a day, and the ordinary expenses amount to forty millions of francs. No wonder that Austria was obliged to tamper with her currency. There are 700 envoyés, from all parts of the world, now at Vienna, and they consume so much daily that the price of wood and provisions is raised, and there is an extra allowance given to the employés, who, like the jolly Irishman, had been spending half-a-crown out of their sixpence a day!

Our author's last interview with Talleyrand is at a breakfast on his birth-day. De la Garde arrives before the prince is up. At length the man of many changes emerges through the thick and closely-drawn bed-curtains. Enveloped in a muslin *peignoir* he submits his long head of hair to two *coiffeurs*, who succeed in giving it that flowing curl which we all remember, and which his well-known English imitator emulated in vain. Next comes the barber, who gallantly shaves away like smooth-chinned France of the olden time, and unlike hirsute stubble-bearded France of the present day, then comes the powder puff, then the washing of the hands and nails. Finally, there is the ablution of the feet, infinitely less agreeable to the olfactory nerves, as the lame leg of the prince requires to be dashed over with Bareges water, and that specific stinks in the nostrils of all human kind, being a distinctly compounded recognisable stench of burnt sulphur and rotten eggs. Perfumed and washed, the prince's cravat must now be tied; the first valet de chambre advances and arranges a most graceful knot. The remaining adjustment of habiliment is soon finished, and behold the halting diplomatist at his ease, with the modish air of a grand seigneur, and that perfect *d plomb* and *usage*, the result partly of early education, and chiefly of that long commerce with the celebrated men of all countries which he enjoyed alike from his birth, his social position, his talents, and the high offices which he filled in all the varying mutations of dynasties and governments.

Meanwhile, the man of destiny with the gray frock-coat had been showing some signs of life. The congress were about to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, when all of a sudden he appeared at Cannes. From Cannes he hastens to Paris. His progress is an ovation. But Talleyrand is unabashed as undismayed. On the 13th of March he caused the adoption of the declaration, in virtue of which the great disturber of the peace of



nations was put under the ban of Europe. On the 25th of March the alliance against France was renewed. The sittings of the congress lasted till the 10th of June, but the idle, the frivolous, and fashionable crowd hastened quickly away. The balls and concerts are now over—the bona robas are taking French leave—the fiddles are packed in their cases—the cogged dice are stowed carefully away—the casseroles and stewpans are laid up in ordinary—the *mâîtres d'hôtel* are in movement, and the cooks secure their places in the *Eilwagen*, lest the broth at home should be spoiled. At such a season De la Garde's occupation is gone. He is the historian of dinners and dances and plays, not of treaties and protocols, but there is a time for all things and Horace tells him—

Edisti satis, lusisti, atque bibisti ;
Tempus tibi abire est.

We have said the subject is a trifling, perhaps an ignoble, one; it is after all but whipped cream; but if there needs must be a chronicler of the trivialities of the congress, commend us to M. De la Garde, in whose volumes there may be found some amusement if not much instruction.

It may be asked, do we rise from the perusal of these volumes impressed with the wisdom, gravity, and ability of the statesmen and ministers. Not a bit of it. With the exception of Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, Humboldt, Hardenberg, and Gentz, there was not one among the crowd congregated at Vienna who could have made 1000*l.* a year at the bar (a sum we have never earned ourselves, though duller fellows triple the money), or 300*l.* a year in scribbling for newspapers or reviews. But then it may be asked if their social position and manner of life was not abundantly enviable and enjoyable? To this inquiry we briefly reply, in the words of an old French author, when speaking of the life of courts and congresses—

“ Manger toujours fort tard, changer la nuit en jour,
N'avoir pas un ami bien que chacun on baise,
Etre toujours debout et jamais à son aise,
Fait voir en abrégé comme on vit à la cour.”

There is a compensating truth in the couplets which atones for their ruggedness, and as the grapes are sour to us—as we are neither ambassador (not even ambassador at Madrid, though we at once possess and lack the *Spanish*), nor envoy, nor chargé d'affaires, nor simple attaché, we will hold to the comfortable and independent doctrine, that it is better to be our own master than any man's slave.

- ART. IV.—1. *Dr. C. G. Steinbeck's Aufrichtiger Kalendermann, neu bearbeitet und vermehrt von CARL FRIEDRICH HEMPEL.* In drei Theilen. Leipzig. 8vo.
2. *Volks-Kalender der Deutschen, herausgegeben von F. W. GUBITZ.* Berlin. 8vo.
3. *Annuaire Historique pour l'Année 1843, publié par la Société de l'Histoire de France.* Paris. 18mo.
4. *Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or, Dates, Charters, and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Calendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries; and an alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days, forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. HAMPSON. 2 vols. London. 8vo.

‘WASTE not time, it is the stuff of which life is made,’ was the saying of a great philosopher who has concentrated the wisdom of volumes in these few brief but most expressive words.

All ages, all nations, have felt the truth of this definition of time; and as if with a presentiment of this all-wise injunction, not to waste the precious stuff of which life is made, have ever busied themselves with an endeavour to discover the best method of accurately measuring it.

It forms no part of our present intention to record these different attempts; to trace the various changes and corrections which increasing knowledge has introduced into the Calendar; or to show wherein consisted the superior accuracy of the Julian over the Alban or Latin Calendar; or how Gregory XIII., upon finding that by the introduction of the Bissextile days a difference of ten days had arisen between the Calendar and the actual time, caused them to be abated in the year 1582, by having the 11th of March called the 21st, thereby making it for that year to consist of twenty-one days only. As little need we dwell upon the fact that this new, or Gregorian style, as it was called out of respect to the Pope by whom it was introduced, was immediately adopted by all those countries of Europe which recognised the papal authority; while, on the other hand, those who then held the opinion, so prevalent even in our own days, that no good thing could come out of Rome, agreed in rejecting it—so that it was only recognised by the Protestants of Germany in the year 1700, and by our own country in 1752.

Sir Harris Nicolas, in that most useful little book, his ‘Chronology of History,’ has pointed out the fact, which is very little known, that an effort was made to reform the Calendar in this country as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—by the intro-

duction of a bill, entitled—‘ An act, giving Her Majesty authority to alter and new make a Calendar, according to the Calendar used in other countries,’ which was read a first time in the House of Lords, on the 16th of March, (27 Eliz.) 1584-5. This measure having however failed, for reasons which do not appear, Lord Chesterfield is entitled to the credit of having overcome, in this matter, John Bull’s deep-rooted prejudice against novelty, and the following passage from one of his letters furnishes a very characteristic picture of the difficulties he had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them.

After stating why he had determined to attempt the reformation of the Calendar, he proceeds, “ I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Slavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well, so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of Calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them, and many of them said I had made the whole very clear to them, when God knows I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob: their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.”

As the noble reformer could bring these 'various parts of oratory' to bear upon the mob within the house, he succeeded in carrying his measure; but as *these* persuasive means had no influence beyond the walls of parliament, the mob without clamoured against the change, and the 'ears polite' of my Lord Chesterfield were not unfrequently assailed with cries of 'Give us back the ten days you have robbed us of!'

Absurd and disgraceful as was this opposition to an alteration in the Calendar, called for as much by a regard for public convenience as the dictates of common sense, it was, if possible, exceeded by that which attended the attempt made by Frederick the Great to reform the Almanac published in Prussia: and here, lest any of our readers should labour under the same error as the 'moral-mouthed Pecksniff,' who, speaking of the Calender in the 'Arabian Nights' as a 'one-eyed almanac,' justified himself in doing so because an almanac and a calendar are much the same, let us point out the distinction between them,—namely, that a calendar is a perpetual almanac, and an almanac an annual calendar.

But to return. Frederick being disgusted, as doubtless he had good cause to be, with the absurdities, with which the almanac most in vogue amongst his subjects was filled, directed the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin to prepare a new one, with the omission of the astrological and other objectionable passages, the place of which was to be supplied by matter calculated to instruct, amuse, and, at the same time, increase the real knowledge of his people. This was accordingly done, and a reformed almanac was published in 1779, to the great satisfaction of the king and some few of the well-educated classes of his subjects; but to the generality of the nation its appearance gave the greatest offence. It was looked upon as an attempt to rob them of their ancient faith, and introduce a new religion: one woman in Berlin was nearly beaten to death by her husband for having dared to bring a copy of it into his house; in short, so great was the opposition made to this reform, that Frederick thought it advisable to permit the almanac of the following year, 1780, to appear after its ancient and approved fashion.

We know not precisely which was the almanac which thus unequivocally established its character as a popular favourite. Possibly it was the one entitled 'Bauern Practica,' and which, despite of the march of intellect and the labours of the schoolmaster, is, we believe, still printed, purchased, and read in Germany, as the '*Vox Stellarum*' of Francis Moore, physician, with its awful hieroglyphic, and 'chiaro-oscuro' explanations of it, is with us. Goerres, in his 'Teutschen Volksbücher,' speaks of

the 'Bauern Practica' as copied from a much older book, similar in title and contents, which appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Maine as early as 1570, when it had probably had many predecessors. That Goerres is right in this conjecture we can testify; for an edition of it, bearing date in 1567, is now before us.

If the author of this extraordinary production cannot claim the credit awarded to the respected father of the well-known Caleb Quotem, who is declared to have had

——— A happy knack

At cooking up an Almanac,

he has at all events availed himself, to the fullest, of the Privileges conferred upon the members of his profession, by the '*Penniless Parliament of threadbare Poets*,' who, among other enactments (well worth the reading, in the Percy Society's reprint of this satirical tract), declared it 'lawful for almanac-makers to tell more lies than true tales;' and he has consequently succeeded in producing a volume which, however worthless with reference to the especial object for which he compiled it, is invaluable for the striking and extraordinary pictures which it exhibits of the age in which it originated. Its little wood-cut representations of the employments peculiar to each of the months and seasons are admirable illustrations of German life in the latter half of the sixteenth century, while its numerous rhyming rules and astrological and medical jingles, are equally descriptive of what were then the popular feelings and beliefs. The author of the 'Bauern Practica' may indeed be regarded as the 'Murphy' of the age in which he lived. His book is essentially a weather almanac; for though it contains many medical directions, numerous rhyming calculations for finding the days on which the feasts of the church would fall, it is principally occupied with rules by which the husbandman and the vine-dresser might calculate the nature of the seasons, and signs of changes of weather.

How ancient many of these rules are; how long many of these signs have been observed, is shown in the rebuke which the Pharisees and Sadducees received when they desired to be shown a sign from Heaven. 'When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red: and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and louring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the sign of the times.'

Coming nearer to our times, we find the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons, abounding in tables of prognostications of the weather, and of the good and bad influence of the lunar and solar changes. A manuscript in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, may be cited as an instance: since it contains among


numerous tracts of a purely theological character, a great variety of short treatises, some containing rules for judging of meteorological changes, others showing the influence of the planets upon the health and fortunes of individuals, and others again treating of the interpretation of dreams. Thus we find a prognostication of the seasons of the year, drawn from a consideration of the day on which the kalends of January may chance to fall: *Gif bith Kl. Januarius on dæg drihtenlicum, winter god bid and winsum and wearm.* 'If the kalends of January fall on the Lord's day, the winter is good, pleasant, and warm'. While another tells us: '*Kl. Januarius gif he bith on monan dæg, thonne bid grimme and gemenced winter und god lencten*, i. e. 'If the kalends of January fall on a Monday, the winter will be severe and stormy, and the spring good.' We have also considerations as to what is foretold by thunder—one tract treating of it with regard to the time of the day or night when it is heard, another according to the day of the week. These, and several similar treatises on the interpretation of dreams, fortunate and unlucky days, predictions connected with the hour and time of birth, form altogether a body of materials sufficient for the stock in trade of any Philomath, William Lilly, or Partridge of those days, and who might well apply to its compiler the words of Gay:

—We learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the Heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue.
He first that useful secret did explain,
Why pricking corns foretold the gathering rain;
When Swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear.

The weather-wisdom of our ancestors, like every other species of knowledge they possessed, was handed down from generation to generation in short proverbial sentences, whose antiquity is shown by their rhythmical, or alliterative construction, even when they do not, as is generally the case, consist of rhyming couplets. In many of these popular rhymes, we have doubtless the result of years of observation and experience, a fact which accounts not only for the general accuracy of some of the predictions contained in them, but also for their coexistence in so many languages.

We have made one allusion to the belief embodied in the English Proverb,

The evening red and morning gray
Are certain signs of a fine day.
The evening gray, the morning red,
Make the shepherd hang his head.



The Germans have a similar saying,

Abend roth gut Wetter bot;
Morgen roth mit Regen droht.
Evening red and weather fine;
Morning red, of rain's a sign.

In England we say,

February fill dike, be it black or be it white;
But if it be white, its the better to like.

The Norman peasant expresses a like wish for snow in February, but in terser language,

Février qui donne neige,
Bel été nous plege.

When February gives snows,
It fine summer foreshows.

The intense cold which generally prevails about Candlemas-day, is the subject both of French and German sayings. 'Lichtmiss, Winter gewiss.' 'A la Chandeleur, La grande douleur;' and Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, tells us, 'There is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas Day,' according to the proverbial distich,

Si Sol splendescat Mariâ purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante :

which is Englished in the proverbial saying,

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight:

while the old saw that tells us,

As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens,

is repeated in the German,

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen
Dann komm erst der Winter gegangen.

A cold May and a windy,
Makes a fat barn and a findy,

says the English proverb. The German tells us,

Trockner März, nasser April, kuhler Mai,
Füllt Scheunen, Keller, bringt viel Heu.

A dry March, wet April, and a cool May,
Fill cellars and barns, and give plenty of Hay.

Again,

Maimonat kuhl und Brachmonat nass,
Fulle beide Boden und Fass.

May cool and June wet,
Fill both floor and vat.

The peasant of Normandy, again, uses this saying, but, as the Heralds say, 'with a difference.'

Froid Mai, chaud Juin,
Donnent pain et vin.

Cold May, June fine,
Give both bread and wine.

The importance of a dry spring is declared by the English proverb—'A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' while the Germans, in like manner, declare 'Marzstaub ist dem Golde gleich,' March dust is like gold.

These examples, which might be multiplied to an extraordinary extent, will suffice to convince the reader how great is the uniformity which exists in the popular belief among natives of totally different countries, as to the probability of coming seasons coinciding with the prognostications embodied in these semi-prophetical proverbs: several of which, it may here be remarked, have been tested by modern observers who have borne evidence as to their general accuracy. A collection of the weather adages of different countries would be extremely curious, even as mere illustrations of national peculiarities, observances, and in some cases perhaps of national superstitions—but they would moreover be of considerable value, as affording materials to the philosopher for investigating the changes which are believed to have taken place in the climates of such countries, since the very remote period in which the majority of these sayings had their origin.

But while our ancestors calculated the nature of the coming year in the manner already referred to, they, like the naturalists of our own days, drew many important prognostications of atmospheric changes from the peculiarities evinced by various natural objects—plants, insects, birds, and animals—on the approach of a coming storm, or other change of weather or temperature. Instead, however, of citing instances of these, or seeking to prove the general accuracy of calculations founded upon such data, we will substitute the following remarkable historical anecdote, which bears very strongly upon this point, but which, we believe, has never before been brought under the notice of the English reader. The spiders which cheered King Robert the Bruce, and encouraged him to resist the English monarch, have scarcely a higher claim to be numbered among the trifling causes, which have led to mighty conquests, than those which figure in the following narrative.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-ge-



Calendars and Almanacs.

and in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots when they revolted against the Stadtholder. On the arrival of the French army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was taken prisoner, and having been condemned to twenty-four years imprisonment, he was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht.

Disjonval was frequently the sole companion of the prisoners at such times, were almost the only persons who remained in the prison of Utrecht. He was, however, not idle in his life, and partly from necessity, and partly from natural history, he began to observe the habits and amusement, in watching the movements of his fellow-prisoners. He soon discovered that the spiders were intimately connected with the changes in the weather. A violent headache, which he was subject at such times, was always connected to the connexion between such movements among the spiders. For instance, when these spiders which spun a large web in the cell, suddenly withdrew from his cell when he had a headache, and that these two signs, namely, the pain in the head, and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably connected with severe weather. So often as his head ached, the spiders disappeared, and then rain or snow prevailed for several days. As the spiders reappeared again in their webs, and display their webs, his pains gradually leave him until he got the weather returned.

Disjonval's observations confirmed him in believing these spiders were to the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the weather, and that their retirement and reappearance, their general habits, were so intimately connected with the changes in the weather,—that he concluded they were of all things the best to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of ac-

cepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremér Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

And now, before we conclude these desultory remarks upon Calendars and Almanacs, and the alterations and reformatations which they have from time to time undergone, we cannot omit all mention of one proposed change which was advanced with so much reason and common sense as ought to have secured its universal adoption. We allude to the endeavour made by the Emperor Charlemagne, to substitute for the Roman names of the months, of which the signification must have been unintelligible to a great proportion of his subjects, the far more expressive names of German origin; in which case we might in this country have retained the apt and significant designations used by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers; which, to our mind, are as suggestive and picturesque as the miniated illuminations, rich in gold and purple, which ornament our very early Calendars, and afford us a far better insight into the manners and customs of the olden times, than we can obtain from the annals of the historian or the disquisition of the antiquary.

At the present moment, when greater attention to the history and literature of the Anglo-Saxons is manifesting itself among us,* a few illustrations of the manner in which the year was di-

* As shown not only by the publications of individuals—as Mr. Thorpe's *Anglo-Saxon Version of the New Testament*, and Mr. Kemble's admirable edition of *Beowulf*, but by others which have emanated from societies and associations. Among these must be named Mr. Thorpe's masterly editions of *Cædmon*, and the *Codex Exoniensis*, published by the Anglo-Saxon

vided, in the days of Bede, Alfred, and Ælfric, may, perhaps, be read with some little interest.

The year, which was divided into two parts, commenced with the so called *moder or medre niht*—(mother night), with the night which gave birth to the year; the second division commencing with the summer solstice on *mid sumor niht*. These divisions were again equally subdivided by the Vernal and Autumnal equinox. Throughout all the Teutonic nations the winter and summer solstice were seasons of festivity and rejoicing. By the Anglo-Saxons the winter festival was called *Geol* or *Gehol*, the season of rejoicing—a name which is still preserved in Yule—the common designation of Christmas in the north of England. The summer festival on the other hand was called *Lid*, or the feast of drinking, and some of the names of the months were partly derived from these festivals. Thus December, the month which concluded the year, and preceded the feast of *Geol*, was called *Arra Geola*, or before Yule; while January, which followed it, was called *Aftera Geola*, or after Yule. June and July were in like manner designated *Arra Lida* and *Aftera Lida*, with reference to their preceding and following the great summer festival.

But these were not the only designations for these months; the twelve months of the Anglo-Saxons being distinguished by the following characteristic epithets.

January, as we have already observed, was entitled *Aftera Geola*, from its falling after Yule or Christmas.

February was called *Sol monad*, or soil month, because at this season the tiller of the soil began to busy himself with the labours of the field, over which, as we see by illuminations in the old MSS., he now laid ‘of dung (or soil) full many a fodder.’ This name, we learn from Mr. Akerman’s interesting little ‘Glossary of Wiltshire Words,’ was long preserved in that county in a saying commemorative of the proverbial coolness of February. ‘Sowlegrove sil lew,’ February is seldom warm.

March was designated *Hlyd monad* (loud month), and *Hred monad* (rough month), from the boisterous winds which then

mittee of the Society of Antiquaries: Mr. Kemble’s valuable collection of ‘Anglo-Saxon Charters,’ published by the English Historical Society: Mr. Wright’s interesting volume, illustrative of Anglo-Saxon Biography and Literature, undertaken at the expense of the Royal Society of Literature; and lastly the exertions of the newly-established Ælfric Society for the Illustration of Anglo-Saxon and Early English History and Philology, which is extensively patronised by the most distinguished individuals in the country, and has commenced its labours by publishing the ‘Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church,’ under the editorship of Mr. Thorpe; and which Society deserves to be still more extensively supported, for its proposed publication of ‘The Complete Works of King Alfred,’ the editorship of which is to be intrusted to Mr. Kemble.

prevailed; and we again learn from Mr. Akerman that March continued to be called *Lide* in Wiltshire, as late as the time of Aubrey, who has preserved the following proverbial rhyme in which this name occurs:

Eat leeks in *Lide*, and Ramsins in May,
And all the year after physicians may play.

April was entitled *Easter monad* (Easter month), and May *Thry Mylke* (three milk month), from the abundance of that essential article of food to the Anglo-Saxons, at this season, when, owing to the richness of the pasture, they were enabled to milk their kine and goats three times a day.

June, in addition to its name of *Arra Lid* (before *Lide*), was also called *Sear monad*, or dry month, because at this time the wood required for use during the following winter was hewn and dried.

July, which, as we have already observed, was called *Aftera Lide* (after *Lide*) was also known by the name of *Mæd monad* (mead or meadow month), because now the hay harvest being concluded, the cattle were turned to feed in the meadows.

August was called *Weod monad* (weed or grass month), because as soon as the grain was cut and carried, the shepherds went into the fields to collect the weeds and grass growing among the stubble as fodder for their cattle.

September was called *Harvest monad*, because in it the harvest was brought to an end, and the harvest feast celebrated. This, which had in the times of Paganism been regarded as a sacred festival, gave rise to a second name by which this month was distinguished, namely, *Haleg monad*, or holy month.

October was called *Wynter fylled* (winter filleth or beginneth), because the full moon in this month was the commencement of winter among the Saxons; and November was called *Blot monad*, blood month, or the month of slaughter or sacrifice, because before their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons were at this season accustomed to celebrate their great festival in honour of Wuodan, when many of the animals, which they then killed as provisions for the winter, were offered as sacrifices to that Deity.

December, called *Arra Geola*, (before Yule) and *Midwinter monad* (midwinter month), concludes the list; in which we have not inserted the names *Wolfmonad*, *Sprouthele*, and others cited by Verstegan, because although in use among the Saxons of the continent, they do not appear to have been introduced into this country, or adopted by our more immediate ancestors.

But it is now time to direct the attention of our readers to the

valuable work by Mr. Hampson; the explanatory title of which we have transcribed in full at the commencement of this article. The original intention of that gentleman, when he commenced the work before us, was to have cast, into the form of a glossary, as many of the terms employed in mediæval chronology as he could meet with in the course of his researches, or of which he could satisfactorily determine the signification. But, as in the prosecution of this plan, it became obvious that the utility of such a glossary would be greatly increased, by determining, as far as possible, the age of such terms, while the attempt to effect this object necessarily introduced a multitude of questions connected with legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, not included in the original design, Mr. Hampson determined to embody these, as far as practicable, in a separate department. The work is therefore divided into four books.

The first, which is devoted to the subject of 'Charters and Dates,' contains a succinct sketch of the confusion in mediæval chronology, and much curious illustrative information on the subject of Charters, their forms, ages, dates, and genuineness, with general and particular rules for testing their authenticity.

The second book is divided into five sections, one introductory, and the remaining four appropriated to historical and critical notices of the various remarkable days and popular observances which occur in the Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn quarters, respectively. Unlike the majority of modern writers, who, when treating upon the subject of the year, and its history, and the various branches of popular antiquities, so intimately interwoven with that widely extended topic, are content to furnish their readers with a *riffacciamiento*, borrowed from the materials collected by Brande, Ellis, &c., Mr. Hampson has given fresh interest to this oft-told tale, by the industry with which he has collected new facts and illustrations from the writings of many foreign antiquaries, more particularly those of France; and from various works, which being illustrative of local customs, or provincial districts, are but little known to the general reader; while from the manner in which these various materials are combined and narrated, this portion of the volume becomes as full of pleasant reading as of valuable information. As an instance of this, we will quote Mr. Hampson's observations on a popular superstition connected with Christmas Eve.

"The 'Eve or Vigil of the Nativity,' December 24, which closed the whole year, was long marked by a superstition, of which the memory, preserved by the favourite dramatist of England, will live when all the

other popular rites, ceremonies, and opinions of this period shall be buried in oblivion. Shakspeare, Mr. Hunt beautifully remarks, 'has touched upon Christmas Eve with a reverential tenderness, *sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly.*'

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no sprite dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"Prudentius, early in the fourth century, noticed the terror with which the voice of the cock inspired the wandering spirits of the night:

'Ferunt vagantes dæmonas
Lætos tenebris noctium
Gallo canente, exterritos
Sparsim timere et credere.'

"It has been supposed that the song of the cock is heard on Christmas Eve in celebration of the divine ascent from hell, which the Christians in the time of Prudentius believed to have taken place during the tranquillity of the night, when no sound was heard but that of the rejoicing bird:

—— 'Quod omnes credimus,
Illo quietis tempore,
Quo gallus exsultans canit,
Christum rediisse ex inferis.'

"The Ghost of Helgi Hundingsbana (the slayer of Hunding), in the Scandinavian Edda, collected in the eleventh century, assigns the crowing of the cock as the reason for his return to the hall of Odin, or the sun:

''Tis time now to ride
To the reddening road,
To let my pale steed
Tread the air path.
O'er the bridges of heaven,
The sky must I reach
Ere the cock of the hall
Wake the heroes up.'

"And Burger's demon horseman, in correspondence with this notion, appropriately finds that he and his infernal steed, must, like 'the buried majesty of Denmark,' speedily depart because the cock is heard to crow:

'Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dunkt der Hahn schon rufft.
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen.'

"This widely-spread superstition is in all probability, a misunderstood tradition of some Sabæan fable. The cock, which seems by its early

voice to call forth the sun, was esteemed a sacred solar bird; hence it was also sacred to Mercury, one of the personifications of the sun. Nergal, the idol of the Cuthites, considered by Selden to be a symbol of the sun, was worshipped under the form of a cock. The anecdote of Socrates, which the elder Racine has so well explained, has rendered it sufficiently notorious that the cock was sacred to Esculapius, whom we have shown to be a solar incarnation; and the story of the metamorphosis of Alec-tryon, by Lucian, equally proves its intimate connexion with this luminary in mythology."

In a future edition Mr. Hampson may point out to his readers, that the author of the well-known ballad of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' printed in 'Percy's Reliques,' has, in the following stanza, anticipated Burger in availing himself for the purposes of poetry of that article of popular belief, which attributes to the voice of 'the bird of dawning' the miraculous and salutary power of dispelling evil spirits:

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray :
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

And, it might be added, that the demonologists of the middle ages supposed the cock to have been endowed with this power, from the moment when its voice was lifted up to rebuke St. Peter for his denial of his Master.

And here also we would observe, that in the foregoing verses from the 'Icelandic,' which our author quotes from Mr. Keightley (and the manner in which Mr. Hampson cites his authorities forms a striking contrast to the practice now so prevalent among writers of concealing the sources from which they derive their information), there is no allusion to this supernatural influence attributed to the crowing of the cock. For though the ghost of Helgi vanishes before daybreak, it is not from any power to recal wandering spirits being attributed by the songs of the Edda to the bird of morning. He is Gullinkambi (gold combed), one of the three cocks mentioned in the Icelandic songs; and his duty is merely to awake the gods, which is clearly shown by the following stanza from the 'Vaulu-spà' (as it is entitled by Ettmuller, whose edition we quote):

Gól um Ausom Gullinkambi
Sa vekr haulda at Heriafauds.

There sings by Aser Gullinkambi.
He waketh the heroes at Heriafadir.

We had proposed extracting Mr. Hampson's remarks on the funeral entertainments given in the northern countries, entitled

‘Arvil,’ or, more correctly, ‘Arval Suppers,’ together with his corrections of the erroneous etymological interpretation of the name furnished by Whittaker and the editor of the ‘*Encyclopædia Perthensis*.’ We must, however, content ourselves with acknowledging the general correctness of his interpretation, that the name is derived from Arfol, the feast, which, among the northern nations, was given by the heir at the funeral on his succeeding to the paternal possession, and with referring Mr. Hampson for much corroborative evidence, both of his facts and his etymology of the name, to the chapter on ‘Inheritance,’ in Dr. Jacob Grimm’s profoundly learned work, ‘*Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*.’

Mr. Hampson’s observations on Whitsun Ales—Church Ales, and all other ‘Festivals and Holy Ales,’ confirmatory as they are of the observations of that excellent antiquary, the late Francis Douce, deserve also to be extracted, but we must devote the space such extract would occupy to a notice of the remaining portion of these volumes.

The third book, which concludes the first volume, is devoted to the subject of ancient calendars—and contains a reprint of no less than six of them; which, as they range from the middle of the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century, may reasonably be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected from works of their description. One of them is believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, and although perhaps the matter which it contains may not have entitled it to the distinction of being reprinted, it well deserves attention as a literary curiosity.

The fourth book, which occupies the whole of the second volume, is devoted to a glossary of all the terms or dates now obsolete, but formerly employed in mediæval chronology, and constitutes, if not the most amusing, certainly by far the most useful portion of Mr. Hampson’s work. It is difficult to give a specimen, on account of the length to which some of the most interesting of his explanations extend: but we will extract the concluding passage of his notice of the term ‘Undern,’ a Chaucerian word, which has not only worried the commentators, but, as Tom Hearne tells us, given rise to great discussions among kings and nobles.

“Verstegan and the old glossiographers of Chaucer seem to be at a total loss to explain this word, which they take to be afternoon, as noticed by Somner, whose authority, however, mentions it only as one of the three times a day proper for drinking—undern, midday, and noon. The following passage, confirmatory of Hearne and the antiquaries in the reign of Edward IV. will set all controversy at rest. ‘On thæm thrym dagum (viz. gang dagum) christene men sceolan

alætan heora woroldlican weorck on tha thriddan dit dages, thaet is on undern, and forthgongan mid thane haligra reliquium oth tha nigethan tid, and is thonne non.—(Cott. MS. Julius A. X.) That is—On these three days, gang days, Christian men shall leave their worldly labour on the third hour of the day, which is ‘undern,’ and go in procession with the holy relics till the ninth hour, which is none or noon.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes upon Chaucer, has probably stated the facts which account for the difficulty there has been in settling the exact meaning of this word. He tells us that in one place the word *underne* is explained ‘*hora tertia*,’ in another ‘*hora prandii*,’ ‘from whence we may collect that in Chaucer’s time the third hour, or *underne*, was the usual hour of dinner:’ but Tyrwhitt not being aware that ‘undorn,’ dinner time, is universally used at the present day in Jutland Funen and Swedish Norway, it did not occur to him that when the hour of dining advanced to noon, that hour came to be designated by a name formerly given to the third hour of the day, because such name had come to signify not so much the precise hour of the day, as the precise hour of dinner.

The following short account of St. Urban’s day affords a good specimen of this glossary.

“Urban, Pope and Martyr, May 25. The sixteenth Bishop of Rome, who, having converted many persons, was put to death under Alexander. He sate from 223 to 230, and was martyred on this day, which is called a ‘*Dies Criticus*,’ or critical day, because its serenity portends abundance. Rain on this day equally threatens. In Alsace, which is fertile in vines, if the sky be serene on this day, they lead the wooden image of Urban with great pomp through the streets and villages; but if it should rain, they exhibit their indignation at the negligent saint by dragging him through the mire. Molanus Pontificus (‘*de Picturis*’) very bitterly reprobates this irreverent custom.”

With the following appropriate observations on this day—from the Earl of Northampton’s ‘*Defensative against the Poison of Supposed Prophecies*,’ we take our leave of Mr. Hampson’s interesting volumes, and trust we have shown how fully they deserve attention, and how useful they must be to the divine, the lawyer, the antiquary, and the historian.

“The countrymen are wont to give a likely guesse about the dayes of St. Urban and Medard how the vines will beare and thrive that year: not because the day gives any vertue to the grape, nor the saints (whose lives and constant suffering for Christ are solemnly recorded and solemnized upon this day) give life and influence to vines above the rest, but because the very time and season is a marke and measure of their forwardness.”

ART. V.—*Notices et Mémoires Historiques.* Par M. MIGNET.
2 vols. Paris. 1843.

Is it a symptom of intellectual dearth that at present so few new books are written by men of ability, and so many old ones reproduced? There seems to be 'a rage' for republication, almost rivalling that for 'illustrated' editions. Carlyle, Col. Thompson, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, and Jeffrey amongst ourselves; and in France every body who has written enough to make a volume, from Mignet to Chaudes-Aigues, reproduce their scattered effusions. Very many of these effusions had better have remained undisturbed; things written for the day and unworthy of the morrow. This censure is however little applicable to the present republication of M. Mignet's essays, which, though fragmentary in form, have the unity of purpose requisite for an enduring work. We remark, however, that each volume has a purpose of its own, to which all the separate essays are subordinate. The first volume is devoted to biographical sketches of MM. Sieyès, Rœderer, Livingston, Talleyrand, Broussais, Merlin, Tracy, Daunou, Raynouard and Frayssinous, all actors in the Revolution of '89. In narrating these lives M. Mignet has passed in review the Revolution and its crises, the Empire and its establishments, the Restoration and its struggles, by connecting public events with biographical particulars, and by showing the general movement of ideas exhibited in the works of these men in the various branches of politics, science, metaphysics, and belles lettres. This volume may be said to partly supply one great deficiency of Mignet's 'History of the Revolution:' it introduces us to the men of the epoch, as well as to its ideas and events. The second volume has a more historical character. It is composed of four essays on very different subjects, but all, as it were, leading into each other, and forming a series. The first, and best, is entitled 'Germany during the Eighth and Ninth Centuries; its Conversion to Christianity and its Introduction into the Civilization of Europe.' The second, also very interesting, is an 'Essay on the Territorial and Political Formation of France from the End of the Eleventh to the End of the Fifteenth Century.' The third, weak and below the subject, is, 'Establishment of Religious Reformation and the Constitution of Calvinism at Geneva.' The fourth is 'An Introduction to the History of the Succession in Spain, and Picture of the Negotiations relative to that Succession during the Reign of Louis XIV.'

Without perhaps positively lessening M. Mignet's reputation, we doubt whether this book will increase it. The merits of his history were very striking—its deficiencies no less so; its success

immense. In the present work he has exhibited a greater range of knowledge than we had given him the credit of ; but he has brought no evidence of greater talent, philosophical or artistic. The only improvement we have to record is in the absence of that fatalist philosophy which was so obtruded in the history. His style retains its stiffness and want of coloring. It is as sententious and antithetical as usual ; but seldom striking or descriptive. In his biographies we see no biographical talent. He fails in bringing the person distinctly before the eye ; because describing them in general terms, and unable to seize upon the peculiarities which stamp the individual. Broussais he has best succeeded in delineating, because Broussais was one who 'wore his heart upon his sleeve;' his peculiarities were thrown into strong relief by the vehemence of his disposition. Talleyrand is a complete failure. It is perhaps the worst portrait ever drawn of a celebrated man by one of ability. The same want of sympathy with men, the same want of artistic conception and pictorial power, is manifested in his essay on the reformation of Geneva: a more stirring, passionate, dramatic theme than any in his volumes, yet by him treated in the same heavy, lifeless, sententious manner. By M. Mignet and his followers men are sacrificed to ideas, humanity to its events. Men are not regarded as beings compounded of majestic hopes and grovelling desires, of heroic instincts, of prejudices, of interests, of enthusiasm, and of complex passions ; but as abstract quantities, as simple numerals in the great sum of destiny. What is the consequence? Whenever he is placed before a man, he fails to understand him ; whenever he is placed before an epoch, he is sure to misinterpret it, for men are not simple numerals to be reckoned on slate ; they are *men*, and epochs are their work.

In spite of this censure, the book does partly supply the deficiency we mentioned in his history: it introduces us to the men and their acts, if it does not make us familiar with them. So that with all its drawbacks we think the publication worthy of attention. The men were all more or less interesting ; and he has brought forward some novel information about them. We will select three of them, the three philosophers, for the reader's amusement. Sieyès, Broussais, and Destutt de Tracy, are of themselves sufficiently celebrated to rouse curiosity as to their memoirs ; and by selecting them we shall best typify the philosophy of that epoch as manifested in politics, medicine, and ideology. It will be understood that we avail ourselves here of M. Mignet's notices, which we do little more than modify and abridge.

EMANUEL JOSEPH SIEYÈS was born at Fréjus, the 3d of May,

1748. He was destined for the church, finished his studies in the University of Paris, and took his licence in the Sorbonne. Like most of his contemporaries he became possessed with the spirit of analysis and scepticism, which then was the creator of such new and daring schemes of social reform. He was enchanted with Locke and Condillac, and studied them deeply. He soon became attracted by the speculations of political economy. Appointed by the Bishop of Chartres to the place of chanoine and then of vicaire-générale and chancelier* of his church, he had made himself so respected that the clergy of Brittany elected him their député. The diocese of Chartres subsequently appointed him consellier-commissaire at the Chambre Supérieure of the Clergy of France. He here learned the practical part of politics, to which his metaphysical talents had introduced him. His studies continued; his name acquired more respect. The revolution was rapidly advancing. The reforms so passionately demanded by the people, so obstinately refused by the government, were daily become more urgent, more inevitable. The disordered state of the finances, which had already necessitated two assemblies of the Notables without success, now became so dangerous that government was forced to appeal to the états-généraux.

But how were these états-généraux to be convoked? Were they to be assembled as in 1614, by making them vote in classes, or were they to vote by individuals? If each individual was to vote, were the deputies of the tiers-état to be doubled, or were the ancient number only to be named? In a word, was the law of the majority to be substituted for the suffrages of classes, public welfare to private interest; such were the questions put by the government itself.

Sieyès replied. He had never before appeared as an author. Hitherto his life had been passed in studying both theoretically and practically the great questions of philosophy and politics. He had had no time to write. His first appearance as an author was crowned with a success so brilliant that it must have startled himself. He replied to government in three pamphlets, which he published one immediately after the other. These were, 1st. 'Essai sur les Privilèges;' 2d. his world-famous 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-état?' 3d. 'Moyens d'Exécution dont les Représentants de la France pourront disposer en 1789.' The prodigious success which that on the 'Tiers-état' obtained can only be understood by reflecting how completely it expressed the state of popular opinion; it was the distinct utterance of what the nation had been stammering so long; it was the political consequence of all the

* We preserve the French names, as translations always, more or less, convey false notions. Nothing can be more unlike abbé than our abbot.

prevalent philosophical dogmas, and it received instantaneous acceptance and applause. It may be resumed in three questions and their answers.

What is the tiers-état?—The nation.

What has it been till now in the political world?—Nothing.

What does it demand?—Political recognition. It wishes to be something. M. Sieyès attempted to show that the tiers-état was the entire nation, and that it could very well dispense with the two other classes, which could not dispense with it. 'If nobility comes from conquest, the tiers-état will become noble by conquering in its turn.' He contended that the tiers-état, composed of 25,000,000, ought to have at least an equal number of deputies with the other two classes, which were composed of 80,000 clergy, and 100,000 nobles; that it ought to choose its deputies from its own class, and not, as heretofore, from the clergy or military.

He called upon the tiers-état, which was not a class but the nation, to constitute itself a national assembly: in this shape it could deliberate for the entire nation. Bold as these ideas were, they met with universal assent. What he advised was accomplished; his hardy speculations became hardy acts. The états-généraux were convoked. Sieyès was elected one of the deputies for Paris; and when the privileged orders refused during a whole month to unite with the tiers-état and verify their powers in common, he boldly decreed the verification with or without the presence of the privileged deputies. He forced the commons to constitute themselves a national assembly. This assembly having been deprived of its place of meeting, reunited at the Jeu de Paume, where Sieyès drew up the decisive and celebrated oath sworn by all the members, 'Never to separate, to assemble everywhere that circumstances required, until the constitution was fixed.'

He had made a national assembly; he had bound each individual member by his honour to stand by him. In the solemn meeting of the 23d of June, when the king, having revoked all their previous orders, and commanded the members to disperse themselves, after the hall had vibrated with the tremendous and impetuous eloquence of Mirabeau, Sieyès rose. He felt that every thing in the shape of rhetoric would fall tamely after what had just been uttered, but his own speech was no less sublime in a different way, 'Nous sommes aujourd'hui ce que nous étions hier. Délibérons!' They did deliberate: and the revolution was the result.

Sieyès was also the author of the plan subsequently realised of destroying the ancient provinces, and forming them into their

present departments. He continued to assist in the deliberations of the assembly, but as soon as he encountered opposition from those whom he had been accustomed to govern, his ardour cooled. Impetuous and imperious in his theories, he was incapable of supporting contradiction. The discussion with respect to the wealth of the clergy first occasioned this coolness. He regarded tithes as unjust and pernicious; he desired, therefore, that they should be abolished. But, inasmuch as they represented a revenue of 70,000,000 francs, he contended that this was not a present to make to the landed proprietors; that they ought to purchase it; that the purchase money should go towards defraying the public debt, and thus diminish the duties. His opinion not being listened to, and tithes being suppressed, he uttered his famous epigram, '*ils veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.*'

Attacked on account of this epigram, he got angry and maintained an obstinate silence at the assembly. In vain Mirabeau endeavoured to excite his ambition; Sieyès continued silent. He refused to be named bishop of Paris. Elected member of the départementale administration, he gave up the Assemblée Constituante and retired into the country. He thus took no part in the second epoch of the revolution. One of his friends subsequently asked him 'What he had done during the reign of terror?' 'What have I done?' he replied, 'I have *lived.*' He had in fact solved the most difficult problem of the epoch, that of not perishing. After the 9th Thermidor he became one of the chiefs of the legal moderate party of the convention, where he proposed and obtained the re-entrance of his friends the proscribed Girondists. Nominated president of the convention and member of the new 'Comité du salut public,' he co-operated in those measures which were then adopted, and in the negotiations of France with the other European states. He went himself to Holland to conclude a treaty of alliance. He took a large part in the treaties of Basle. He exerted himself to the utmost to establish peace and the grandeur of his country. Called upon to prepare the constitution of the Directory in the year VIII. he refused his assistance. Named one of the five directors, he declined the dangerous honour, and retired into inactivity.

It was at this period that the Abbé Poulle presented himself in Sieyès' room and fired a pistol at him at arm's length. One ball shattered his hand; the other grazed his chest. Sieyès conducted himself with astonishing coolness. Called upon to give his testimony, and observing that the judges inclined towards the assassin, he returned home, and said to his concierge, 'If M. Poulle should return, you will tell him I am not at home.'

Some time afterwards the occasion presenting itself for conso-

validating his plans of peace at which he had laboured during the convention, Sieyès, who had refused to become a director, accepted the office of plenipotentiary at Berlin. He was not successful in forming an alliance with Prussia, but he saw at once that state was bent on preserving neutrality, and he announced this to the directory. On his return to Paris he found affairs discouraging: the directory drew near its end. 'Il me faut une épée' said he, and in Joubert he hoped to have found it. But Joubert was killed shortly after at Novi. Napoleon returned from Egypt.

From Provence to Paris General Bonaparte saw himself the object of universal curiosity and expectation. The glorious conqueror in so many fields filled the imaginations of the susceptible and warlike nation. But without Sieyès the general could do little; without the general Sieyès could not act. These two extraordinary men, types of speculation and action, were equally necessary to each other. But the glory of the abbé was soon to be swallowed up in that of the soldier. Sieyès somewhat feared Bonaparte, and not without reason. They were, however, brought together, and concerted in the accomplishment of the 18th Brumaire. There is something singularly interesting in contemplating this celebrated meeting, which, properly speaking, terminated the historical career of the abbé. With his keen penetration Sieyès at once saw that he had met his master. He preserved, however, greater coolness and resolution than Bonaparte; but he said the next day 'We have our master: he knows every thing, he wills every thing: he can do every thing.' Theory had given up the reins to Action; convinced that his province was to counsel not to guide, Sieyès resigned to more vigorous hands the rudder of the state. He would not consent to be second consul. With him the reign of theories passed away.

Bonaparte, however, knew the value of the abbé's ideas and in a great measure accepted them. Indeed from 1800 to 1814 all the constitutions were modelled on the plans of Sieyès, whose philosophy thus furnished the revolution with its fundamental ideas, and the empire with its legislative forms. For himself he refused participation in power. Nevertheless the senate chose him as their president, and the emperor made him a count. But he resigned the presidency and took no share either in the counsels or acts of the empire. He lived retired amongst a few friends who shared his ideas. The empire had overturned his plans, the restoration troubled his existence. He was exiled for fifteen years. He returned in 1830, and saw the revolution of Three Days complete that of '89. And in the eighty-eighth year of his age he expired in tranquillity and obscurity.

Sieyès was a remarkable man, but of limited capacity. He

had prodigious influence upon his times. He furnished the formulas of most of the political doctrines then current. He saw many of his ideas become institutions. But this led him to suppose that ideas alone were of importance. He believed that every thing which could be admitted in philosophy could also be translated into act. Hence his imperious dogmatism, which made him in every emergency insist on his views being accepted, or else proffering his resignation. Like most of his contemporaries he exaggerated the power of ideas; and would accept of no other means than those furnished by his own philosophy. Although unquestionably the greatest political thinker of his day, he has written nothing that will descend to posterity.

The subject of our next memoir is a type of some of the best phases of French character. His career was full of incident and interest; the influence he exercised in his profession scarcely less beneficial in its degree than that by Sieyès; and his character more loveable.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH VICTOR BROUSSAIS was born at St. Malo, 17th of December, 1772. His father was a physician of repute, whose occupations allowed him little time to devote to the education of his son. To the care of an amiable and enlightened mother whom he tenderly loved, and the feeble instructions of his curate, Broussais was alone indebted for the education of his first twelve years. But it is a mistake to suppose that time is lost, when instruction is retarded. It may be so, perhaps, with inferior organizations; but men of superior abilities are the better for becoming late learners; while the intellect is apparently uncultivated, the character is being formed. Hence the youth of men of genius has usually been unpromising.

Young Broussais was left to grow like a wild colt. He learnt many things not to be taught in schools. Above all he learnt fearlessness. His father often sent him during the night across the country to carry medicines to his patients. Many a time he was ignorant of the route, and let his horse carry him to the cottage where his father had been during the day. The intrepid boy thus traversed without hesitation, without fear, the dark lanes and deserted fields, and many ill-famed roads, hardening himself against the vague fears of the night, by accustoming himself to face real dangers. Even in his infancy he gave abundant proofs of that energetic audacity which signalized his manhood.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to the college of Dinan. He there went through the classical studies with success. The idle neglected boy showed when he set himself to work that his intelligence was more uncultivated than weak; and its vigour

soon enabled it to surpass in cultivation those men who had always been learning. He had not only a more tenacious memory, but a more precocious reflection.

He had not quite finished his studies when the revolution burst out. His family embraced the cause of liberty. His ardent and impetuous imagination was inflamed by it. The time arrived for participation. The Prussians, in 1792, had advanced to Verdun, and the alarm had roused the patriotism of all France. Broussais, then twenty years of age, enrolled himself in a company of volunteers, of which he was named sergeant. In one of the frequent encounters with les Chouans he signalized his force, his generosity, and his courage. The company of volunteers had been surprised and beaten. In retreating, one of his comrades was shot, and fell at his side. The war was without quarter, and the enemy were but a few paces in arrear. Yet Broussais, at the peril of being taken himself, stopped, lifted his wounded companion upon his shoulders, and continued his retreat, his pace somewhat slackened by the burden. Les Chouans fired upon him. One ball passed through his hat. But he escaped. Arrived at a place of safety, he deposed his comrade on the ground ; and to his horror found him *dead*. He had run that risk to save a corpse!

He could not long animate the company with his example. Seriously ill, he was obliged to return to his family ; and on his recovery he embraced the paternal profession. His progress in study was rapid ; and having attended the hospitals of St. Malo and Brest, he was appointed surgeon to the frigate *La Renommée*. On the eve of departure he received a letter from the mayor of St. Malo, which commenced in these terrible words: ' Tremble in receiving this letter ! ' It announced that the house of his aged parents had been attacked by les Chouans, who had murdered them both and mutilated their bodies. The grief and indignation felt by Broussais cannot be described. Forty years afterwards, says Mignet, he became pale as he spoke of it.

Broussais served in the war against England, in the frigates *L'Hirondelle* and *Le Bougainville*. But he could not always remain a mere naval surgeon, and resolved on completing his medical studies in Paris and taking the doctor's degree. He arrived there in 1799. He there became the friend of the illustrious Bichat, whose works subsequently influenced his own theories. After vainly endeavouring to secure a practice, Broussais turned his views towards the army, and was appointed *Médecin aide-major*. In 1805, he joined the camp, and followed the army to Ulm, Austerlitz, and through its victorious course over Europe. He was eminently fitted for an army physician ; robust, indefatigable, brave, decided, and sympathising : he was prodigal of his

attention to the soldiers in spite of the most imminent perils; and carried his spirit of observation into every camp. Transported now to Holland, now to Austria, now to Italy; passing from the mists and fogs of the north to the warmth of the south, he had many opportunities of observing the various effects of climate on men of various constitutions; and thus guided, he followed the history of each malady from its commencement to its end, describing the symptoms and variations with their causes. Consumption especially attracted his attention. He collected and compared the results of many observations; and in 1808, having obtained congé, returned to Paris and published his '*Histoire des Phlegmasies*.' In this work he declared that the majority of chronic maladies were the results of an acute inflammation ill cured. Inflammation was the starting point, he said, of disease. He described the march of this excessive stimulation, which drew the blood in too great quantities to the inflamed organs, changing there the condition of life, and after introducing disorder in the functions, disorganized the tissue, and produced death. His researches on inflammation of the lungs were very remarkable; but were eclipsed by those on inflammation of the intestinal canal. He drew attention to the fact, that this was the seat of various diseases hitherto supposed to have their origin elsewhere.

His work did not at the time obtain the success it merited. Books at that epoch made little noise. The sound of Napoleon's exploits drowned every other. Nevertheless, Broussais was flattered by the appreciation of several eminent men, among them Pinel and Chaussier. Appointed principal physician to a regiment of the army in Spain, he set off gaily on foot for the Peninsula, filled with the conviction of his power, and determined on producing a complete and striking system.

After the peace of 1814, appointed second professor at the military hospital of Val-de-Grace, he commenced his long contemplated reform, by the promulgation of his doctrine of physiological medicine, towards the formation of which a personal accident had contributed. The anecdote is characteristic. Seized with a violent fever at Nimègue, Broussais was attended by two of his friends, who each prescribed opposite remedies. Embarrassed by such contradictory opinions he would follow neither. Believing himself in danger, he got out of bed in the midst of this raging fever, and, almost naked, sat down to his escrutoire and arranged his papers. This was in the month of January, and the streets were covered with snow. While he was thus arranging his affairs, the fever abated, and a sensation of freshness and comfort suffused itself throughout his frame. Struck with this unforeseen result, Broussais, to whom

every thing was an object of reflection, converted his imprudence into an experience. Becoming bold by observation, he opened the window, and inspired for some time the cold air from without. Finding himself better, he concluded that a cool drink would be as refreshing to his stomach as the cold air had been to his body. He drank quantities of lemonade, and in less than forty-eight hours was cured.

Broussais' doctrine was briefly this: Haller had discovered the irritability and contractility of the muscular fibre; but this discovery had hitherto been sterile. Broussais made it his point of departure. It was according to him the fundamental phenomenon of all the organic functions. He said there was a vital force which presided at the formation of the tissues. Once formed, these tissues were kept alive by a living chemistry ('chimie vivante'). This acted by means of the irritability which was induced by air, light, caloric, aliments, &c., and provoked the organs to the fulfilment of their functions. Everywhere the same in nature, but unequally distributed among the diverse animal tissues, this irritability consisted in a contractile movement, which called all the fluids towards the point excited, where nutrition and the functions of the organ were effected. So long as the regular distribution and exercise were preserved, the vital phenomena were performed with the requisite harmony. But when the stimulating action of the natural agents became excessive or deficient; when the lungs were too excited by the air, the stomach by aliment, the brain by impressions and its own impulsions; when the quantity of caloric necessary for the body was exceeded, or not obtained, or was badly distributed, the afflux of fluids was superabundant towards the excited organs, their tissues became choked and inflamed, their nutrition was imperfectly effected, their functions were troubled, and disease succeeded. This excitation differs from the regular and healthy excitation only in quantity, and by no means in quality. It was either excessive or deficient. The excess and duration of the irritation produced a progressive alteration in the tissue of the organ, and, by a prolonged alteration death. Every disease arising in one organ would sympathetically affect every other organ. When this sympathy affected the heart and multiplied its contractions, it accelerated the circulation of the blood, and produced fever, which was not the cause but the effect of a disease. The organ the most exposed by nature to numerous and serious disorders was the intestinal canal, which Broussais considered the principal seat of irritations.

According to this system disease being either the want or the excess of irritability in an organ, the method of cure consisted in diminishing this irritability where it was too great, and increasing

it when too feeble. Debilitants and stimulants were the sole means. Such was the doctrine; and although subsequent writers and experience have shown that it was only a rash hypothesis which mistook the part for the whole, yet with all its faults it is impossible not to be struck with its eminently philosophical nature; the hypothesis may have been rash, but it was a happy rashness: one of those magnanimous errors by which science is propelled: an error leading to the truth. Broussais first exposed his system in the lecture-room of the Rue du Foin, which Bichat had made illustrious. A numerous crowd attended him; his system made a noise; his reputation grew daily. The doctrine he taught was new and easy of comprehension; he taught it with an eloquence as rare as it was fascinating. The room became too small for the audience. He went to the larger theatre in the Rue des Grès, and was soon enabled to lecture in the Hospital of Val de Grace. He revived the marvellous success of the professors during the middle ages. The powerful eloquence of the master drew along with it the exaltation of disciples. The doctrine of *irritation* became an article of medical faith, having its fanatics, and, if needed, its martyrs. Most characteristic is it of the French youth that this doctrine frequently provoked duels amongst the students.

Broussais did not content himself with oral exposition. He published his celebrated 'Examen des Doctrines Medicales:' a code of rules dogmatically stated, and a critical history of the various systems from Hippocrates to Pinel. The success of this work completed the struggles of its author, and procured him the undisputed throne of medical science.

But practice is the touchstone of theories; above all in medicine. It is not enough for a theory to satisfy the intelligence, it must also cure diseases. The system of Broussais wanted this last proof to consolidate its success. Unhappily people continued to die as often as before. The system excited suspicion; opposition contrived its overthrow. It was contended that irritation was not the origin of *all* organic troubles; the diseased state had other causes than the phenomena of a healthy state, differing not alone in quantity but in quality. Broussais had been too exclusive, too rash in generalizing. Nevertheless his merits were great, incontestable. He had discovered inflammation to be one great general cause of disease; he had followed the course of its progress in the various tissues; he had shown that chronic maladies were the results of acute ones ill cured; and had pointed out the organs which were their seat. His localization of disease was the most eminently scientific part of his theory; it enabled the physician to practise a more regular treatment, and to obtain a more

certain diagnosis. Moreover he called attention to the intestinal canal as the seat of many disorders, hitherto unsuspected.

The next step in his career was marked by his work, '*De l'Irritation et de la Folie*,' his object in which was to make psychology dependant upon physiology. The idea had before been worked out by Cabanas. Broussais brought his new medical doctrines to bear upon it. He pushed the materialism of the day to its extremes. He recognised nothing in man but organization and its functions. Man feels by his nerves; in the viscera are formed his instincts and passions; in the brain his thoughts; in his entire organization resides his personality. The development of the brain, and the different degrees of its excitation, cause the differences of intellectual phenomena. The weakest produce instincts, which are the débuts of intelligence. The strongest produce genius, which is the maximum of normal excitement. If this limit be passed, delirium ensues; if the excess continues, madness is the consequence. Imbecility is nothing more than the want of cerebral action; madness is the diseased state of excitation in the organ. We have only to notice the effect of stimulants or soporifics on the brain to perceive the truth of this theory. The vigour of manhood and the decline of old age is equally convincing. Men of genius have always been men of excitable nerves; their genius indeed has been nothing but this excitability. A cup of coffee or a glass of wine will change the languid, perhaps exhausted, orator or student, into an animated speaker or thinker, with full command over his intelligence. How so? Simply because the coffee and wine are stimulants: they send the blood in increased quantities to the brain, there provoking increased irritation, and consequently increased functional action.

'*L'Irritation et la Folie*' excited a fierce war amongst the opposite schools of physiologists and psychologists: its greatest adversaries were the disciples of the school then forming from the Scotch and German doctrines amalgamated into a pompous and empty system of eclecticism: perhaps the most unscientific system ever promulgated.

Broussais, who had been hitherto adverse to phrenology, was now led by his own theories to espouse its cause. It had two very considerable attractions for him: it was new and it was contested; these exactly suited one of his ardent, inquiring, and polemical disposition. He taught it with his accustomed energy, recklessness, and dogmatism.

But his end was now approaching. He had been long subject to a slow and cruel disease. He was aware of his danger, and followed the progress of the malady with the same scrutinizing coolness that he would have observed with another. He kept a

journal in which he registered every symptom, every pain, all accidents and their influence, all operations, and all the consequences which he foretold. Thus did the philosopher rise above the man. The last three days of his life he passed in the country. In spite of his extreme weakness and his approaching end he did not cease working. He dictated an essay a few hours before expiring. Shortly afterwards he was seized with the violent agonies of death. An organization so powerful could not easily be dissolved; death was difficult. At length he suddenly raised himself in his bed, uttered a piercing shriek, sank back again, and with an almost lifeless hand closed the lids upon his eyes, and breathed his last.

The philosopher we are next to write the memoir of, though not so great a man as Broussais, has perhaps a more European reputation. Destutt de Tracy did not bring new and valuable discoveries to advance the science he taught; but he systematized the discoveries of his predecessors, and his writings may be regarded as the logical development of Condillac and the eighteenth century.

ANTOINE LOUIS CLAUDE DESTUTT DE TRACY was born the 20th of July, 1754. He was descended from an ancient Scotch family of the De Stutt clan, who fought in the Scotch guard of Charles VII. and Louis XI. His ancestors continued to follow a military life. His father commanded the king's gendarmerie at the battle of Minden, and was left for dead on the field. He was discovered almost buried beneath a heap of bodies by one of his followers, who carried him away upon his back. He lingered for two years, but finally expired of his wounds. Just before his death he addressed his son, then only eight years old, in the following martial manner: 'Antoine, this does not frighten you, eh? this will not disgust you with your father's profession?' The child cried, and promised to be worthy of his race.

This promise he fulfilled. The young de Tracy became an accomplished cavalier. Few could compete with him *à l'escrime*, or in the *manège*; few swam so well, or danced more gracefully. The future ideologist, indeed, once invented a quadrille which retains to this day his name. He was enrolled among the mousquetaires du roi; was soon provided with a regiment of the Dauphin's cavalry; and at two-and-twenty became colonel in the second regiment of the royal cavalry. He was not, however, what is significantly called a *sabreur*, his accomplishments were not purely military. The philosophy of the epoch had fascinated him as well as so many of his contemporaries. He paid Voltaire a visit at Ferney.

In 1776 he became Comte de Tracy by the death of his grandfather, from whom he inherited a large fortune. He soon after married Madlle. de Dufort-Civrac, a near relative of the Duc de Penthièvre, who gave him the command of his own regiment. De Tracy was five-and-thirty when the revolution commenced. Attached to the interests of his province, devoted to the political principles which animated France, he took an active share in the provincial affairs, and was named by the Bourbonnais nobility one of the three deputies to the *états-généraux*, in 1789. Bound by his position, De Tracy could not join the commons till the 28th of June, when he did so with the majority of the nobility. As soon as he was enabled to follow his convictions, he sat in the *Assemblée Constituante*, on the same side as the Duc de Rochefoucauld and General Lafayette.

After having assisted in accomplishing the revolution it was necessary to defend it. De Tracy was named *maréchal du camp* by M. de Narbonne then minister of war; and commanded all the cavalry of the army of the north under Lafayette.

Disgusted with the course the revolution had pursued, De Tracy resigned his commission and retired to Auteuil, where he found a choice society: Condorcet, Cabanis, Maine de Birau, Madame Helvetius, and others. It was in this studious retreat that his philosophical career began. Unsettled in his object, he successively studied chemistry, physics, and psychology: at the last he stopped, convinced that it was the most important and the most fitting his disposition. He was snatched from these studies by the miscreants of *la terreur*. The 2d November, 1793, his house was surrounded, searched, and himself arrested and conducted to Paris, where he was imprisoned in L'Abbaye. Removed to the prison Des carmes, he there spent the silent dreary hours in meditation; and laid the groundwork of his philosophy. He patiently studied all the writings of Condillac, and afterwards Locke. Finding them incomplete, he determined on a more exact analysis of thought. During this study he was daily expecting to hear his own name pronounced in the corridor, and to see the door of his cell open, and to be led forth to execution. The day on which he was to be tried (and to be tried was to be condemned) was fixed for the 11th Thermidor. The eventful 9th saved him by immolating in their turn those who had sacrificed so many. In the peaceful retreat of Auteuil, De Tracy elaborated the system which he had conceived in prison. This system was an ideological reduction of all thought to sensation. *Penser c'est sentir*. Perception, memory, judgment, and will, are but the sensations of objects, sensations of recollections, sensations of relations, and sensations of desires.

This rests upon a quibble which we need not expose, but it met with great success.

Elected member of and secretary to the 'Comité de l'Instruction Publique,' he zealously assisted in the reorganization of national education. After the 18th Brumaire he was appointed one of the first thirty senators. A year afterwards he married his eldest daughter to the son of his old friend Lafayette. With his friends at Auteuil he maintained the well-known opposition to Napoleon, who in return covered the *ideologues* with expressions of contempt. In his commentary on the 'Esprit des Lois,' M. de Tracy put forth all his political opinions, which met with general approval. It remains to this day his most admired work.

While thus in the vigour of his age, and with a reputation daily increasing, his philosophical career was suddenly cut short. In the year 1808 he lost his wife, and Cabanis his dearest friend. These blows were too much for him. He ceased from that time forward to study or to write: he lived only in his recollections. This silence continued for thirty years.

The Académie Française, wishing to pay de Tracy a delicate compliment, chose him as the successor to his friend Cabanis. He was a long time before he could summon the necessary courage to pronounce the customary éloge of his deceased friend. When he did appear it was with evident signs of affliction. 'Do not be astonished,' he said, 'at the grief which is here mingled with my gratitude. The choice you have made to replace Cabanis is one of the most honourable and flattering circumstances of my life; the most flattering distinction I ever received. But I have not the less experienced a terrible sorrow in this distinction, which is owing to the deplorable loss I have sustained in the friend I best loved.'

In becoming old he grew melancholy. Almost all his old friends had died, and most of his opinions had been combated and replaced by newer ones. To crown all he had lost his eyesight. The only solace he enjoyed was in having Voltaire read aloud to him. This first preceptor of his youth was now the only author he could delight in. And thus, surrounded by his children, he expired in the eighty-second year of his age.

With him perished the last systematic teacher of the materialism of the eighteenth century. The merits and errors of this philosophy have been too often discussed for us to trouble the reader with any disquisitions in the present place; suffice it that the works of de Tracy were but the logical developments of its principles.

ART. VI.—*Beschreibung von Kordofan und einigen angränzenden Ländern.* (Description of Kordofan and of some of the adjoining Countries; with a Review of the Commerce, Habits, and Manners of the Inhabitants, and of the Slave Hunts carried on under Mehemet Ali's Government.) Von IGNAZ PALLME. 1843.

IT has seldom been the fortune of any man holding a prominent position in the world's eye, to be painted in such opposite colours by contemporary writers, as has been the present *de facto* sovereign of Egypt, and of almost all the various regions watered by the Nile. The aristocratic traveller, delighted with the comparative security with which he has been able to traverse the Desert, or visit the Pyramids, and pleased, if not flattered, by the personal civilities of the viceroy and his principal officers, has rarely failed to return to Europe full of enthusiasm for the Egyptian reformer. The military traveller has been equally disposed to eulogy, by the appearance of a tolerably disciplined army, and an imposing marine, while, at the same time, many Europeans appointed to lucrative offices under the viceroy's government, and naturally inclined to look favourably on one from whom they have themselves received favours, have not failed, through the medium of the press, in England as well as on the continent, to avail themselves of every opportunity to sing the praises of their patron.

How different has been the character drawn of Mehemet Ali by travellers of a less elevated rank! The foreign merchants resident in Egypt have, with few exceptions, joined in unreserved condemnation of his government, as one characterized throughout by hideous tyranny, the vices of which cannot be said to be redeemed by an improved system of police, by a more courteous treatment of strangers, or by the adoption of military discipline, and the maintenance of a powerful navy, not required for the protection either of distant colonies or a foreign trade. The hostility of the mercantile classes, however, Mehemet Ali has drawn upon himself, not so much, by any political crime, as by what the witty French diplomatist declared to be worse than a crime,—namely, a blunder. By monopolizing all the most profitable branches of commerce, he has made the foreign merchants one and all his enemies, and it is to them, we believe, that the anonymous attacks upon him, that so frequently find their way into the European newspapers, may, with perfect confidence, be attributed.

The travellers, however, whose narratives are calculated to do most injury to the viceroy's fame, are those who, like the author of the work before us, have mingled frequently with the humbler

classes of the people, and have witnessed the workings of the *reformed* system of government on the agricultural population. In noticing the appearance of 'Russegger's Travels,'* a few numbers back, we described, in general terms, the sweeping changes made by the viceroy in the law regulating the tenure of land. Under the Mamekukes, the fellah or peasant of Egypt was generally the owner of the land he tilled. He was often pillaged by his masters, often treated by them with cruelty and caprice, still his land remained to him, and as long as he felt himself the owner of the soil he dwelt on, he might hope, from its teeming abundance, to replace the losses inflicted on him by occasional rapine. Under Mehemet Ali the Egyptian fellah stands not in fear of being plundered, for he has too little of his own left to tempt the cupidity of the oppressor. The viceroy has appropriated to himself the whole landed property of Egypt; agriculture is conducted, perhaps, on a better system than before, under the superintendence of inspectors appointed by the government; but the former owners have been reduced to mere labourers, often scantily remunerated for their toil, and hopeless of ever raising themselves to their former condition of landed proprietors.

If such is the picture drawn by Russegger of the peasantry, even in the heart of the viceroy's dominions, in the country around the great capital of Cairo, we need not be surprised to find the subordinate authorities, in the remote provinces of the interior, indulging in the most extravagant caprices of despotism. Of one of these remote provinces we have an interesting picture in the book before us. In no page do we find an expression of severity applied to Mehemet Ali. A plain and unpretending tale is told of what the author saw during a nineteen months' residence in a country, in which no former traveller had spent as many days, and this simple tale, which carries with it the evidence of its own truth, lets us into the details of a provincial administration replete with horrors, the existence of which cannot be unknown to the viceroy, since more than once he has had an account of them laid before him by European travellers, and more than once he has solemnly promised to provide a remedy for the evils complained of.

The province of Kordofan, the most southerly, and consequently the most remote, of all Mehemet Ali's dominions, was conquered by one of his sons-in-law in the year 1821, but continued for a long time unknown to Europeans. Even on maps of a very recent date, our readers will look in vain for the country, and in some of the latest and best reputed geographical works we have not been able to meet with any information respecting it. The

* See 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. LIX.

few Europeans who of late years have visited Kordofan have seldom prolonged their stay beyond a few days, in a country, the climate of which is deadly even to the Egyptians. Our author is the first who has braved this fatal climate, without falling a victim to its influence, and his description of Kordofan may be considered the first authentic account that has ever been offered to a European public.

Ignaz Pallme is a young Bohemian, who went early in life to Alexandria, where a situation had been procured for him as clerk in a mercantile house. The partners of the house in question, believing that a profitable commerce might be established with the interior of Africa, determined to send one of their clerks as far as possible up the country, with a view to the collection of information. Pallme was thought particularly well qualified for this mission. He had already been sent on several expeditions into the interior, had made himself acquainted with the manners of the people, and had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Arabic language. He accepted the offer with alacrity, though fully aware of most of the dangers and hardships to which he was about to be exposed. He traversed the country in every direction, attended by one servant, and sometimes entirely alone; was one day the guest of a Turkish governor, and the next perhaps shared the frugal meal of a camel driver in the desert, mingling now in the busy throng of a bazaar, and lying down on the morrow under a straw shed, to struggle with a fever from which neither he nor his kind Moorish nurses ever expected him to recover. He did, however, recover, and returned to Alexandria, where he soon became a sort of lion, a man to be visited by all travellers about to penetrate into the interior. Several detached papers, written by him in Egypt, even found their way to England, and were read before some of our scientific societies. It was the French traveller Abbadie, however, who eventually induced Pallme to put the results of his experience in Kordofan upon paper in a complete form, and in compliance with the urgent advice of Abbadie the volume now before us makes its appearance, about three years after the young Bohemian's return from the scenes which he describes in a style graphic, lively, and entertaining.

Kordofan, as we have already remarked, is laid down only in a few of the maps of Africa. It lies between Sennaar and Darfour, between the 12th and 15th degrees of N. latitude, and its capital, Lobeid, which is situated nearly in the centre of the country, is crossed by the 30th degree of eastern longitude. To the north the province is bounded by the desert of Dongola; to the west by Darfour, a country that still maintains its independence, in defiance of Mehemet Ali's power; to the south the limits are

undefined, varying almost every year, according as a greater or less number of nomadic tribes can be induced to pay tribute, and recognise the authority of the Egyptian viceroy. The Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, cuts off a part of Eastern Kordofan; but in point of fact the pasture grounds on the banks of that river are occupied by the flocks and herds of Sennaar, and the people of Kordofan make no attempt to establish a claim to those rich meadows. With the exception, however, of the White Nile, Kordofan has neither river nor brook in its whole extent. The country, in fact, is a cluster of oases covered with a vegetation of inconceivable luxuriance during the rainy season, but presenting an appearance of parched-up desolation during eight months of heat and drought, when the thermometer, in the shade, often rises to 40 degrees of Réaumur, and neither man nor beast dares expose himself to the scorching rays of the midday sun.

During the rainy season the climate is pernicious, not merely to strangers, but even to the natives, for not a house is then free from fever. As the dry season sets in, the fevers vanish, but the extreme heat of the day, and the coldness of the night, are often the cause of severe colds, and these are frequently followed by almost immediate death.

Pallme gives us a brief history of Kordofan during the last sixty or seventy years. It is sufficient to say that the country was first tributary to Sennaar, was afterwards conquered by the Sultan of Darfour, and that under both these foreign dominations the people appear to have been prosperous and happy, carrying on a profitable trade with their neighbours, and enjoying a tolerable share of freedom, their foreign masters seldom interfering with them, if the stipulated tribute was punctually paid. Since the Egyptian conquest, however, all the outward signs of prosperity have disappeared, and entire towns and villages have been left untenanted, in consequence of the flight of their inhabitants over the borders of Darfour.

The first governor of Kordofan, after the conquest, was the Defterdar, the son-in-law of Mehemet Ali. 'I would have treated the accounts I heard of the atrocities of this man,' says Pallme, 'as mere fables, had not the tales that were told me by the natives been confirmed by respectable witnesses in Sennaar, and even by Turkish officers whom I questioned on the subject in Egypt, many of whom had been present at the scenes they described.' He then proceeds to relate a few anecdotes of this ruthless tyrant; but as the Defterdar was eventually deposed, on the ground of his oppressive government, Mehemet Ali can only be held partially responsible for this man's crimes. Yet a few specimens of his administration of criminal justice may not be misplaced here.

A peasant who complained of having been robbed of a sheep by a soldier was blown from the mouth of a cannon for troubling the Defterdar with so insignificant a complaint ; a servant who had stolen a pinch out of the Defterdar's snuff-box was flogged to death ; a man who had boxed his neighbour's ear was punished by having the flesh cut away from the palm of his hands ; and a negro, who having bought some milk refused to pay for it, and denied having drunk it, had his stomach ripped open, to ascertain whether the accusation was well founded. In his garden the Defterdar had a tame lion generally confined in a cage, but sometimes allowed to follow his master about in his walks. This animal had been taught to fly with the utmost apparent ferocity at every stranger who appeared, and the favourite amusement of the Defterdar was to look on and enjoy the terror of his visitors when suddenly attacked by the lion. On one occasion eighteen of his domestic servants, in paying their customary compliments on the festival of the Baëram, intimated that they were all sadly in want of shoes. He told them their wants should be supplied, and on the following day actually ordered eighteen pair of iron horseshoes to be nailed to the feet of his poor dependants, who, in this condition, were ordered to repair to their several avocations. Mortification ensued almost immediately with nine of them, who died amid frightful tortures, and then only did the ruffian allow the survivors to be unshod, and consigned to the care of a surgeon.

"Several volumes," says Pallme, "would be filled if I were to tell all the well-authenticated acts of atrocity committed by this human tiger in Kordofan and Sennaar. Not a day passed on which some poor wretch or other did not fall a victim to the tyrant's thirst for blood. He was quite a genius in the invention of new tortures, and seldom failed to impart a character of novelty to each succeeding execution. I myself saw many whose noses, ears, and tongues had been cut off by his orders, or whose eyes had been torn out, and who wandered about as living evidences of the cruelty of their oppressor. To be known to be possessed of wealth was certain death, for a pretext was never wanting for accusing the unhappy owner of some imaginary crime. By proceedings such as these the Defterdar was supposed to have amassed immense treasures, when Mehemet Ali, wearied at length by the incessant complaints raised against his son-in-law, found means to depose him from his governorship by causing to be administered to him a dose of poison. Since then the government has become somewhat milder, and some check has been placed on the arbitrary conduct of the public officers ; still, their distance from the seat of government makes it impossible for the inhabitants to complain of the numberless acts of oppression to which they continue to be subjected."

One of Mehemet Ali's negro infantry regiments is generally stationed in Kordofan, and in the colonel of the regiment is now vested the civil and military government of the province. The colonel does not, however, exercise an independent command, being liable to receive orders from the Pasha of Khartoom, whose authority extends over the whole of Belled Soodan and Dongola, and who, in all questions of importance, must confirm the decisions of the inferior officer. This, however, our author assures us is little more than a matter of form.

When we are told that the government has become milder since the removal of the Defterdar, we suppose we are merely to understand that it has become less sanguinary, for the governors who have succeeded him, appear to have all been equally anxious to enrich themselves by the plunder of the natives. Nor is this all. The province is divided into five circles, and over each circle, the colonel appoints one of the officers of his regiment to act as Kasheff, or chief magistrate. Now each Kasheff thinks that he owes it to himself and his family, to make as much as he can by his civil appointment, and they have constant opportunities to annoy those villages that have not been prudent enough to conciliate the good will of their Kasheff by a well-timed gift. Each Kasheff has a corporal or two with him, and these also must be kept in constant good humour by the heads of the villages. Nay, the very Copt who acts as clerk to the Kasheff, expects to share in the plunder. All other public appointments are sold by the governor to the best bidder, and the purchaser looks to recover his capital with abundant interest in two or three years, for beyond that time he must not expect to hold office, as his place will be wanted for some other speculator willing to pay a high price for the privilege of oppressing and plundering his countrymen. Now and then some flagrant act of rapacity draws down upon its author the vengeance of the viceroy, and the offender is either put to death or removed to some other province, after the whole of his ill-gotten wealth has been confiscated; not, however, for the benefit of those who have been plundered, but to enrich the viceregal treasury at Cairo.

An eastern proverb says, 'Where a Turk sets his foot the grass withers,' and withering indeed seems to have been the influence of Turkish authority upon the ill-starred province of Kordofan, where penury and apathy have succeeded to industry and abundance, till a general insurrection seems to be the only event from which relief can be anticipated. Such an event Pallme looks upon as likely to occur at no very remote period, and if the attempt should be attended by success, it is not probable that the

country will be reconquered. At the time of the first conquest, the people of Kordofan were totally unacquainted with the use of fire-arms. They are now better informed on this subject, and in case of a sudden rising, they would find in the government arsenals the means of arming a large force for the defence of the country.

The government taxes are levied upon each village in ready money, and the stipulated sum must be paid, even should the year's harvest have been utterly destroyed by the locusts. If no money is forthcoming, the cattle of a village is seized, and if this should not suffice to make up the amount, a number of the inhabitants are taken, and either enrolled in a regiment or sold as slaves for the account of government. Mehemet Ali has very complacently received the congratulations of English philanthropists for the abolition of the slave trade in his southern dominions, but we believe with Pallme, that the crafty old fellow has never ceased for a moment to be the greatest slave merchant, and the most extensive kidnapper throughout the whole of his dominions, and probably in the whole world. The great slave hunts which are annually made from Kordofan into the mountainous countries inhabited by the independent negroes, are a regular source of revenue to the viceroy, and furnish him with recruits for his army, and funds for the payment of his troops on the Upper Nile.

While these detestable means are had recourse to for the collection of a revenue,—and it is only a few of the abuses enumerated by Pallme, of which we have made mention,—we need not be surprised to learn that the great natural resources of the country are entirely neglected.

“The sugar-cane,” says Pallme, “grows wild, and is even then of a superior quality; for indigo the soil is, in many places, admirably suited, and various other valuable articles of commerce might be grown with ease. No less than 20,000 head of cattle might with ease be sent to Egypt every year, but their conveyance must be entrusted to more rational drivers than has been the case hitherto with the cattle seized in the country. No attempt has yet been made to derive any profit from the great gum forests of Nuba, from which alone a revenue might be drawn, far greater than is derived from the atrocious slave hunts. From ten to twenty thousand cantari of gum might be collected every year in the Nuba mountains, and two cantari of gum would be worth more than a slave, though they would be obtained with far less cost and trouble. When Mehemet Ali was travelling to Fazoklo, and accidentally met a column of slaves, he ordered them all to be set at liberty. Why was this? Because there were several Europeans in his suite. In Kordofan, at the very same time, the delivery of the stipulated number of 5000 men was rigorously enforced. I was the only European in Kordofan at the

time, and the governor condescended to request that I would not forward to Europe an account of what I saw."

Those who wish to read in all their frightful details the horrors of Méhemet Ali's slave hunts, will find a full account of them in the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter' for January, 1841. The article was written by Pallme, at the request of Dr. Madden, and was communicated by the doctor to the periodical in question. It is reprinted by the author in the present work. Enough, however, for the present, of the administrative abuses of a distant province, blessed by being subjected to the sway of so exemplary a political reformer. Let us turn a little to the domestic life of the people themselves.

"The houses, called *tukkoli* in Kordofan, are of an extremely simple construction. They are generally from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and of a circular form. Each has a single aperture, that serves at once as door, window, and chimney, and is just large enough to admit a man, provided he incline his body sufficiently. All the houses of a village are as like each other as so many eggs, and neither in the material nor in the system of architecture has there probably been any change during a long series of centuries. A number of wooden poles are stuck into the ground in a circle, according to the required dimensions, and the poles are bent inward so as to meet at the top. The form of the whole is that of a large sugar loaf. The poles are then connected with a kind of basket work, and the whole covered with a close thatch of straw. The ends of the poles at the top form a nest ready built, which is never long left untenanted, for some stork or other is sure to take up his quarters there. Simple as is the construction of these houses, they are generally so well built, that the roof seldom lets in a drop of water, even during the heaviest showers of the rainy season. Of these *tukkoli*, from two to five are generally erected for the use of one family, and the whole homestead is then surrounded by a hedge of thorns, in which is a gate likewise well strengthened with thorns, that is carefully closed every time that any one goes in or out. This is not done from any apprehension of thieves or burglars, but merely to keep out the hungry vagrant camels, who would else eat away the roof, and reduce the house to a skeleton, in an incredibly short time. These thorny inclosures are a great inconvenience to a stranger, who, until he becomes familiarized with them, seldom passes in or out without tearing his skin, or leaving part of his wardrobe to adorn the prickly fence. The expense of such a house is so trifling, that the poorest man may build himself his own *tukkoli*. The wood may be cut in the forests without any charge being made for it, and from five to ten piasters (less than two shillings) will procure straw enough to make a roof that will set the heaviest rain at defiance. Workmen's wages there are none to pay, for every neighbour is ready to lend a hand, and when the house is finished, the whole fabric is so light, that if a man finds he has settled in a neighbourhood that displeases him, he has but to call in some ten or a dozen of his friends, who with very little ce-

remedy take the mansion to pieces, and put it together again in a few hours in a more suitable locality. If a fire breaks out, no one thinks of extinguishing it, but all the neighbours immediately apply themselves to the demolition of their own houses, in order that they may convey the materials, and their little articles of furniture, out of the reach of danger. Whole villages have sometimes been taken up and removed in this way, when the ground on which they stood happened to be infected by an insect called the 'kurat,' that burrows under the sand, whence it issues in astonishing numbers if any one happens to place any naked part of the body on the ground. The bite of this creature is most severe. A straw mat, however, simply laid upon the sand, is generally a sufficient protection against the diminutive enemy. The more wealthy inhabitants of a town or village have often, in addition to their tukkoli, a somewhat larger hut, of a square form, with two entrances, to allow a free current of air to pass through. These larger houses, called 'rakuba,' are not, however, equally proof against the torrents that fall in the rainy season. In Bari and Lobeid, where there are several Turkish and Dongolavi residents, more spacious houses, built in the Egyptian style, are often to be seen, and though the walls are rarely formed of more substantial materials than wood and sand, with a covering of mortar, their appearance is generally remarkably neat, and it is surprising how well they resist the weather. Still, in the rainy season, they are not as water-tight as the common tukkoli. I have myself lodged in such a house, and found my umbrella a useful piece of furniture, both by day and by night.

"The internal arrangement of one of these tukkoli is of corresponding simplicity. The *angareb*, or bedstead, a frame with straps of leather fastened across, serves as a sofa during the day. A leathern shield and a few lances generally hang against the wall. A water-pot, a kettle for boiling food in, a vessel for brewing *merissa*, a kind of beer, an earthen dish for baking bread in, a wooden dish or two, and a few gourds to drink from, constitute the principal household implements. Milk is kept in little rush baskets, so closely plaited, that, after they have been steeped some time in boiling water, they will hold any fluid, without allowing a drop to ooze out. All articles of food must be hung up, to protect them from the depredations of mice and white ants. These insects are a real plague to the country. They even eat away the woodwork of a house, till they bring the whole tenement about the ears of its inmates. The only way to secure any thing against them is to place it on stones, up which they never attempt to creep, nor do they willingly expose themselves to the open air.

"No stabling of any kind is ever erected for the cattle. These are simply driven into the thorn-fence above described, which is expected to serve as a defence against any wild beasts that may be prowling about. A hungry lion or hyena, however, will sometimes carry off a sheep, in spite of the best fence."

The wants of so simple a race, living in a tropical climate, and on a soil that yields abundantly in return for very little labour, are of course easily supplied, and as the hateful slave-trade to

which we have already alluded, places it in the power almost of the poorest to secure to himself the compulsory labour of a fellow-creature, we need feel no surprise at learning that a large proportion of the population generally spend their time in utter indolence. At daybreak they all leave their couches (the meanest slave has his mat of reeds to lie on), and having performed the ablutions prescribed by their religion, they prepare to apply themselves to the avocations of the day. These, with many of them, consist in sitting down upon the 'angareb,' on which they had before been lying. Should a stranger pay a morning visit, a pipe and a bowl of merissa will be offered to him, but the natives seldom breakfast till they have been up several hours. Coffee may be had at a low price from Abyssinia, but is used only by the Turks, and the coffeehouse at Lobeid, the only one in the country, is never visited by the natives. We must give, however, in our author's own words, his account of a native breakfast to which he was invited by a wealthy proprietor in the country.

"On arriving at the appointed hour, I was invited to sit down on an angareb, covered with rich carpets, and a pipe and merissa were brought me; but I saw no preparations for breakfast, not so much as a fire on the hearth. I was satisfied there was no intention to put me off with a pipe and merissa; so, as I had not much time to spare, I asked my host, without much ceremony, where the breakfast was. He told me it would be ready directly, and, pointing to a sheep that was skipping about in front of the door, said, he had only waited for my arrival to have it killed. At a signal from his master, a slave cut off the creature's head with surprising rapidity, and then, without even waiting to skin the animal, ripped open its belly, took out its stomach, cleaned it, and having cut it in small pieces, laid these on a wooden dish. He then took the gall bladder, and squeezed it over the tempting fragments, as we in Europe might squeeze a lemon. After this, a liberal allowance of red pepper was shaken over the whole, and our breakfast was ready, the operations I have described having all been completed in a surprisingly short time. I was invited to fall to before the delicate morsel cooled, but I excused myself by saying that so exquisite a dish would not agree with a European stomach; and that I would content myself with looking on. I was laughed at for my bashfulness, and the rest of the party evidently enjoyed the fare set before them. In the sequel, I frequently saw this dish served up as a favourite delicacy, and curiosity led me to taste it. The flavour is by no means disagreeable. The pungency of the pepper and the bitterness of the gall completely neutralise the rawness of the meat. Nevertheless I never could prevail on myself to eat heartily of the choice morsels."

Pallme, though he had seen so much of oriental life, was surprised by the matchless indolence of his Kordofan friends. The women attend to some domestic duties, but where a female slave

can be had for a few shillings, the majority of the free ladies find means to spend the greater part of the time, like their lords, recumbent on the angareb, till some occurrence or other rouses them to unwonted excitement. They are too indolent to quarrel, and if disputes are rare, blows are still more so. Sometimes young unmarried men will fight out a quarrel of love or rather of jealousy, 'but the married are more tolerant on this point,' and rarely allow their peace to be disturbed by the suggestions of the yellow monster. The laws of a Kordofan duel, however, are peculiar in their way, and may not be undeserving the consideration of some of our aspiring young heroes at home, who every now and then are at such pains to prove their mettle by blowing a little gunpowder at one another. Let us hear how two rival lovers in Kordofan manage these matters.

"When friends have not been able to adjust the quarrel, a formal defiance is sent. The duel takes place on some open ground, and all the friends of the combatants assemble as spectators. An angareb is then brought forth, and the two combatants place each a foot close to the edge of the couch, the breadth of which alone divides them. A formidable whip, made of hippopotamus leather, is then placed in the hand of each, and renewed attempts are made by their friends to reconcile them. If, however, they are bent on carrying out their affair of honour, the signal for battle is at last given. He who is entitled to the first blow then inflicts as hard a lash as he can on his opponent, who stands perfectly still to receive the compliment, and then prepares to return it. They then continue, turn and turn about, to flog each others backs and shoulders (the head must on no account be struck) while the blood flows copiously at every stroke. It is a horrible spectacle, yet not an acknowledgment of pain escapes the lips of either, and all the spectators remain equally mute. This continues until one of the combatants, generally from sheer exhaustion, drops his instrument of torture, whereupon the victor immediately does the same, the rivals shake hands, declaring that they have received sufficient satisfaction, their friends congratulate them on their reconciliation, their wounds are washed, and sundry jugs of merissa, provided beforehand, are produced and emptied by the spectators in honour of the gallant opponents."

The costume of both sexes is described as extremely simple. The Dongolavi, the wealthiest of all the tribes, wear long shirts with full sleeves and white turbans. As these articles of dress are rarely washed, they soon lose every vestige of whiteness, and passing through a gradation of shades, are before long of the same colour as the skins of their masters. The other tribes, women as well as men, go bareheaded, and content themselves with a cotton cloth wrapped round the loins, with the end thrown as a drapery over the shoulders. Every man wears his dagger in a sheath,

fastened to his left arm. When going on a journey they arm themselves more heavily with sword and lance.

Considerable care, and immense quantities of oil, butter, and other oleaginous substances, are expended by the ladies of Kordofan upon the arrangement of their hair. The coiffure, after this laborious preparation continues glossy and black only till the fair artist exposes herself to a cloud of dust, when her head is of course powdered by the light sand. The oil and butter meanwhile become rancid in a very short time, when one whose olfactory nerves are at all susceptible, will find it difficult to endure the proximity of a Kordofan beauty in full state. Pallme describes the extreme inconvenience to which the women subject themselves at night, in order to prevent the discomposure of their braids and curls, but there are those still living who can remember when English women submitted to at least equal sufferings for the sake of their head-dresses, which were often arranged more than four and twenty hours before the commencement of the ball at which they were to be exhibited.

In their noses and ears the women wear rings of silver and brass. Before the Egyptian conquest many of these rings were of gold, but such costly ornaments are seldom seen now. If gold trinkets, however, are not to be had, brass, copper, and ivory are hung in profusion about their necks, arms, and legs; rows of bright glass beads are wound among their hair, and wherever any thing bright and tawdry can be fixed to the person, the opportunity is not often neglected.

The slaves, of whom there are several attached to almost every house, are, in general treated with kindness. They receive the same fare as their masters, and wear the same scanty clothing. The badge of servitude, however, is not wanting. This consists in heavy iron rings fastened round the legs of the male slaves, to prevent them from running away to their native hills, often almost in sight of the house of bondage. Attempts to escape are, nevertheless, frequently made, though seldom successful, and it is for such offences only that the slave is ever punished with severity. 'I never saw one of them flogged,' says Pallme, 'except for running away.' Neglect of work is very leniently dealt with. Probably, a Kordofan master can hardly find in his heart to be very severe upon idleness in another, when he is so very indulgent to the same failing in himself.

Our author speaks repeatedly in high terms of the kindness and hospitality of the people. Thus, in one place—

"I received so many proofs of the goodness of their disposition, that, in my own country, and among my nearest relatives, I could not have looked for better treatment. I had the misfortune once to fall sick in the desert, where, not having strength to sit upon a camel, I was ob-

liged to lie upon the sand till assistance came from the nearest village. This lay fortunately at only half an hour's distance. A kind inhabitant carried me into his hut, where I remained on a bed for thirty days. It is impossible to describe the interest shown for my sufferings by the good people. Night and day some of the women sat by my bedside, keeping the flies off, and cooling me with fans of ostrich feathers. More than once I observed a pretty young slave girl—Agami was her name—shedding tears at the spectacle of my sufferings. I could obtain no relief from all the contents of my medicine chest, and after the fever had raged five days, I was so weak I could no longer stir, and had to be lifted on and off my bed. For my own part, I looked upon death as at hand, and unavoidable. Amulets and charms were tied to my arms and laid under my head, to which I offered no resistance as I was unwilling to offend my kind nurses. An old prophetess was even sent for from a neighbouring village, who, after sundry incantations over a shell full of sand, declared that the Frank would recover from his illness. As soon as the wise woman was gone, my lady attendants lifted me off my bed, pulled off my shirt, and placed me with my back against the door. I felt now a sudden shock, and was unable to draw breath for some moments. A large rush basket of cold water, fresh from the well, had been poured over my body, heated as it was by a burning fever. To hundreds the experiment would have caused instant death(?); but mine was a strong constitution, and carried me through. I was immediately carefully dried, carried back to bed, and covered with several empty sacks and sheepskins. I felt some relief, and had some sound sleep, a thing I had not enjoyed for many days. When I awoke the women told me I had not sufficiently perspired, and must have another shower bath. I offered no resistance, and the shock was less this time, because I was prepared for what was coming. This time the desired effect was undoubtedly produced, for on awaking I could have fancied myself still in a bath. The force of the fever was certainly broken, and I was soon strong enough to leave my bed, and walk up and down a little under the shadow of some palm-trees. As soon as it was known in the village that I was recovering, all the inhabitants came to visit and congratulate me. At night a fire was lighted before the door, and the people danced by way of testifying their joy. I regaled the party with merissa, which added, of course, to the mirth and jollity of the scene. I now got better very fast, and was soon able to resume my journey; but never shall I forget my obligations to these worthy people, who took so lively an interest in my helpless condition, and that from no motive of interest or hope of reward, but from a pure feeling of love for a fellow-creature."

Most of the remarks hitherto made apply to the original negro race; but Kordofan contains other elements of population that must not be passed over in silence. The native negro race are, with few exceptions, agriculturists, and reside in villages, some of which, being larger than others, have been dignified by the name of towns. The Bakkara tribes, on the other hand, lead a

nomadic life, and are supposed to be of Arab origin, though from frequent intermarriages with negro women, the Bakkara, with the exception only of one tribe, are as black now as any other of the African nations. The Turks are too few in number to be looked on as a distinct class of the population; and most of them, moreover, consider their residence in Kordofan as only of a temporary nature, and hope to leave it as soon as they have scraped together money enough to enable them to live in comfort at home. A very numerous class, however, consists of the Dongolavi, or people of Dongola, who seem to have increased and multiplied in most of the countries of Central Africa. Nearly the whole commerce of Kordofan, and particularly the slave trade, so far as Mehemet Ali leaves any part of the field unoccupied, is in their hands. They are by far the wealthiest people of the country; are described as a fine athletic race, lively and good-humoured, but altogether deficient in those estimable qualities which distinguish the native race of Kordofan. The Dongolavi, according to Pallme, 'are a cheerful set of people, but have a surprising aversion to any thing like work. Truth never escapes from their lips, for they are, without exception, the greatest liars on the face of God's earth. They are not thieves, but they never neglect an opportunity of defrauding those with whom they deal. They are full of flattery and fine words, but utterly dead to any feeling of gratitude. Of all things, I would advise a European to be careful not to engage one of this race as a servant.'

Of the nomadic tribes, the Bakkara, there are several. Each of these tribes is governed by a sheikh, whose authority over his own people is almost despotic. These tribes are subjected to a tribute of about 12,000 oxen annually; and when the time for levying the tribute comes round, the several sheikhs are hunted up by the Turkish officers, who take care to levy a little tribute on their own account, in addition to what they are bound to collect for the service of the viceroy. Nevertheless, though subjected to this annual spoliation, the sheikhs are most of them wealthy, have large herds of horned cattle, besides horses, camels, &c., and carry on a lucrative trade in the various countries through which they drive their cattle. Where they feel themselves strong enough they seldom hesitate to lay their hands on any stray property that comes in their way; and occasionally they amuse themselves by kidnapping negro children, to be afterwards sold as slaves in the markets of Kordofan. Indeed until Mehemet Ali undertook his great slave hunts—with horse, foot, and artillery—it was chiefly through the Bakkari that the bazaars of Egypt were furnished with their customary supply of human bones and sinews.

During the dry season the Bakkari quit Kordofan with their herds, and wander into the unexplored negro countries lying to

the south. The Turks, however, are not, on this account, apprehensive of losing their tributaries; for it seems that in these southern countries, during the rainy season, a fly makes its appearance, whose bite, though not dangerous to man, is so destructive to cattle, and particularly to camels, that whole herds have been sometimes destroyed by it in a few days. As the rainy season advances, therefore, the Bakkari return to Kordofan with their herds, choosing rather to be plundered of a part by the Turks, than to see the whole perish under the attacks of a diminutive but irresistible foe.

Pallme, having made acquaintance with one of their sheikhs, spent some time with the Bakkari of the Lake Arrat, where he was hospitably treated, and admitted unreservedly into all their secrets. He advises Europeans, however, to be cautious how they trust themselves into the hands of these people, till the friendship of a sheikh has been secured. The Bakkari know nothing about Franks, and every man with a white skin is a Turk in their eyes, and, as such, to be slaughtered as an enemy, if a safe opportunity present itself.

Beef and milk constitute the chief food of these pastoral rovers, and milk is in such abundance among them, that even their horses are fed with it, and seem to thrive excellently upon it. Bread is a luxury enjoyed only by the sheikhs. Their tents are made of ox leather, and the whole encampment, including the ground into which the cattle are driven, is surrounded by a fence of thorns. This, however, is not a sufficient protection either against wild beasts, or against the enemies whom the predatory habits of the tribe may have stirred up to seek an opportunity for vengeance. Regular sentinels must therefore be stationed round the camp at night, and a number of men, ready armed, must hold themselves prepared, at the first signal of danger, to rush towards the threatened point. The guard-house, as it may be called, where this armed party hold their watch, is generally a scene of festivity throughout the night, for the wives and sisters of the watchers, never fail to repair to the place, that they may keep them awake with their songs and dances.

‘Their dance,’ observes Pallme, ‘quite different from the usual dances of Kordofan, has something fantastic, something really imposing about it. The dancers range themselves in two lines, the men in one, and the women in the other. The men hold their lances, and often beat time with them on the ground while dancing. At first their movements are moderate and subdued, but gradually the performers become more excited, the men dash their lances wildly about in the air, and seem ready to rush upon the supposed enemy, the women. These now seek to conciliate their conquerors, by assuming an attitude of submission. I can

assure my readers, that it is difficult to imagine any thing more picturesque than one of these dancing groups, on a dark night, the scene lit up by four blazing fires, perhaps, and every pause in the wild merriment broken by the distant roar of a lion, or the howl of a hyena.'

Our author gives a brief account of the several tribes and nations that border on Kordofan. Some of these are partially subject to the Egyptian government, but none of the countries beyond Kordofan can be looked on as the Viceroy's territories, nor do any of them even pay a regular tribute. Many of these countries are obliged to renounce the breeding of cattle, on account of the destructive fly, of which mention has already been made; but most of them have natural advantages, from which they either do, or might, derive considerable wealth. Thus, the Shillook negroes live in a country swarming with elephants, and export large quantities of ivory to Kordofan and Abyssinia, and Pallme even says that much of the ivory brought to England from India has been conveyed to us by the way of Abyssinia.

The Nuba negroes live in a mountainous, and comparatively healthy country, and might draw immense resources from their gum forests. Their hills and valleys appear to be free from the dreaded cattle fly, for they have abundance of cattle, and agriculture is carefully attended to; yet strange to say, with plenty of bread, fruit, beef, pork, mutton, and almost every description of African game, the favourite national dish is the rat, a delicacy, however, too highly prized, for any but the wealthy to indulge in its enjoyment. The poor Nuba negroes have two enemies, indeed, of whom they live in constant dread. These are the Turks and the locusts. The Turks hunt them for slaves, and the locusts every now and then eat up their harvests, and leave not a blade behind for man or beast. Famine then appears in its most horrible form, and parents will sell their children at such times to the Kordofan slave dealers for a few measures of corn. 'I myself,' says Pallme, 'saw a girl who had been bought for fifty handfuls of corn; and another merchant had bought eight oxen for a camel load of grain, and eight children at precisely the same price! These periods of famine among the Nuba hills are seasons of calamity for the neighbouring countries, as well as for the Nubans themselves, for the latter on such occasions sally forth on marauding excursions, to steal and carry away what they can lay their hands on.'

About five days' march south-east of Kordofan lies Takeli, a country which Mehemet Ali, on three several occasions, attempted to conquer, but each time his troops were driven back with considerable loss. Since then the sturdy sultan of Takeli has been left undisturbed, and the two countries trade with each other in a peaceable way. The whole of Takeli is mountainous, like

land of the Nubans. Were the latter also united under one head, they might be found equally formidable, and Mehemet Ali would be less ready to venture on his annual slave-hunts among their hills. The people of Takeli seem to have advanced further in civilization than most of their neighbours. They are described as good agriculturists, not only planting the cotton-tree with care, but even weaving a kind of cloth from its fibres. They are also bold hunters, as may be judged from the following description of their customary manner of attacking a lion.

“When the hunter has found the place where a lion usually takes his noonday repose, a tree not far from the spot is selected. To this tree the hunter repairs early in the morning, when he knows the lion is out in quest of prey. He climbs up into the tree, armed only with a bagfull of stones, and six or eight short sharp lances, and patiently awaits the return of his intended victim. Between ten and eleven, as the heat of the day begins, the lion returns, and, should he even see the man, takes little notice of him, but lies down to sleep away the time till the return of evening. The hunter also remains quiet, and waits generally till about an hour after noon, by which time the sand has grown so scorching hot, that even the lion cannot set his foot upon it without enduring considerable pain. Now the hunter begins by flinging a stone or two at the most sensitive parts of the animal's head. The latter growls with pain and rage, for it is rarely that a stone misses its intended mark; still he is unwilling to leave his shady couch, and lies roaring and lashing his tail, till perhaps a missile hits him in the eye, and inflicts a torture beyond what he has patience to endure. He now springs up, and rushes towards the tree whence his torments proceed, but he has scarcely reached the trunk, when he finds himself transfixed by a well-directed lance, and howling with pain, more from his scorched feet than his bleeding side, he crouches again in his former resting-place. The hunter allows him but little repose. Again, stone after stone strikes his head, again he rushes madly at the tree, and again a sharp lance is fixed into his side. Should the lion renew the attack, a third and a fourth lance salute him, but by this time he is growing exhausted by the loss of blood, crawls away to some distance, where the hunter's eye watches him till the lord of the forest has stretched his limbs in death.”

Pallme was desirous, he tells us, of visiting Takeli, and was even urged to do so by the sultan's brother, who, it seems, visits Lobeid every year, and as no European has yet set foot in the country, it is to be regretted that so good an intention should have been abandoned; but our author was assured that the people of Takeli knew nothing of Franks, and would infallibly destroy any white who fell into their hands, under the belief that he was a Turk. For these apprehensions, however, he satisfied himself in the sequel there was no foundation.

We cannot make room for the revolting anecdotes, of which the book before us is full, connected with the slave trade. Few of

our readers will be surprised to learn, that all classes are more or less demoralized by the effects of the hateful traffic, and in this respect the military certainly form no exception. The troops stationed in these remote provinces seldom receive any pay till after their return from the annual slave-hunt, when their arrears are usually liquidated by a partition of slaves. It is not an uncommon occurrence, on such an occasion, for a man to find his own father or brother assigned to him, but the poor soldier must not yield to the feelings of nature, for he holds his property in his parent in common with a comrade, who is little disposed to sacrifice a year's pay to gratify the natural affection of another. No, the poor slave must be sold to some Dongolavi for what he can bring, the produce is divided between the co-proprietors, and the afflicted son has perhaps lived long enough under Turkish rule to learn to console himself under every misfortune, with the customary exclamation, 'Allah kerim!' (God has willed it!)

Giraffes abound in Kordofan and the adjoining countries during the dry season, but always disappear completely some time before the rains set in. It is in the plains of Kordofan that nearly all those have been caught, that have at various times been brought to Europe. The old animals are never taken alive, though often hunted for their flesh; it is only the young ones that are preserved to be sent to Egypt. The Sheikh Abdel Had of Harasa seems to enjoy the monopoly of supplying all the menageries of Europe with these delicate animals, and his men are represented to be remarkably skilful in the pursuit of them, when the object is to take a young giraffe alive; to pursue the creature and kill it for its flesh is an easy task to any well-mounted rider, for though the giraffe runs with great velocity, it never runs in a straight line when hunted, but is constantly changing the direction of its flight, thus giving its pursuer an important advantage. Its conveyance to Cairo requires constant care. It must have four men to lead it, and as none but a very young giraffe will submit to any sort of constraint, a female camel must accompany the party to supply the captive with milk. Even when the greatest care is taken of the animal, it frequently dies before it reaches Cairo, where, owing to the difficulty and expense of the transport, a living giraffe is never to be bought for less than five or six hundred dollars.

All the usual wild beasts of Africa that figure in our menageries, or in our books of natural history, such as lions, leopards, hyenas, elephants, antelopes, &c., abound more or less in Kordofan. Of many of these creatures, however, the character given by our author differs very much from what we have been accustomed to read in our standing authorities on these matters. Thus, of all wild beasts, he says, 'none is so easy to tame as the hyena. At Lobeid, I have

seen tame hyenas run about the garden, and allow the children of the house to play with them and tease them, in all imaginable ways. An old hyena and her two young were once offered me for sale. The old one was muzzled, it is true, but she appeared perfectly gentle, and had followed her master three leagues to town, without offering the slightest resistance. The animal most dreaded by the people in this part of Africa is the rhinoceros, which, though it feeds only on grass, is the most vicious creature in existence, and will attack a man, an ox, a lion, or even an elephant, and that without the slightest provocation. The rhinoceros on these occasions is always the aggressor, and often pays for its temerity with its life, for if, at the first attack, it does not succeed in goring with its horn such an antagonist as the lion or elephant, the rhinoceros is lost.'

Pallme devotes an entire chapter to a description of Lobeid (in some maps marked Obeid), the capital of Kordofan. It consists of six different villages, each inhabited by a distinct class of the population. The inhabitants are supposed to be about 12,000 in number, and each family has its group of tukkoli or thatched huts, and to each set of tukkoli is attached a piece of ground, on which corn is grown for the consumption of the family. Though there are five mosques in the town, not one of them has a minaret attached to it, and the only houses of better appearance than the common native huts are a few two-story houses built by the Turks, with clay walls, that would soon be washed away by the tropical rains, if not protected by a good coating of cowdung. Nothing can be more monotonous than the appearance of such a town in the dry season, when every tree is stripped of its leaves, and each garden presents nothing but a surface of scorched sand to the eye. With the first rains all this changes, the most luxuriant vegetation covers the ground, the trees are all in full leaf, the corn springs quickly to a height that almost hides the huts beyond, the loveliest flowers spring up everywhere spontaneously, the thorn fences are hung with creeping plants covered with the richest blossoms, and the whole atmosphere is full of delicious perfumes. The houses are almost lost amid this abundance of trees and bushes, and to one not familiar with the place it becomes impossible to find his way through the leafy labyrinth, which looks rather like a wood or a park than like a city. The gentle showers that have wrought this sudden change give way, however, before long to the tropical torrents, which come down too suddenly and too heavily for the soil to be able to absorb the moisture; the water then ploughs up the ground, and streams are formed deep and rapid enough to drown the incautious passenger who happens to fall into one of them. Not a year passes in which several lives are not lost at Lobeid from this cause.

At the close of the rainy season the harvest is gathered in, and all begins again to look dry, naked, and scorched. The last operation of the season is to collect together the dry grass and set fire to it. Thousands of locusts that had lain concealed, now spring forth, and are eagerly caught by the bystanders to be sold, as a particular delicacy, in the market of Lobeid. As the nakedness of the land is displayed, many objects present themselves calculated to awaken painful reflections. The streets and lanes of the city are seen scattered over with the bones of men and animals, that a few days ago lay concealed under a luxuriant covering of high grass. These are the remains of slaves and domestic cattle that have died during the season, but whose owners have not deemed it necessary to bury them, well knowing that bodies thrown into open ground, will have their bones well picked before morning by hyenas and dogs, or that if these happen to leave their work unfinished, the vultures will not fail to complete it. The hyena, in fact, renders invaluable services to the people of this part of Africa, by consuming the dead animal matter, which else would in a short time corrupt the air, and probably give rise to most destructive epidemics.

The barracks for the soldiers consist only of a number of tukoli (about fifty) ranged closely together; but as the troops are all negroes who have originally been carried off in one or other of the slave hunts, they are always supposed to be anxious to desert, and, to prevent this, every encouragement is held out to them to marry. The married soldiers have separate huts assigned to them, and the consequence is that but a small number of the garrison are ever lodged in the barracks.

The only public place of diversion of any kind at Lobeid is the Bazaar or market-place, whither all classes repair, to amuse themselves by the bustle of the place, and by listening to the news which each returning day seldom fails to bring to light. Here, in the very heart of Africa, the affairs of Europe are discussed, chiefly in front of the Turkish coffee-house, and even when the heavy rains have cut off all communication with Egypt, news is never wanting, though its complexion is often of a kind, scarcely to impose even upon the most credulous. Thus, if mention happen to be made of Russia, England, Germany, or France, the story generally is, that the Sultan of Constantinople is about to adopt hostile measures to enforce the payment of the customary tribute from the Franks.

A sudden shower of rain will sometimes fall, quite unexpectedly, when the market is at its fullest, for one of these tropical showers seldom gives any warning of its approach. In such a case the sudden panic of the assembled multitude presents the

ludicrous picture. The men rush away in search of shelter, the women scream as they see their wares overturned, and the children are running about crying after their lost parents. It is not that these worthy blacks are apprehensive their clothes may be spoiled, for few have on more than a long cotton shirt, and most of them nothing but a piece of calico wound round their loins, yet they all dread the rain as if every drop were burning fire; their fright arises from a firm belief that to get wet from the rain is enough to bring on a fever, and absurd as this notion may seem to be, says Pallme, 'it is not to be denied that there is some ground for it, for any sudden chill, during the rainy season, is enough to throw the strongest man upon a sick bed, and bring him to the very verge of the grave.'

On his first arrival at Lobeid, our author found one European residing there, a Dr. Iken, from Hanover; but this gentleman shortly afterwards fell a victim to the climate. His grave was made by the side of those of seven other Europeans, who, like himself, breathed their last at Lobeid. Several of these were Englishmen, but Pallme makes no mention of their names. 'After I had recovered,' he says, 'from the attack of fever, which had so nearly consigned me to the same spot, and was just able to creep along with the help of a stick, these melancholy hillocks became my favourite haunt. I sat down there, and fancied myself among Europeans again; nay, I could fancy myself among those who sympathized with my sufferings in a foreign land, and in my ardent longings to return once more to my native country.'

The thing that makes Lobeid interesting to a traveller is the vast variety of strangers who are constantly arriving there from all parts of Africa, not excepting Tombuctoo, and even countries of which we in Europe know neither the locality nor the name. At daybreak all this mass of human life springs into movement, and every man prepares to go about the business of the day. With many this consists merely in looking for a cool shady place to lie down in, or in going in quest of a neighbour to invite him to participate in so important an undertaking. Nevertheless, more active scenes are not wanting. The herds are collected and driven out to their pasture-grounds by a herdsman, riding on an ox. The slaves, with their fettered limbs, are proceeding to labour in the fields. A caravan, perhaps, is preparing to start on a journey of weeks or months. The female slaves, while setting about their little domestic avocations, are singing plaintive ditties about their native hills. In short, the whole place is full of motion and life. About eleven the noon-day heat sets in, and the whole town becomes as a city of the dead. Each seeks the shelter of a roof, for life itself would scarcely be safe if exposed to

the vertical sun. A straggling dog is probably the last living thing to be seen about the streets; but even the dog soon creeps to cover, and this perfect stillness continues till about three, when all have been refreshed by their siesta, and prepare to resume their work. At sunset again every one hastens home to his frugal meal. Where provisions of every kind are abundant and cheap, even the poorest may depend on having at least a sufficiency of food; and 'should there really be one who has not the means of providing himself with a supper, he will not need to make any ceremony, but may enter the house of his nearest neighbour and freely partake of the family meal.'

As soon as supper is over, large fires are lighted in front of many of the houses; and around these fires the young of both sexes assemble to dance and sing. These festive groups continue to enjoy themselves till midnight, when all retire to repose, and the streets are again wrapped in a deathlike silence. This is the signal for the prowling hyena to take possession of the ground that man has for awhile abandoned; and during the rest of the night nothing is heard but the howling of the unclean beast, answered by the whining cry of the terrified dogs. And now, having put all the good people of Lobeid to bed, we are warned, by the extent to which we have already carried our remarks, that it is time we should bring our notice of Kordofan to a close, though there remains a large portion of the work on which we have not even touched. The chapter on the commercial capabilities of the country is of too technical a character for the general reader, and, if given at all, should be given entire. The two chapters on Mehemet Ali's slave hunts were written several years ago, and were published, as we have already mentioned, in 1841, in the 'Anti-Slavery Reporter.' The chapter on the adjoining empire of Darfour, on which Mehemet Ali has had his eyes fixed for several years past, though brief, is full of interest; and the same remark will apply to the chapters on the state of religion, on the prevailing maladies of the country, and on various other subjects. On these matters, however, we must refer the curious reader to the book itself; from the perusal of which, we feel persuaded, few will arise without having been gratified by the variety of information conveyed with a frankness and simplicity not always found in modern travellers, and still fewer without having been inspired with kindness towards an author, as free from affectation as he is replete with good feeling; one, who never for a moment attempts to discourse of matters beyond his ken, but merely delivers a round unvarnished tale of what he saw, suffered, and heard, in a country whither few Europeans had found their way before him, and whence, even of those few, only two or three have ever returned.

- ART. VII.—1. *Mémoires de la Société Ethnologique*. Vol. 1. Paris: Dondey Dupré. 1841.
2. *The Foulahs of Central Africa, and the African Slave Trade*. By W. B. HODGSON, of Savannah, Georgia. 1843.
3. *On the Study of Ethnology*. By Dr. E. DIEFFENBACH. London: 1843.

THE times are now long past when learned men used reciprocally to communicate the result of their studies in epistles scarcely less ponderous than their printed works. It has now been rendered impossible that a second Demoiselle Gournay should hear for the first time in a Latin epistle from the remotest recesses of Germany, of the existence, the genius, and the eloquence of a second Montaigne. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Modern civilization has promoted a pretty free circulation of ideas. Steam not only reproduces by thousands of copies the thoughts of every man whose thoughts are worth knowing, but whirls them over the surface of the land, or bears them triumphantly over the sea to the remotest corners of the habitable globe. But this impartial distribution of intelligence, literary or otherwise, is far from satisfying the wishes of scientific men. They desire to pursue their investigations simultaneously, and therefore in some degree publicly, but at the same time to enjoy as much as possible the advantages of privacy. A society accordingly is their only resource, and we have societies of all kinds, geographical, geological, and microscopical; associations have been formed for the purpose of speculating on shells, stones, soils, plants, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects; but until now who have thought of uniting for the study of man?

To France is due the honour of being the first country to produce an Ethnological Society, though the suggestion we believe came from England. At least it was in consequence of a communication from Dr. Hodgkin on the part of the Aborigines Protection Society, that Dr. Edwards and his friends in Paris determined to associate together for the purpose of examining the human race in order to ascertain, as far as possible, its origin, and gather materials for a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind than had yet been obtained. Dr. Edwards had already published a work, entitled ‘*Des Caractères Physiologiques des Races Humaines, considérés dans leurs rapports avec l’Histoire*,’ which had attracted much attention, and he was enabled in a very short time to obtain the co-operation of many of the most distinguished members of the Institute and of the Geographical Society of Paris. A central committee was then formed, and a code of laws constructed, which was submitted—this will sound strangely to Eng-

lish ears—to the consideration of the government. Fancy the London Ethnological Society submitting its voluminous rules and regulations to Sir Robert Peel, or Sir James Graham! To let this pass, however, an *arrêté*, dated Paris, August 20th, 1839, and signed ‘Villemain,’ (the approbation of the minister of the interior having been explicitly expressed,) authorized the establishment of a scientific society to be called the Ethnological Society, ‘having for its object the study of the races of mankind in the historical traditions, the languages, and the physical and moral characteristics of every people.’ The first meeting took place three days afterwards, since which time the sittings of the ‘Société Ethnologique’ have been continued on the fourth Friday in each month.

Those who drew up the statutes of this body, announce its objects in the following words: ‘The principal elements by which the races of mankind are distinguished, are, their physical organization, their intellectual and moral character, their languages and their historical traditions; these various elements have not yet been so studied as to erect the science of ethnology on its true foundations. It is in order to arrive at this result by a continued series of observations, and to determine what are in reality the different races of mankind, that the Ethnological Society of Paris has been established.’

After this general statement of the views and nature of the society, there follows a series of articles sketching the plan to be adopted for the attainment of the objects set forth. In the first place, all observations calculated to throw light on the various races, at present, or formerly, existing on the earth, are to be collected, arranged, and published. For this purpose members engage to communicate papers, and the society corresponds with all other scientific, religious, and philanthropic associations, as well as with the learned, with travellers, and all individuals who may be enabled to afford them information. To facilitate the researches of those who may be disposed to render assistance, it publishes a general paper of instructions as to the points on which light is more especially required to be thrown, and is ready to communicate to whoever may desire it, a series of inquiries adapted to any particular country. It enters into its design, moreover, to make collections, to bring together drawings and objects which may assist in forming a conception of the physical characters of races; and to collect all such products of art and industry as may contribute to the accurate appreciation of the degree of intelligence exhibited by each people. Finally, whilst keeping steadily in view its scientific object, the society has engaged to exert

itself as much as possible in ameliorating the condition of the aborigines of those countries which may have been, or may hereafter be, conquered by any of the nations of Europe — that is to say, to co-operate with the English Aborigines Protection Society.

A similar plan had already been conceived in England, and the first step towards its accomplishment had been taken by the formation of an ethnological section in the British Association, before the letter which communicated the establishment of the French Society was received by Dr. Hodgkin. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that the first meeting of the English Society was called together to hear the paper of Dr. Dieffenbach 'On the Study of Ethnology.' By the termination of the session, however, the indefatigable exertions of Dr. Richard King, secretary, had succeeded in collecting the names of more than 120 gentlemen. Encouraged by this good fortune, on the 22d of November, 1843, the society again met at the house of Dr. Hodgkin, who has generously received and entertained the members both during the first and second sessions, for the purpose of electing officers. It is now in active operation under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, with the Archbishop of Dublin, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Messrs. G. B. Greenough, F.R.S., and James Cowles Prichard, M.D., as Vice-Presidents.

'The Ethnological Society of London is formed,' says the book of regulations, 'for the purpose of inquiring into the distinguishing characteristics, physical and moral, of the varieties of mankind, which inhabit, or have inhabited, the earth; and to ascertain the causes of such characteristics.'

It would perhaps have been impossible to select a wider field of investigation, in which there would have been any unity of design. It is proposed to subject human nature, in all its varied phases, to a strict and searching scrutiny, in order to discover the nature and the causes of the differences which are observed to exist between one race and another. Such a scrutiny, to lead to any certain results, must be based on an extensive knowledge of the features of resemblance between man and man, that is, on a philosophy which embraces every thing that is not accidental in our nature. It may be said, this philosophy will grow up in the mind as the investigation proceeds. True. Until it has grown up, however, we must expect nothing more than a series of scattered experiments, highly valuable, doubly so perhaps from their independence of a system, but no combination of results, no criticism, no theory. The study of ethnology, in fact, cannot be pushed far without the necessity being felt of something on

which it may rest—of something broader than any science which draws its conclusions from the examination of any particular order of individuals, in one word, of the ‘*philosophia prima*,’ as Bacon calls it. It appears to us that a majority of those who have already written on the subject have been ill-furnished with general ideas, and that most of their errors, most of their hasty conclusions, may be traced to this source.

If we now examine the papers which have been already read before the ethnological societies of London and Paris, we shall find that, as far as they go, they form admirable materials for future speculation. The first volume of the French ‘*Mémoires*’ is now before us. It contains, in addition to the minutes of each meeting, some very valuable papers. In the first place we find a reprint of the work of Dr. Edwards, to which we have already alluded, and which may in some sort be said to have suggested the society. The author, moreover, up to the period of his recent death, constantly presided, and made some very useful presents to the library and museum. His essay is remarkable for extreme ingenuity, but he has generalized somewhat hastily, and there remain strong doubts on our mind whether he has discovered the real types of the Gall and the Kimri. His argument on the Jews, besides, falls to the ground before the single fact, that the individuals of that nation have varied most remarkably in every country where they have settled long; so that the Polish Jew is different from the Portuguese Jew, and the English from both. In the east, also, the Israelites assume a new, but not at all uniform aspect. In Egypt they are by no means the same as in Damascus, or Persia, or Constantinople. We have been assured, besides, by those who have seen the figures on the ancient Egyptian tombs, supposed to be Jews, and which give occasion to Dr. Edwards to affirm that the type of the nation is absolutely unchanged, that the resemblance is so faint as hardly to be discerned but by a prejudiced eye.

The next paper, entitled ‘*A Sketch of the Present State of Anthropology, or the Natural History of Man*,’ is by the same author, and is chiefly remarkable for an outline of his own work, in which he says he has distinguished most of the races of the continent of Europe, and described their physical characters correctly. This is far too high praise; the rapid excursion which he took through Belgium, the north and east of France, Italy, and part of Switzerland, not having been sufficient to enable him to perform what he attempted.

The Memoir on the Guanches, by Sabin Berthelot, is an admirable performance, full of curious information concerning a people which we must consider extinct; for though there may be Guanche

blood in the veins of the mountaineers of the Canaries, and remnants among them of their old customs and language, yet the Europeans, by the introduction of new manners, as well as by immigration, have destroyed all vestige of nationality. Among the most remarkable passages in this paper is that on the guayres or councillors of Canaria. The feats of strength performed by these heroes reminds us of those related by Homer. There is a striking resemblance between the account of the wrestling match between Guanhaven and Caytafa, and that between Odysseus and Ajax in the games in honour of Patroclus.

Théodore Pavie's '*Mémoire sur les Parses*' is interesting but incomplete. It contains scarcely any information on the marriage state among these fire-worshippers, and makes no allusion to the power possessed by the husband in certain cases of taking a second wife. Our readers are doubtless aware of the prominence this question has assumed in consequence of the case of the Parsee lady which is now making so great a stir at Bombay. Similar reasons render M. Benet's communication on the Sikhs more than usually important at the present moment. The author, in his capacity of physician to the Maharajah Ranjit-Singh, possessed ample opportunities for studying what he professes to describe, and has accomplished his task with great success. There is a bluntness and at the same time a piquancy in his style, which confer a certain charm on his performance independent of the value of the facts.


The paper next following is by Colonel J. Jackson, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and is of a general nature. It points out, in a very clear and concise manner, in what way the observation of the arts and inventions of savage life may be made conducive to the scientific study of the races of mankind. We differ, however, from the author on one point. We do not think that there exists at present any reason to believe that the observation of the artistical performances of the inferior animals has ever, among an infant people, given a single impulse to human invention.

An elaborate work on the history and origin of the Foulahs, by Gustave D'Eichthal, forms, with its appendices, the second part of the first volume of the French Memoirs. It is principally occupied in discussing the Malay origin of the Foulahs, which has been since denied by Dr. Pritchard, and doubted by Mr. Hodgson, in the very able essay, the title of which we have given at the head of this article. This is not the place to enter into a discussion on the merits of M. D'Eichthal's theory. We can only say that, in support of it, he has exhibited much learning and ingenuity.

Having thus furnished our readers with some idea of the direction which the studies of the French Ethnological Society have taken, we shall give a brief sketch of the papers which have been read at the London Society. Of these only one has been as yet published,—namely, the first, ‘On the Study of Ethnology,’ by Dr. Dieffenbach. It was read at the preliminary meeting Jan. 31, 1843, and contains a rapid view of the domains of the new science, pointing out what has already been done and what remains to be accomplished. It is necessarily imperfect, but may be consulted with advantage by any one who would obtain in a short space of time a conception of the true nature of ethnology. It must be borne in mind, however, that no complete definition of the science has ever yet been given. We may expect this some day; but at present our knowledge is too slight for it to be constructed.

Five other papers were read on the four meetings following, each entertaining and valuable in its way. Among them were two by Dr. Richard King, the secretary, on the Esquimaux, which contained a very complete view of their physical structure, arts, and manufactures. The section which attracted most attention was the very graphic description of the mode adopted in Labrador of building snow-houses in winter. A good deal of interest, too, was excited by the discussion on the stature of the Esquimaux, the average of which, Dr. King stated, from personal observation, to be five feet seven, whereas they are commonly believed to be a nation of dwarfs. The Bathurst tribe of the Australians, and the New Zealanders, formed the subject of two other papers; the first by Mr. Edwin Suttor, the second by Dr. Obadiah Pineo, both travellers. The concluding paper of the first session, ‘On the Physical Characters of the Ancient Greeks,’ was by Mr. James Augustus St. John, who entered into many curious details on the influence of climate, and showed in what manner the denuding of the mountains of Greece of forests affected the condition of the population. He showed that the absence of wood has necessarily induced the absence of water, by which means many rivers have become exhausted before they can reach the sea, spreading into marshy lakes, from which arise noxious exhalations, the active agents in the production of fevers and other diseases. He suggested, also, in what way these circumstances might act on the moral character of the people; and drew many very startling conclusions from the facts he adduced, which his intimate acquaintance with the subject, however, warranted him in doing.

At the opening of the present session was read an elaborate




paper, by Dr. Hodgkin, on the history of ethnology, which proved, that already had the science made progress since the establishment of the society. We cannot here give an outline of the author's observations. Our space forbids it. We must say, however, that he has presented the best general view of the past and present state of ethnology that has yet been offered. Nevertheless, we shall venture to make a few observations of a critical nature, which may perhaps be not unuseful to those who desire to have as complete an idea as possible of the prospects of the science.

In the first place, it is worthy of remark, that, although the plan sketched out by all who have attempted to take general views of ethnology, has embraced man in his various aspects—from the cradle to the grave—from the very depths of savageness to the highest point of civilization; yet, both in writing and conversation, ethnologists at present seem to direct their chief attention to the study of the lowest stages to which our nature has descended. This is not the result of mere accident. The fact is, the science of ethnology is yet in its infancy. Its limits are by no means strictly defined, neither is it obvious to every one whither it will lead. For this reason, they who apply themselves to the study of it, not feeling exactly certain of the ground on which they are treading, confine themselves within the narrowest possible limits, fearing, as it were, to be found trespassing on the territories of another science. Besides, it is always easier to observe and describe the peculiarities of a savage tribe than those of one more advanced in civilization. In the latter case, the habits of what is called a state of nature have been in a great measure abandoned, or so modified by circumstances as to be completely disguised. But something is still left. The texture of the original canvass appears through the varied coats of colours which have been laid on at each successive stage of refinement. It is not enough, then, to delineate a people as they are,—in itself no easy task,—we must trace them back through past ages, deprive them in imagination, one by one, of all that they have acquired in the progress of time, and restore, if we may so speak, the savage man, in order to compare him with other savage men, and determine the degree of affinity that exists between them.

We have here for a moment supposed the truth of the theory according to which the most stupid and ignorant savage it is possible to conceive, sunk in the scale of intelligence below most brutes, is the father of the glorious human race. We suspect, however, that he who will patiently retrace the steps of civilization, will

arrive at a point, nearly midway, at which he must suppose the onward movement to have commenced. Every thing beyond that he will find is retrograde. We have a tendency to deteriorate as well as to ameliorate. Savage nations appear to us to be in a state of degradation. We think we can discern in most of them the remnants of a vanished system of things. Their traditions point almost invariably to a happier state of existence, something analogous to that which they hope to enjoy hereafter. Many of their arts and contrivances seem mutilated and imperfect recollections of something more excellent and complete. They have nothing infantine in their character. They are the awkward attempts of a second childhood to emulate the performances of manhood.

The truth of what we here incidentally advance may be tested by an examination of the records of past times preserved in the legends of wild nations, of their manners, arts, and whole mode of existence. By this means it will be possible to ascend to the point to which we may descend by a critical study of civilized races. It is not, perhaps, unreasonable to investigate the savage nations first. If we recommend an occasional deviation from this practice it is because we think it probable, if it be too strictly adhered to, that when the time shall come for making a step in advance it will be found that a wrong and narrow theory of ethnology has been formed, and that some difficulty will be encountered in the attempt to lead the public mind into new fields of inquiry. For these reasons we imagine it would be advisable to mingle with papers, such as those of Drs. King and Pineo on the Esquimaux and New Zealanders, disquisitions on the ancient Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks (an example of which has already been given by Mr. St. John), the Etruscans, the Romans, the Germans, the French, and the English. Much may be discovered by comparing the various stages of civilization one with another, and exhibiting what elements have been lost and what gained in each. The study of the forms taken by thought, in different nations, at corresponding epochs of their progress, may bring to light not a little that is new and valuable. We are of opinion indeed, that far more is to be gained by psychological than by philological investigations. These however should not be rejected. Assistance should be sought from the grammarian as well as the philosopher. From this it will be seen that we agree entirely with Dr. Hodgkin's observation, that the study of ethnology is by no means the peculiar province of the medical man. We equally dissent from those who believe that we should look principally to the future traveller for materials on which to base our theories. As much perhaps is to be learned by speculation on existing data as



by observation; and it would be well to bear in mind that our libraries contain almost inexhaustible stores of facts, records of states of existence, the like of which may never again recur, and which must not be forgotten. We think that many persons show a disposition to underrate the amount of attention that has been paid to the subject of man by voyagers and travellers. Their observations, it is true, have been often unskilfully made and carelessly recorded. But still the task of extracting and methodising their contributions to the science of ethnology might profitably employ a very large section of the members of the society. The 'Voyages de la Compagnie des Indes,' alone, are a rich mine of information, and many of the writers on the North American Indians, Colden, Carver, and Lafitau, for example, are invaluable. It would be out of place here to enumerate the books of travels which contain information that should not be neglected. We only hope that attention will speedily be directed to them. What is required are careful abstracts of their contents, without reference to any system, leaving an opinion to be formed by the readers on the data furnished. At least modern inferences should be carefully distinguished from old facts. The society might profitably employ some of its funds in publishing such abstracts. We feel confident that persons might easily be found to undertake them.

The method which we think it would be most advantageous to pursue, would be for one person to take the accounts of one nation and analyze them *seriatim* in the order of dates. Materials would thus be collected for forming an estimate of the rapidity with which the aspect of society changes in the various stages of civilization. Our present opinion is, that it is the tendency of refinement to distinguish nations one from another; because every modification of the original character is the result of circumstances which are infinitely varied by time and place; and that when the intellectual faculties begin to develop themselves, the passion for improvement acquires more vigour, and is less easily satisfied. There is far more resemblance between one savage people and another, and between the same savage people at different periods of their history, than between two barbarous nations compared with each other, or with themselves at distant epochs. But the variations observable in these instances are nothing by the side of those which may be remarked when we place two European states in juxtaposition, and endeavour to discover their affinities and recognise their present features in the portraits that have been handed down of them from times past. The physiognomy of childhood is less marked than that of youth, that of youth than that of manhood. The parallel may be followed out, and it may be

added, that as it is the tendency of old age to impress one type upon the features, so nations in their decline are distinguished by similar characteristics. We do not dogmatically advance this theory, but consider it well worthy of examination; and for this purpose recommend the careful chronological study of the successive accounts which have been given to the world of one people. When these accounts embrace a vast space of time, the results to be expected from them are of course more important, but pictures drawn of the same individual, at the distance even of ten years, may offer striking points of dissemblance.

Much has been said of the immobility, the unvarying sameness of the Chinese character; but we suspect that too great stress has been laid upon it, and that the only constancy has been in our ignorance of the subject. We are inclined to believe that the English, for example, have scarcely undergone more changes, certainly not more changes if we allow for their higher position in the scale of civilization during the last two hundred years, than have the subjects of the Celestial Empire. We do not at present refer to any striking alterations in their political condition; but to the different impressions of their character, created by the reading of the books of travels which describe them two centuries ago, and those which represent them at present. To our mind the Chinese who resisted Kang-hi were very different from those with whom we came into collision during the last war. We think that they have greatly deteriorated, both in a moral and military point of view, though we are far from believing that China was ever the paradise which the French writers of the eighteenth century, with the single exception perhaps of Montesquieu, would have persuaded us it was. We are of course not speaking of the Manchús, who are, perhaps, as courageous as ever, but of the population they now govern, and which then, especially in the tea-districts, opposed them, and forced them to gain many a bloody victory before they would acknowledge themselves vanquished. Some of the scenes in this war would seem rather to belong to Roman history than to Chinese. When one of the principal towns of Fo Kièn was besieged, and it was found impossible to hold out any longer, the general invited his friends to a feast of poison, and would have persuaded them to partake of what he set before them. Upon their refusal he resolved to die alone, and was found by the Tartars when they entered the city, sitting dead in his chair of state. Struck with awe, they made many obeisances to the corpse, extolling the high spirit which had prompted the deed. Their hearts, however, were only softened for a moment; for though the garrison had capitulated, they called them all out into a great open place, and falling upon

them suddenly, put them to death, to the number of fourteen thousand. No one suspected that this sacrifice was intended; and it is related that one of the soldiers hearing the order, and having some business to transact, said to a townsman, 'I cannot make time to appear. Here is a piece of money. Go you for me.' The offer was accepted, the substitute put to death, the soldier saved. 'It was very fortunate for the one,' says the historian of this tragic event, 'and very unlucky for the other.'

It would be a curious question for the Ethnological Society to discuss, whether the practice of opium-smoking, developed of late years to an extraordinary extent, and introduced probably as some alleviation of the unhappiness resulting from an oppressive government, has not contributed in a great measure to change the character of the Chinese people. They would thus not only elucidate a very interesting point in itself, but aid in establishing some general principles by which the influences of a change of diet, if we may use the word in so large a sense, in producing alterations of the characteristics, mental and physical, of nations, may be estimated.

And this leads us to observe that it would be well if societies, both at home and abroad, would apply themselves sometimes to the discussion of points such as that which we have suggested, and not endeavour at every meeting to embrace a subject which it would take a volume to treat properly. Experience teaches the evils of the latter course. Wherever there is a discussion it becomes slight and uninteresting. Let us suppose the Ethnological Society to fall into this error, and reflect what would ensue. Let us suppose that at every meeting an entire people, in all its aspects, is attempted to be described. What would be the effect on the discussion? Questions would be raised on government, religion, or morals, arts, commerce, or manufactures. All would depend on accident. If a particular remark, say on food, should strike one member, he would note it down and prepare to raise a discussion on diet. The attention of another might be directed to a meteorological observation. A third might desire to say something on religion, a fourth on morals, and so on. Well, the paper is brought to a close, and the most eager or the best prepared opens the discussion. It is very probable that few feel able to meet him on his own ground. His remarks are therefore heard in silence or greeted with applause; and another member rises to speak on a totally distinct subject. There will forthwith be an intellectual movement in the society. Each man will roll round hurriedly the globe of his knowledge in search of the new country that has been pointed out. Ten to one it will be Terra Incognita to the majority,

and before they can scrawl down a promontory, or scratch the course of a river, their attention will be called away to the opposite hemisphere.

This evil will be in a great measure obviated by circumscribing, as we have suggested, the field which each article embraces. Let it be stated, for example, at one meeting that the wigwams of the Red Indians, or of savage nations generally, or the dog-carts of the Kamtschadales, or the dances of the Hottentots, or of the Belooches, will form the subject of a paper to be read a month from that time. It is probable that in the interval all who have leisure will prepare themselves to say something in the discussion. Even those persons who acquire a sufficient degree of knowledge to be able to ask an apposite question, or make a single remark, or state a solitary fact, will contribute to the interest of the evening; and much that is valuable will doubtless be elucidated.

But if a subject, so comprehensive as to require the reading of many weeks for any one to obtain even a confused notion of its general outline, be treated at once, not only will the advantage of completeness be lost, but those who are not already familiar with it will be deterred from approaching it, and the discussion—one of the most agreeable features of the London Ethnological Society—will be comparatively languid and uninteresting.

We have thrown out these desultory remarks with a sincere desire to promote, as far as in us lies, the objects of the society. In our opinion, however, it will not have fulfilled its mission until it shall have investigated the history and varied fortunes of every nation upon earth, as far as the materials to be obtained will allow. It is within its province to study not only the moral and physical development of mankind, but all the circumstances and institutions which may directly or remotely influence its character and manners, as climate, diet, education, legislation, government, and religion. These projects are vast, the materials at our disposal scattered and perhaps insufficient. To make the attempt, however, is honourable, and the results, if not entirely satisfactory, will at least be as far as they go important and valuable.

ART. VIII.—*Des Finances et du Crédit Public de l'Autriche, de sa Dette, de ses Ressources Financières et de son Système d'Imposition, &c.* (The Finances and Public Credit of Austria, her Debt, Financial Resources, and System of Taxation, &c.) Par M. L. DE TEGOBOFSKI. Paris: Jules Renouard et Cie. 1843. In 2 vols.

THE Austrian finances have been treated of in a general way by several preceding writers, but we have seen no work which enters so minutely into the subject as the present. M. de Tegoborski illustrates the financial situation of that powerful state, by comparisons with Prussia and France. Oppressed with debt, the natural capabilities of Austria to elevate her financial position are many, but they are not available. To make them so, her rulers must possess a more intimate acquaintance with some principle that will admit a levy of the necessary amount of imposts to keep the machine of government in motion, while the changes essential to the operation are effected. Nor is this all: she cherishes an inveterate adherence to protecting duties, amounting to a prohibition of most articles of foreign manufacture. A grievous system of domestic taxation is retained. Complete ignorance of the basis upon which a profitable exchange of commodities with flourishing manufactures can alone rest, is another impediment to any improvement of her revenue through an advantageous commerce. Endeavouring to relieve her financial burdens, Austria entered on the payment of debts without interest, by borrowing money upon interest for the purpose. Besides this, she had to encounter the elevation in value of the outstanding portion of her obligations, as their total diminished in amount; a consequence of their diminution which she ought to have foreseen. Verily, the image of the Austrian chancellor of the exchequer should be set up as an idol for the worship of the enemies of free trade all over the world.

The debt and credit of a nation have, in recent times, become subjects of the highest consideration, perpetually reproduced under all social and political combinations. The study of finance is no longer confined to specious individuals who, by accident rather than qualification, fill responsible public situations, but is happily become a subject of general discussion submitted to the exercise of the popular judgment. Hence there arises the hope that sound financial principles will soon be matured, and secure every European state for the future against a recurrence to that reckless system of incurring public debt which has crippled their resources. Too faithfully verified in recent days is the observation that 'the financier supports the state as the rope supports the strangling malefactor.'

The Austrian empire covers a superficies of 12,167 geographical square miles, having a population of 36,300,000. In 1840

the revenue was 140,000,000 florins, 'convention money' as it is styled. A florin being reckoned 2s. 1d., or a small fraction less, this amount is 14,530,000l. sterling; or 3fl. 51kr.* per head. The public debt is 970,000,000fl (101,000,000l. sterling) being about seven times the annual revenue. The principal is equal to 26fl. 43kr. and the interest to 1fl. 10kr. per head.

Prussia (for the sake of illustration) covers 5077 square miles, the population is 14,700,000, the revenue 79,810,000fl. (8,300,000l.) or 5fl. 26kr. per head. The debt in 1841 about 26,000,000l. sterling, or three years' revenue, the interest 54kr. per head, the principal 16fl. 56kr. The revenue of Austria is to that of Prussia, in proportion to their respective population, as 7 to 10; while, relatively to extent of territory, the revenue of Austria is to that of Prussia as 11 to 15. Their respective sources of revenue are,

	Austria.	Prussia.
Domains and state forests.....	2,500,000fl.	7,171,428fl.
Mines.....	960,000	1,310,000
Post	2,400,000	2,000,000
Lottery	4,000,000	1,327,143
Direct contributions	48,230,000	26,802,857
Indirect contributions	74,550,000	40,740,000
Divers receipts	4,500,000	458,572
	137,140,000	79,810,000

The *Contribution foncière*, including land and houses forms nearly a third of the Austrian revenue; in Prussia only about a sixth; an indication, perhaps, that as trade and manufactures increase, the burden is shifted more off the land upon the products of industry. A proof too that the social system is more generally advanced in Prussia, the objects of taxation produced by refinement not being yet in a proportionate demand in both states. The expenditure of the two countries is respectively as follows:

	Austria.		Prussia.
	florins.		florins.
State Chancery	1,900,000	Ministers, mint, treasury.....	418,571
Council of ditto, Aulic authorities ..	3,200,000	— of worship and instruction	4,024,286
Special administrations of all kinds.	27,240,000	— police and interior.....	3,448,571
Pensions elsewhere omitted.....	2,000,000	— foreign affairs	958,571
Political funds	7,520,000	— justice.....	3,094,286
The Cadastre.....	522,000	— finance, works, commerce, &c..	2,340,000
		Roads, &c.	4,178,571
		Regencies, superior presidents	2,442,857
	42,382,000		20,905,713
Sundry expenses.....	2,048,000		5,300,000
Expenses of the court .	3,500,000		†
Fund of reserve.....			3,318,572
The army	50,715,000†		33,480,000
Interest of debt	44,088,556		12,254,286
	142,733,556		75,258,571

* A kreutzer is of different values in Germany; the old kreutzer was 7-15ths of a farthing sterling; the above is that of Vienna, 60 to the florin.

† The court expenses are paid out of the crown domains in Prussia.

‡ Independently of 8,000,000 fl. separately given in the budget, which carries

The resources of Prussia in 1839 afforded, it will be seen, a considerable fund of reserve, while those of Austria were deficient. The deficiency was covered by reductions in the army and augmentations in certain branches of the revenue. Austria pays for her military force 35.8 per cent. of her revenue: Prussia 44.5: France in 1841, paid but 21.1 per cent. The Prussian military expenses are, therefore, to those of Austria as 18 to 11, taking into account their respective population.

The main burden upon Austria is her debt, the larger part of which, now pressing her, was the fruit of the coalitions begun in 1792, against France, for the purpose, to use the phrase of William Pitt, of putting down 'principles;' coalitions which severely reacted upon all those who engaged in them. Loans were made for meeting the extraordinary expenses of military levies, and for repairing disasters, not only in Austria, but wherever they could be obtained abroad. Forced loans and paper issues became at home avenues of ruin to the people only to be again repeated. Of the sums paid by England either as subsidies or loans for the beforementioned purpose, making about a fifteenth of her entire national debt, Austria received a large amount never repaid. There was an old debt existing before, of 40,000,000fl. (4,008,333l.) contracted in the reign of Leopold I. then in a course of liquidation. A debt incurred during 'the seven years' war,' increased the public burdens to 367,000,000fl. or 38,200,000l. to which the expenses of the Turkish war under Joseph must be added. The war of 1792 carried the total debt to 650,000,000fl. or 67,700,000l. bearing interest from three to six per cent.

The second part of the Austrian debt arose from its paper-money, first issued as bank-notes, under the Empress Maria Theresa, to the amount of 12,000,000 and carried under Joseph to 20,000,000fl. These notes were withdrawn about 1796, and replaced by augmented issues, so that in 1802 more than 706,000,000fl. were in circulation (73,400,000l.). Fresh issues took place in 1809, and thus the amount attained the enormous extent of 1,060,798,653fl., or about 110,541,526l. sterling. The exchange of the notes of the Vienna bank for the current coin was suspended in 1797, but the notes preserved their credit until 1799, when they fell to a fifth of their nominal value; and between 1799 and 1811 they dropped to one-twelfth. The abuses

the charge for the army to 59,000,000. The general charge may be set down at 52,000,000 fl., or 1 fl. 26 kr. per head upon the population. The army of Prussia, on an average for the years 1841-2-3, cost 33,887,000 fl., or 2 fl. 18 kr. per head. Thus the expenses of the Prussian compared to the Austrian army, are as 70 to 43. The expense of the civil administration of Prussia, for the years 1841-2-3, was carried to 26,414,000 fl., or 1 fl. 48 kr. per head. That of Austria, reckoned at 60,000,000 fl., gives 1 fl. 39 kr. each person.

of this resource by the government were followed by a fearful crisis. The utter loss of credit by the paper reduced vast numbers of the wealthy to poverty, and of the indigent to utter beggary.

This fall of the paper currency was much enhanced in rapidity by an expedient that could have been the result only of the most deplorable financial ignorance. The issue of the notes had been accompanied by one of valueless brass money to the extent of 80,000,000fl., which was to be exchanged for the paper (*Banco-Zettel*), just as if it possessed the intrinsic value of the more precious metals before money payments were suspended. What little coin of real value remained, speedily went out of the country. In the midst of political disasters efforts were made to retrieve the financial affairs by a new loan of 75,000,000fl. (about 8,000,000*l.* sterling), called the *Banco-Zettel-Tilgungs-Anleihe*. A new tax was levied for the express purpose of calling in the Bank paper; the duties on salt and tobacco were raised in the midst of wide spread ruin; the port and customs duties received additions with the same object, and all the silver in the country was subjected to a new law of control, called the *Repunzirung*. The war of 1809 now broke out, the sums thus acquired were diverted to defray the expenses; and the new paper fell, in a couple of months, to 460 for 100 fl. in money. In 1810 it was resolved to withdraw these notes, and exchange them, giving 300 fl. for 100 fl. of another paper money to be issued, styled *Einlösungs-Scheine*, or 'Notes of Redemption.' To establish a sinking fund for the new paper, an impost of 10 per cent. was levied, named *Vermögens-Steuer*, or the 'Property Tax,' with an intention to augment the produce by loans upon mortgages of the state property. After this, in 1811, a celebrated epoch in the financial annals of Austria, the old paper was called in, at the rate of 20 per cent., for the new redemption notes. These last were declared to represent the current money of the country, under the title of the *Wiener Währung*, or 'Value of Vienna.' The amount of the new currency, it was pledged, should not exceed the sum needful to redeem the old notes, or *Banco-Zettel*. The *Vermögens-Steuer* was then suppressed, the sums levied were returned, and a sinking fund was projected from the money accruing by the sale of property belonging to the clergy, and other sources. The same law or patent reduced the rate of interest due from the government to *half*, seeing that it was impossible to pay the amount in full! This half was to be liquidated in the notes of redemption. Such a step deranged the value of every species of property, ruined many more private fortunes, and left deep traces of its effects upon the public mind, without effecting the object for which it was under-

taken. The new paper naturally followed the old in the course of depreciation, down to 400 for 100 fl. in money. The campaigns of 1813 and 1814 caused a new emission of paper money, and carried the total newly emitted to 466,553,000 fl., or 48,590,000*l*. The last notes issued were called *Anticipations-Scheine*, or ‘Notes of Anticipation,’ a term used because the government had the idea of anticipating for twelve years a part of the taxes. The last notes followed the career of those previously issued into ruinous depreciation.

On the return of peace, it became a momentous object to remedy this deplorable financial condition, and for that purpose Austria employed the 54,000,000 florins paid by France as a war contribution. New loans were opened and operations seriously begun to restore public credit, and diminish the obligations of the state. At this period, or 1816, the debt of Austria in the *money* value of her depreciated paper, was 191,186,715 fl., bearing no interest, representing paper, issued to the amount of 678,712,830 fl.

	florins.		florins.	
Paper	191,186,765		678,712,830	Without interest.
The old debt	85,633,800		608,000,000	{ Bearing interest reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ by the government in 1811.
Loan of, 1815	22,000 000		44,000,000	bearing interest.
<hr/>				
Money..	298,820,515 (31,127,136 <i>l</i> .)	representing..	1,330,712,830 (138,615,919 <i>l</i> .)	of paper.

The interest upon the loans being, on the old debt, 4,281,690 fl., on the loan, 1,100,000 fl.; total interest, 5,381,690 fl. Such was the state of the debt of Austria at the peace of 1815, and such the enormous depreciation which had befallen her paper money. At that time an arrangement might have been effected with the creditors of the government. The judicious application of 14,000,000 or 15,000,000 fl. annually for about thirty years, might have extinguished the entire debt, and placed the financial credit upon a firm basis. The ruin which had happened probably entailed upon the government a consciousness that, notwithstanding its many belligerent reverses, its own conduct regarding the currency had been impolitic and unjust, having increased the suffering of the nation. With a feeling more akin to a sense of rectitude and a desire to make compensation, than to political perspicuity, an attempt was made to remedy a portion of the evil thus inflicted. The reflection that such a demonstration must be inoperative did not occur. It ought to have been seen that those who had been ruined by the government paper long before the peace, were not then the holders, having parted with it for whatever they could obtain. They who had the real right to redress, could not therefore be compensated, and the existing holders got a bonus, at the public expense, to which they had no title. The ob-

ject should rather have been to prevent any further depreciation of the circulating paper, which was then at 335 for 100 in money. In place of this, the government actually forced the paper up to 250 for 100, and set about its redemption at that rate, by loans bearing interest, incurred to pay off a debt which bore none!

“We are far from being persuaded in general of the utility of measures which have in view to restore the nominal value of depreciated paper money,” says the author; “above all, when such a measure cannot be effected without burdening the state heavily, and enchaining the future revenues. When a paper currency is depreciated, passing from hand to hand, incomes and commercial prices are regulated, more or less, by such depreciation, and the loss sustained is partaken for the most part, in a mode imperceptible to those who expend, as well as to those who receive the exchange for merchandise or service. When the circulating medium is restored to the value it has lost, the operation turns generally to the profit of those who suffered little or nothing by the depreciation, a just reparation being impossible.”

The plan pursued was this: the paper money was called in, and the currency established on the footing of 20 fl. for a Cologne marc of pure silver, called ‘money of convention.’ A national bank was founded, the notes of which were payable in money. Exchanges of old for new paper were effected at the creditor’s pleasure, the new paper being exchanged for the money of the national bank, payable to the bearer, or in purchase of shares in the bank itself. For 140 fl. just before worth only 43 fl. from depreciation, the creditor received 40 fl. in bank-notes, payable to the bearer, and 100 fl. bearing one per cent. interest, which at five per cent represented a principal of 20 fl. The state redeeming the paper money debt at 40 fl. per cent. above the real value, and contracting a debt in its place, nearly half of which bore interest. The bank-notes were now issued too rapidly for the means of the bank, and a new law, in 1816, sanctioned a loan called ‘*Arrosirungs-Anleihe*,’ by means of which the holders of the old state paper, whose interest had been reduced one half by the decree of 1811, received a certain value in paper money, called ‘*metallics*,’ bearing five per cent. interest in convention money. These being issued to the extent of 120,000,000 fl. added 6,000,000 fl. to the annual expenses of the state for interest. The bank shares were sold at 1000 fl. in paper and 100 fl. in money, by which means 50,621,000 fl. of the former paper were withdrawn from circulation, and the bank received a like sum in state obligations, carrying $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest. This interest and the produce of its commercial affairs became more and more lucrative, and the shares soon rose to 600 fl. in value. The bank profits had become considerable, so

that it was necessary to limit the paper redemption through the shares in the mode already mentioned, lest the interest should become too burdensome to the state. Thus much for the redemption of the state paper. The 'old debt,' as it is called, consisting of 608,000,000 fl. nominally, reduced to 488,000,000 fl. by the Arrosirungs loan, was subjected to redemption on another plan, being divided into 488 series of one nominal million each, which were converted by lottery into different obligations, bearing 5 per cent. interest upon the reduced value. A portion of the original notes was every year to be redeemed and burned. Unfortunately the extant paper has risen in value, and the purchase for destruction becomes annually more costly. We have not space to follow this part of the subject further; the total reduction of the debt cannot be completed until 1879. The sum devoted to the purpose in 1842 was 42,847,224 fl., or 4,462,752*l*. The outstanding state obligations which might, at the peace, have been purchased up at 18 per cent., have risen to 65, and may rise higher.

The bank of Vienna which has so much contributed to the aid of the government was established in 1816. The number of bills it discounted in 1840 was 61,913, having a mean value of 4934 fl. or 513*l*. 19*s*. 2*d*. each, showing that its transactions are with the more opulent rather than the small traders. Notes are issued as low as 13*s*., of which 150,000,000 fl. circulate. Of gold and silver coin from 140,000,000 to 150,000,000 fl. more circulate, in all about 32,500,000*l*. sterling. The receipts of the bank were, in 1840, 5,285,913 fl. 32 kr., the expenses 645,680 fl. 42 kr., the profit 4,640,232 fl. 50 kr., or 483,357*l*.

The repose of the continent we fervently hope may be protracted beyond our day, but it is a maxim of prudence to be prepared for a different state of things, since to be weak in wealth is to be miserable with nations as well as individuals. Austria can scarcely hope to escape a repetition of her past calamities, in the event of being involved in a war, surrounded as she is by jealous and powerful states; and we are of opinion that future European wars will not be made by halves. Taxation has its limits, and the most frugal in peace, despite the cant of too many would-be statesmen, is the government best prepared for war. Past prodigality, too blind to discern in enormous fiscal pressure the germs of future revolution, has left the consequences of heavy national obligations to the fortunes of posterity. Not only are the Austrian finances less flourishing than those of Prussia, but Austria is in a far more unfavourable position as regards the proportion between her revenue and her debt. Her safest course would be to develop her many sources for creating wealth, a con-

summation for which it will be seen that her existing system of taxation and trade shows nothing that promises auspiciously.

The sources of revenue in Austria differ much from those of Prussia, the last being more concentrated in territory. Hungary and Transylvania contribute little to the state in proportion to their superficies; the Hungarian noble pays no direct taxes, and both provinces are exempt from many indirect contributions that weigh heavily on the rest of the empire. The payments of the two amount only to 1 fl. 38 kr. per head of the population, whilst 5 fl. 26 kr. per head are paid in the other provinces. Vast forests, mines, and forges, belong to the crown in these districts, but they are ill managed. Out of 12,167 square miles, 10,296 are reported productive. In comparison with Prussia the productive soil of Austria is as 85 to 92; the proportion in which that soil is cultivated being also in favour of Prussia. In the latter country 60.5 per cent. of the productive soil is under cultivation, and only 51.9 per cent. in Austria. Lower Austria, Lombardy, and Venice, contain a tenth of the productive soil of the Austrian empire, a sixth of the population, and pay $\frac{53}{140}$, or nearly one-third of the total revenue. The produce of the land throughout the empire is by no means upon an equality with the natural advantages, but the improvement of agriculture is a slow process where the interest in the soil is small, and the husbandman content with meeting in the fruit of his labour the bare necessities of the passing day. From the taxes upon land, little increase to the revenue can therefore be expected for a long time to come. The following table exhibits the state of the returns from the soil in the different provinces of Austria. The productions are those of Europe generally between latitudes 45 and 49 deg. N. The population and other heads are, for 1837, from the statistical work of Professor Springer.

	Sq. Miles.	Soil Productive per 100.	Revenue per Mile Square.	Per Head.	
			fl.	fl.	kr.
Austria below the Enns.....	359.7	96.2	54,184*	14	40
Carinthia and Carniola	370.4	94.5	10,486	5	24
Littoral.....	144.3	92.9	19,848	6	15
Styria	407.6	92.3	10,601	4	37
Upper Austria	347.9	91.2	14,487	6	0
Moravia and Silesia	497.2	89.1	18,483	4	25
Gallicia.....	1598.1	88.1	7,914	2	49
Bohemia	952.1	85.4	16,857	4	0
Lombardy	403.0	85.3	47,643	7	44
Hungary and Transylvania	5297.0	85.	3,936	1	35
Military frontiers	759.8	79.	3,473	2	16
Venice	429.7	73.8	35,002	7	15
Tyrol.....	516.5	74.	6,277	3	58
Dalmatia	234.4	51.9	3,929	2	28

* The capital swells the returns of this province fully one-half.

Omitting the provinces of Hungary and Transylvania, the cultivated soil of the rest of Austria is far superior to that of Prussia, both in quantity and quality of returns from a given superficies. That is to say, the 53 per cent. cultivated soil of Austria yields much more in proportion than the 60 per cent. possessed by Prussia. The climate is better, and the face of the country more varied; while much of Prussia is sandy, and toilsome to keep in cultivation. High Austria is well cultivated, the farmers being the best in Germany. In Lower Austria the vines occupy 34 out of 100 parts of the surface. Lombardy produces two crops of some kinds in the year, and a considerable quantity of rice. Galicia is eminent for its agriculture, the land being often ten years without dressing, and then returning eightfold. Hungary and Transylvania excepted, the produce of the other eleven provinces for 1837 was estimated at 123,861,000 metzen of all kinds, or 31,251,702 $\frac{1}{8}$ quarters English, being 65,533 for every square mile of productive soil. (Prussia yields 106,072,620 metzen, or 28,313,050 quarters.) The total corn produce of Austria, as above mentioned, was distinguished in kind as follows: 15,848,930 metzen of wheat; of rye and maize, 46,015,000; barley, 20,755,300; and oats, 41,244,800. The vineyards, given in *joch* of 9560 to the square mile, are 1,442,570; garden ground, orchards, meadows, 6,994,698; pastures, 6,642,067; forests, 16,650,245.

Austria, in 1834, had only three cities having above 100,000 of population; viz., Vienna, Prague, and Milan; together, 584,000; four only with 50,000; together, 257,000; viz., Trieste, Venice, Verona, and Leopold; and twelve above 20,000. Of 19,832,000, the population of the eleven provinces, 60 in 1000 lived in the large towns. Prussia has Berlin alone with more than 100,000, the population of which is 265,000; five above 50,000, and twelve above 20,000; 64 in 1000 live in the large towns. The villages and little towns in Austria are more numerous and better peopled than in Prussia. In the German and Italian provinces, the accommodation of the inhabitants is on a larger scale, and the population more wealthy. The same difference is observable as respects the country in Prussia. Sombre, fragile houses of brick or wood, cased in plaster and often half ruined, the streets of the smaller towns deserted and silent, contrast much to their disadvantage, with the life and movement in those of Austria. A similar difference is perceptible in the furniture and interior arrangements; in the taverns, shops, places of public amusement, equipages, dress, food of the tradespeople and lower classes, all having more the exterior signs of competence or riches. In the capitals of the two countries the dissimilarity is more striking, as being the centres of fashion and of the local aristocracy; and the same thing is observable between the industrious and commercial classes of the respective

countries. In Vienna, taking the proportion of the two populations into account, more of the flower of aristocratic and commercial rank is seen than in Berlin; and there is as great a disparity, says the author, between the pecuniary means and the mode of life led by the different classes generally.

“I have inhabited both the one and the other long enough to judge,” says M. de Tegoborski. “The sumptuousness, luxury, and affluence of Vienna, and the frugal and economical life of the Berlin citizen, strike the observer in an equal degree. Save a very few exceptions, the citizen of Vienna lives, whether in what concerns table, dress, or social expenditure, a life of more ease, and more expensively, than the noble or financial aristocracy of Berlin. The same may be said of the lower classes of citizens in Vienna, of the retail shopkeeper, compared with the wholesale merchant or manufacturer in the Prussian capital. The workman or artisan is better fed, better clad, and spends more money in pleasure, than the classes above him in the social scale do at Berlin. The remark extends to the lowest grade of the population, and applies as much to the chief places of the provinces, as to the towns of the second and third classes, and even to the villages.”

In a financial point of view the consumption of the Austrian towns must be doubly as productive as those of Prussia to the indirect taxes. The resources of Austria taken into account, her budget ought to be three to two more to her advantage than that of Prussia, while the opposite is the fact. Prussia must either be oppressed with a fiscal load which may account for the difference in her social aspect compared with Austria, or the latter has neglected the best means of raising the supplies necessary to place her finances in a prosperous condition.

The *direct* contributions of Austria are those on land and houses, *Grund-und-Gebäude-Steuer*. In the hereditary dominions of Austria the payments made to the state were formerly levied upon the communal and peasant lands, the amount being regulated by the days of seignorial labour, or corvees. Subsequently, in some parts of the empire, as in Bohemia, the taxes were paid upon a surface measure of the cantons or districts, under an approximative valuation, so badly conducted that the larger landed proprietors were enabled to shift the burden of taxation upon their vassals and tenantry, themselves either wholly escaping or coming off with very light payments. The necessities of the state increased this burden upon the laborious classes to a degree which must have amounted to a grievous oppression. The Empress Maria Theresa was the sovereign under whose reign the miseries of this system first seriously attracted the attention of the government; for although Charles VI. had subjected the Milanese to a regular survey, with a view to an

equitable taxation, denominated the *Censimento Milanese*, on no other part of the empire had a similar benefit been conferred. To effect this object there were difficulties to encounter in the clashing interests and rusty prejudices of individuals. These were only partially surmounted during the reign of the empress, but she succeeded in assimilating the seignorial lands to the same proportional system of taxation as those of the communes and peasants, and this was a most important step gained. Unfortunately the landowners themselves furnished the basis of what was thus effected, and it may be surmised that the returns they made were incorrect and arbitrary. The first survey of a better character was begun and completed in four years under Joseph II., comprising all the provinces of Austria Proper, but there was much difficulty in procuring surveyors competent to the task, and the results were defective in consequence. Notwithstanding the errors of this survey, the lands were valued upon the rough produce, and the tax fixed at 12 fl. 13½kr. for every 100 fl. of return, which would be about 1l. 5s. 4¾d. for every 10l. 8s. 4d. sterling. This payment was afterwards altered for vine and arable land to 10 fl. 37½kr.; for meadow land 17fl. 55 kr.; and forest 21fl. 15kr. for every 100 fl.

Thus the system continued until 1806, when a better and more accurate survey was proposed as a remedy for the existing inequalities of the old, and the project was again brought forward in 1810, but in both cases the political troubles of the time prevented any active measures being adopted for the purpose. It was as recently as 1817 that this important undertaking was seriously begun. The model adopted was that of the *Censimento Milanese*, but Hungary and Transylvania were especially excepted from its operation. It deserves remark that even under the imperfect survey previously made, the fiscal burdens upon the land in Galicia were lightened one-third of their amount. This may afford some idea of the inequality of the old imposts, and of the way in which the communes and peasantry must have been aggrieved. An abstract of the imperial decree is given by the author: it declares the objects of the crown to be, to affix taxation according to the rules of rigorous justice, and to encourage agriculture. It goes on to specify that lands and houses are to be taxed on the net return, and to state the deductions where any are to be admitted. A map of every commune, with a just description of each kind of soil, production, and building it contains, is ordered for the purpose of valuation: uncultivated lands, burying-grounds, churches, barracks, hospitals, and public buildings are exempted from taxation. The particular ameliorations of soil produced by the outlay of capital or the dimi-

nution of product by neglect of culture, are in no way to be regarded, the true and distinct quality of the land upon the mode of cultivation and average returned by the majority of cultivators is to be the basis of the return: by this mode the more diligent are encouraged, and those who are negligent feel the effects of their misconduct. The calculation of the rough produce being thus settled, it is valued with great care in numbers or classes, after a mean taken from the more moderate prices of the markets upon a range of fifty years. There seems exhibited in the proceedings, as far as the government is concerned, a desire to be rigidly just towards every citizen. The communes are consulted, and the replies compared with those from the individuals employed on the survey and estimates, serving as a collateral guide as well as a detection of any errors that may have been committed. The expense of rectifying faults in the survey falls upon those through whose negligence they occur.

The provinces which have been, or are yet, subjected to this survey, comprise all those in Italy, except Lombardy which furnished the model, together with the Slavonian or Austrian, except Hungary and Transylvania, embracing a superficies of 5926 square geographical miles. Of these, as long ago as 1837, the survey of no less than 3511, or $\frac{7}{12}$ of the whole surface, had been completed. In the part of the archduchy of Austria, situated below the Enns, where the survey has been eight or nine years in full operation, the payment on the net return is made at the rate of 1*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.* upon every 10*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* Lands subject to tithe pay about 7*s.* 6*d.* less upon the same sum, the difference being levied on the tithe proprietor. The tithes were a burden most grievous to the peasant, who was before made to bear them and other similar burdens when due from the revenues of his landlord, in consequence of their being wholly shifted upon him. The return of the tax from Venice is nearly 24 in 100 fl., but the inequalities of this kind of taxation are proportioned in Austria to the fair value of the property and soil, which last is richest in the Italian provinces. The land pays in Venice 16,946 fl. for each square mile of productive soil, and in Lombardy 21,526 fl. while none of the other provinces pay more than 8329 fl. In Lombardy the return is 3 fl. each person, while in High Austria it is only 2 fl. 30 kr.

In the endeavour to do substantial justice to the tax-payer Austria ranks before Prussia, if we may place confidence in the statements of the present author. She not only overcame those obstacles, by no means to be lightly esteemed, which individual interest or prejudice placed in the way of the cadastre or survey, but she removed from the communes and peasants the burdens

which aristocratic oppression and injustice had laid upon them, and she placed their own proper proportion upon the shoulders of high and low alike. Prussia has never attempted to complete a survey or cadastre for this equitable purpose, though in it is involved the true interest of her government and people. Nothing can be more oppressive and partial than the taxes on the land in Prussia. Our author denies the existence of any such inequality in Austria, except in isolated cases in those portions of her provinces to which the survey has not yet extended itself. It goes far towards substantiating his opinion, that the Austrian government has displayed such zeal for what is right, and has effected so large a portion of an expensive and tedious undertaking. When Prussia has proceeded as far in the same route in the desire to do justice to herself and her people, a fair parallel may be drawn between the two countries, regarding the land-tax, but not until then. Let us see what are the imposts levied upon the agricultural interest of Prussia.

In isolated cases, 76 out of 100 is paid in the same province where only from 17 to 30 in the 100 is commonly exacted. In Eastern Prussia the seignioral estates pay only a fourth of their net revenue, the free tenants and others a third, and the unfortunate peasant one-half ! In Western Prussia the nobles pay 25 per cent net, the free tenants from 25 to 30, and the peasants 33 $\frac{1}{3}$. In Pomerania the payments are more unequal and even more oppressive. The *Ritter-Güter* or the property of the equestrian gentry pays only from 20 to 40 crowns a year. In Silesia the princes and royal family pay 28 out of 100 of their net revenue; the peasantry 34. In the former Saxon provinces some pay only a light sum and others 40 crowns. In the Duchy of Posen the nobility pay but 24 in 100; the peasants 33. There was a project for a general revision of the system in 1810, but Prussia was then in a state very different from what she is at present. Governments, as well as individuals, find thirty-three years an inconvenient period to carry back their recollection, when involving matter not at present agreeable. A law passed in 1820, relating to certain imposts and fixing them at 20 in 100, belonged to a particular category, and relieved only certain isolated cases. The Rhenish provinces alone having received under the French the cadastral plan, had the benefit of its completion in 1839, and now pay 20 per cent. of their net income. That the land has not been fairly rated in Prussia may be inferred from the fact that Austria draws 6915 fl. from each square mile; Prussia but 3029.

The duty of carrying the cadastre into effect was at first intrusted to what is styled the *Grundsteuer-Regulirungs-Hof-Commission*. This commission was afterwards dissolved and its duties

were performed by the ordinary provincial authorities, but a board was instituted at Vienna as a central commission of direction, to which the superintendence of the technical part of the labour was confided.

The tax on houses is levied according to the number of rooms, by a graduated scale, or else according to the rent; the latter mode is principally followed in the more opulent towns; 15 per cent. being deducted for repairs, the rest pays at the rate of 18 per cent. If the house be let furnished, the value of the furniture is deducted. In other towns the houses are classed and pay from 20 kr. to 30 fl. each house as rated. The expenses of the collection are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The land and house tax in Austria produce about one-third of the revenue of the eleven provinces in which it is collected, or about 36,000,000 fl. (3,900,000*l.*) In Prussia this tax returns the moiety of that sum, and is much more onerous, being less equally levied, and of a larger proportionate amount.

The second direct Austrian tax is on *Trades and Professions*. There are four classes of individual taxed, manufacturers, merchants, artisans, and traders (*Künste und Gewerbe*) and professors. The manufacturers and 'fabricants' (we have no analogous English word for the last) are in two classes, the first may carry on their business in a province only; the second throughout the empire. The first are men of capital, but not of so large an amount as the second. The rates of taxation are different for each class and its subdivisions. All professors pay who are employed in instruction, public or private; also attorneys, brokers, and similar persons, jobbers out of horses and carriages, or individuals employed in any way as carriers. They who dispose of the produce of their own land, men of letters, those who cultivate the fine arts; medical men, surgeons, and midwives; such as are in the public service; all who give instruction where the population is not 4000; workmen on another's account; those employed in selling revenue articles of monopoly, as stamps or tobacco; farmers of the revenue; miners; those who let horses employed in agriculture the greater part of their time; Turks, by the treaty of 1718; the inhabitants of the free ports and some others are excepted. Manufacturers or fabricants pay from 40 to 1500 fl.; bankers, &c. from 300 to 1500 fl.; merchants from 100 to 1000 fl.; traders and professors from 5 to 300 fl. Without payment and a certificate or licence from the proper functionaries, no one can exercise his business.

This tax was substituted for a stamp duty existing before upon all kinds of indigenous productions, with a view to equalize trade with agriculture in point of taxation, but which had been found to press too heavily on the national industry. The tax

is levied in proportion to the amount of the business transacted by the merchant or trader, and the capital he employs; in professions according to the price demanded for services. The tax requires that the precise capital a trader intends to employ, with every thing relative to his commercial or trading views, should be declared to the authorities, even to the number of his workmen. If not satisfactory, the statement is to be verified in detail, whilst a false declaration is subject to a heavy fine. The merchant or trader is then entered in his class, which is changed as circumstances require; but he cannot trade out of his prescribed locality. In Prussia the same kind of tax is levied, but the amount is regulated according to the size of the locality where the payer trades. The tax is thus comparatively light of effect, and the rapid progress of Prussian industry has been attributed by some to that circumstance. In Prussia the impost produced in 1841; 3,114,000 fl., and in Austria, 2,257,000 fl., Hungary and Transylvania being excepted from its operation. The impost lays open every man's affairs, and is decidedly injurious to business. As in the income-tax of England, the disclosure of each man's means and speculations to the government, as well as to his neighbour, is calculated to repress the free spirit of traffic; and subjects the man of small capital to be crushed by the wealthier trader, besides being abhorrent to personal freedom and the privacy respecting his own concerns, to which every man has a natural right. Such taxes are, on that account, inimical to public liberty, though in harmony with despotic governments, where the aggregate of taxation is light. Besides the above, there is a graduated tax on income in Austria, called the *Personal-Steuer*; it now only subsists in the Italian provinces, in Dalmatia, and on the Croat and Slavonian frontiers; even there it is often changed to a capitation tax, levied equally upon all ranks, being about 3 livres, or 2s. 6d. a head, and returning 1,240,000 fl. This tax is shortly to be abolished. In Dalmatia and the military provinces the amount returned is only about 60,000 fl. In Prussia the capitation tax is onerous and unequal. The richest pay only 144 crowns, or 25l. per annum, while the poor workman or labourer is burdened with 8 crowns, or 1l. 2s. 6d. The miserable aspect of the hamlets in Prussia can scarcely be matter for wonder.

The next Austrian tax is that upon Jews—upon a religion! First, all Jews pay the *Familien-Steuer*, who have 300 fl. of income; next, those of only 150 fl. pay the *Vermögens-Steuer*; lastly, there is a separate tax on the slaughter of their cattle and fowls. The total amount is 216,000 fl. In Moravia the Jews pay 5 fl. per family, and a tax on their meat, beer, and fowls; in all, 65,000 fl. per year; in Galicia, on their meat, fowls, and light, producing 690,000 fl. In Lower Austria similar taxes pro-

duce 15,000 fl. Prussia has abandoned this disgraceful system of taxation. The total of the ~~direct~~ taxation of Austria, from all sources, land and houses, trades and professions, and personal imposts, was in 1841, 42,000,000 fl., of which the tax on lands and houses paid six-sevenths. In Prussia the direct taxes produce 26,800,000 fl., of which seven-thirteenths fall upon the land.

The first head of *indirect* taxation is that on articles of consumption, a part of which only affects the country at large. These underwent considerable alteration in 1829, when a uniform mode of levying them was adopted. The towns and country are subjected to duties alike upon rum, arrack, essence of punch, and sugared liquors in general; upon spirits of wine, brandy of 13 degrees, wine, wine must, cider, beer, fat cattle, calves, calves under a year old, sheep, goats, deer, lambs, sucking-pigs, pigs, and butchers' meat. In the country the tariff is from 2 fl. a head, down to 5 kr. In the chief towns from 4 fl. to 10 kr. The duty on liquor is paid on the eimer of 14.942 gallons, varying, according to the tariff, from 4 fl. 30 kr. on rum and spirits of wine, to 45 kr. on beer. For the large towns additional articles subject to duty are, hydromel, vinegar, poultry, pullets, and pigeons, venison, game of all kinds, birds used for food, wild or tame, all kinds of fish, even oysters and shell-fish, rice, flour, grits, and similar preparations, corn and dried vegetables, hay, straw, green vegetables, roots, fruit, dry or green, butter, lard, candles, soap, cheese, milk, eggs, wax, oil, wood, coal, bricks and tiles, stone and sand for buildings, lime, plaster, timber, and fifty others. A single piece of timber, used for the construction of a house, will sometimes have to pay, on being taken into Vienna by the builder, 5 fl. 15 kr., or 11s.

When the tariff trenches upon certain rights of individuals and communities, a commission is appointed in the province to arrange the charges.

Nor are these duties inconsiderable for many articles, even in the country, since they reach from 20 to 25 per cent., and sometimes more. Thus ordinary wines pay from 30 to 40 per cent. on their value there. In the large towns, consumers have to pay from 25 to 100 per cent. duty. Those who deal in liquors and cattle, indicate to the authorities an approximation to the quantities they make, or they slaughter, in the year, and the duty which they are disposed to pay down to avoid the tedious formularies of the tariff, the arrangement being for one, two, or three years. Those whose declarations are not agreeable to the fiscal officers, must submit to precisely the same vexatious minuteness of detail, and designation of instruments and buildings, which are practised

under the laws of excise in England, but which are more extensively mischievous in Austria, because they extend to almost every trade, and are rigorously executed. The houses, cellars, shops, localities, utensils, or tools, are described in a formulary to the proper officer. Every thing is numbered, measured, and gauged; the tubs, vats, furnaces, and coppers, if the trader deal in liquor, for example; nor is he permitted to make the smallest change without the competent authority. Notice must be given of every operation an entire day in advance. No fluid can be made that is sold without this despotic surveillance. The butcher cannot kill his cattle, nor the innkeeper sell what he does not make. The system is carried into every tradesman's house, who deals in articles of consumption: in the towns Man is regarded by the state as a toiling, dealing, eating, drinking, and sleeping animal, created solely for the purpose of being taxed. Here is a picture of industry cramped in its operations, and of fiscal tyranny, sufficient of itself to explain why Austria, with vast resources and a fertile territory, finds her budget defective. Freedom is the soul of trade: freedom to project, freedom to amend, extend, or contract the means of operation, unchallenged, in secrecy or openly, according to the mode privately judged eligible. The government that does not admit this principle is ignorant of its own best interest. Sometimes those who do not agree with the fiscal, have their duties farmed, but this mode is found not to be so productive as the contract or arrangement made with the dealer for a term.

In Prussia the taxes on consumption are neither so numerous nor enormous: those on tobacco, wine, brandy, beer, fat beasts, and corn converted into particular articles, are the principal. In lieu of the two last items, the towns in which they are levied are entitled to substitute, if they please, a personal tax satisfactory in amount to the fiscal. The duty on farinaceous food is exceedingly small, not quite seven farthings per hundredweight.

The product of this branch of Austrian taxation is	19,200,000
A personal tax in the room of the above on Venice and Lombardy produces	1,240,000
A special tax levied upon the Jews	990,000

Nearly two-thirteenths of the revenue or	21,430,000
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The amount of these taxes in Prussia is	24,255,718fl.
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On the population of Austria subject to this tax, its amount is one-sixth of a kreutzer per day; on that of Prussia, $\frac{2}{3}$ kr. It must be observed, notwithstanding, that this tax presses principally upon the large towns. In France it is heavier than in Prussia by full ten per cent., and in Austria by 80 per cent., upon the entire population subject to the impost.

The <i>Customs</i> form the second head of indirect taxation ; the amount received on importations is 14,862,116fl., on exportations 1,347,046fl. Total.....	16,209,162
Duties received on the Hungarian line.....	2,643,527
Ditto from the other provinces.....	218,383
Venetian manufactures, duties on.....	15,993

Total..... 19,087,065fl.

The net profit of the Austrian customs, in 1840, was 14,315,319 fl. the gross receipt being 19,087,065 fl.; the expense of collection is therefore 25 per cent., levied upon foreign goods, upon importations and exportations along the Hungarian and other frontiers, on the commerce of Dalmatia, which has an ordinance of customs for itself and on the commerce of Venice, as a free port.

The prohibitions are few, relating principally to adulterated articles, but the duties equal to a prohibition are numerous, and the tariff altogether highly restrictive. The system of Prussia is that of the Germanic commercial union, or *Zoll-Verein*.

M. de Tegoborski says that England did not 'preach' in favour of free trade until she had received the benefit of a restrictive system. We might remind M. de Tegoborski that England did not become Christian until she had had the benefit of idolatry; that she did not possess civil freedom until she had received the benefit of the tyranny of the Stuarts; that she did not adopt the jenny until she had disregarded the advantage of the spinning-wheel. England is forced, according to our author, to enter upon the career of free trade, that she may no longer offer the inconsistent spectacle of precept and practice at variance. Those both for and against the tariff of Sir Robert Peel, are, according to the author, not quite in harmony with themselves upon the ultimate consequences of that measure. In the teeth of this, M. de Tegoborski says, that liberty of commerce wisely tempered and appropriated to the particular circumstances of each country, is a source of prosperity, and will become ultimately necessary in every state. What power is to 'temper and appropriate' we are not told; we presume upon the continent it means the head of each state, which, if not possessing infallible judgment, always retains infallible power. We suspect that the Emperor of Russia, or of Austria, or an English house of commons composed of agriculturists, would be bad judges when each modicum of concession should be doled out, and be more inclined than the generousities of the vulgar would allow them to admit, to settle the matter according to their own 'particular advantage,' rather than the future benefit of those most concerned. Sir Robert Peel has nothing to fear for the principle of his tariff, notwithstanding the appre-

hension of our author, or we should rather say the want of apprehension of the sounder principles of trade which is so obvious among continental economists.

We cannot follow M. de Tegoborski through the arguments he has adduced to favour some part of a restrictive system, which we suppose he would himself denominate moderate in extent. He quotes unhappy Poland, and with justice states that she had nothing to export but corn, and could not cultivate that upon the mere hazard of a bad harvest in England—her agriculturists in consequence became sufferers. In 1821 the government, it seems, took measures for settling the difficulty. Credit and a system of customs being established, awoke the national industry as if by enchantment, and placed '*happily*' between Russia and Germany, closing her frontiers to the last, and introducing her manufactures at a low rate into the former, particularly her woollen goods, she continued to prosper. Justly does the author ask to what end an agricultural country is to go on producing corn without a market, and whether creating a manufacturing population to consume, is not a wise measure. No one disputes this. A nation producing corn and wool alone can only grow and manufacture as far as a certain point; when this is attained, her industry must stand still, or she must offer in exchange what the world will be little inclined to exchange with her at all. It is by a multiplication of exchanges, embracing the greatest possible variety of articles contributing to use or luxury, that a lasting system of trade and manufactures can exist. Without the cotton of America, Egypt, and India, exchanged for manufactures or indigenous products, England could never have been so wealthy. That the home market must be first supplied is true, but the domestic life of England exhibits numberless articles of use or luxury that would never have been seen but for the interchanges of her commerce. These, bringing wealth, generated other articles of manufacture, that, as other countries attain refinement, will become articles of demand in them. Those which are best and cheapest find their way in preference all over the world. It is upon the system of interchange, the wants of one country supplying those of another, and not upon the reverse, that a beneficial trade must be grounded; a system that cannot be begun too early, and to which heavy protecting duties are obstacles. England is no example here. Lord Liverpool justly said, 'Commerce has thriven despite parliamentary enactments.'

We must do the author the justice to say, he does not argue in favour of enormous duties, and many of his observations merit praise. He supports gradual alterations where systems are bad; he is not aware how fallible are all the laws made by govern-

ments for trade, compared to those dictated by the nature of commerce itself. These last arise out of practical knowledge, the others are generally the result of crude ideas, of financial hopes, of the selfish interests of party, or of long-nurtured prejudices.

Prussia lightened her duties, though the change was met by violent outcries; she has proportionally profited. Austria is not wise enough to follow the example. The treasury of the one country has a surplus, that of the other groans from famine. Of 651 articles in the Austrian tariff, 547 pay duty without regard to the gross or net weight: 75 pay upon the value, 39 upon the piece. A new regulation recently altered the articles charged after their value to 65, and those upon the weight to 547. In the German Association, the duties are all imposed, except one, upon the gross weight. A special permission must be had for the importation of many articles, and fifteen of these carry a duty of 60 per cent.

Some of the duties are twenty times heavier in Austria than in Prussia and the Germanic Association, a striking proof of the impolitic system of Austria. M. de Tegoborski justly observes that when an indigenous manufacture requires a protection of 60 per cent. in duties, the protection is unwise. His reference to the more flourishing state of the Prussian manufactures is decisive. We learn, too, that the importation of cotton thread into Prussia and the associated states appears to be upon the increase, while the manufacture of the same article is carried on there to a great extent. Prussia exported 22,812 cwt. of cotton fabrics in 1832; in 1835 she exported 55,200. The cotton trade of the customs union of Germany since it included Baden, Nassau, and Frankfort, gave in 1838-9 a mean of 77,795 cwt. received,—exceeding that exported. Silk pays in Austria six times more duty than in Prussia; yet the trade flourishes more out of all proportion in the last country: here is a natural result of high duties. Again, smuggling, known and felt too much in England, is fearfully experienced in Austria. The smuggler is the readiest schoolmaster for bungling financiers. In Austria, encouraged by large profits, he carries on his hazardous trade to a greater extent than in all the Germanic states put together. Articles borne in a small compass easily pass into Austria, owing to her vast frontier. Of all the European nations her interest in this respect is most connected with low duties, while she perversely follows the opposite plan. A proof of this is, that for ten years the mean amount for what are called *Putzwaaren* (under which denomination are included all all showy articles for male and female wear, except goods in the piece) was but 5104 fl. for the whole empire. Now many a lady of fashion in Vienna annually expends a larger

amount on her toilette, which consists in a great measure of English and French goods. In shawls the government return gave but 479 fl. a year for ten years; while there was not a damsel, even among the shopkeepers, but had several shawls, if not cachmeres, still of foreign manufacture, that should have paid duty. Every lady in Vienna has dresses of Lyons silk, and yet the mean return of the customs for ten years gives but 41 fl. of duty per annum. Prussia has little smuggling; for upon the articles most easily introduced, and most profitable to the smuggler she keeps her duties low. A table is given by the author of the few articles in which there is a higher duty in Prussia than in Austria, but for this there is generally some special reason, as in the case of cattle, a tax existing on those which are native. In her transit duties Austria is peculiarly liberal, the larger part paying only from 2 kr. to 5 kr. per cwt. Exportation is free in the states of the Germanic Association, but on that of Austria there are duties payable.

Hungary is under a different system of taxation from the rest of the empire, and is less heavily mulcted, but we have not space to enter into detail. There are 685 custom stations along the outer and the Hungarian frontiers; 229 of the first, and 456 of the second class. The first are styled *Commerzial-Zoll-Aemter*, the others *Hülfs-Zoll-Aemter*. In the chief towns there are 63 central custom stations called *Haupt-Zoll-Aemter*, and in the interior country 50 secondaries styled *Legstätten*. Besides there are 71 stations appointed to control the bills of parcels travelling with the merchandise passing in or out, and lastly a frontier guard called the *Finanz-Wache*. There are also tribes of inspectors and other superior officials. The expenses of the customs in all the provinces of the empire include the salaries of 19,124 persons, who are paid incomes of various amounts from 150 to 400 fl. except the inspectors and officers, whose salaries range higher. The cost to Austria of collecting this branch of her revenue may be estimated at 30 per cent. The gross income of the customs of the Germanic Association was, in 1841, 38,352,000 fl., out of which the expenses were about 10 per cent. or 3,992,000, leaving net 34,360,000 fl.

M. de Tegoborski indulges in conjectures as to the probability of Austria joining the *Zoll-Verein* or German Association. He examines the various obstacles to, and advantages of the measure with shrewdness, and a perfect knowledge of the subject. Among the obstacles, he alludes to the repartition of the revenues, and to the suppression of the custom duties occasioning a deficit, together with the different monetary systems and the weights and measures. He concludes this part of his work by stating that

Austria has of late shown a spirit of industry, and is progressing in her manufactures. The *Zoll-Verein* consumes 70,000,000 lbs. of cotton thread, of which it cannot supply more than 15,000,000 lbs., other accounts say a third; the remainder we presume comes from Great Britain. No less than 311,532 workmen in the cotton line are said to be employed in the states of the Association. M. de Tegoborski is for raising the tariff of the *Zoll-Verein* upon cotton twist to protect and encourage the manufacture at home, and he applauds the excessive tariff of Austria upon that article. The result of his statements seems to be that Austria could not join the German Association without the most impolitic sacrifices.

Austria manufactures woollen cloth in Moravia, Silesia, Bohemia and Lower Austria. The number of sheep she feeds has been estimated at 16,584,000, with 1½lb. of wool each head; but the present author thinks there are above 20,000,000 in the entire country, and that 21,255,000 lbs. of their wool are consumed at home. Prussia consumes 26,000,000 lbs.; throughout the *Zoll-Verein* the cloth is better made than in Austria, and the export double in quantity.

The linen manufactures are principally confined to the Slavonic provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia; the value is from 70,000,000 to 90,000,000 fl. Ordinary cloths are manufactured in Higher Austria, the Tyrol, the north of Hungary, and Gallicia. The linen manufactures are sufficient for home consumption, and admit of exportation to the extent of 49,339 cwt. The exportations of the *Zoll-Verein* are nearly double those of Austria. It would appear that though in damasks and the finer linens this kind of fabric can bear no competition with that of England, still the importations have diminished. The silk manufactures are principally in the Milanese and Venice; these were valued in 1841 at 1,600,000l. The southern Tyrol follows in the order of the manufacture. The total silk 50,500 cwt. is valued at 6 fl. the pound, giving a money total of 78,780,000 francs or 3,156,000l. Of this 33,517 cwt. were the mean exportation from 1829 to 1838, of which one-half was raw silk, the rest dyed or in twist. The establishments for the manufacture of silk, Hungary exclusive, were 5095, not reckoning the little domestic workshops; 3735 in Lombardy, 1244 in the Venetian states, 69 in the Tyrol, in Austria below the Enns 28, and 24 at Vienna. With the advantage of the raw material so decidedly in her favour, the exports of the *Zoll-Verein* are to those of Austria as 13 to 2 in silk goods. Those of Prussia alone are to Austria as 7 to 1. Such is the effect of restrictive duties.

The ironworks of Austria are principally in the archduchy of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. Without reckoning

Hungary, they include 718 establishments. The amount produced is variously given at 2,000,000 and at 2,500,000 cwt.; 1,760,000 being malleable and the rest cast. Becher, in his work on the commerce of Austria, gives 129,754,183 lbs. as the quantity exported. The Germanic Association imports raw iron, free of duty, and exports it manufactured to an extent against Austria of 23 to 2, where raw iron pays 68 per cent. on its value. Here it appears Austria and the associated states could never agree. England can deliver her raw iron free, at Stettin, for 30 silbergros the hundred, while the price in Prussia at the place of production is from 50 to 60. The expense of carriage is 8 pfennings, or 1½d. per hundredweight, per German mile by road, so that 30 or 40 miles from Stettin (140 to 190 English) Austrian iron is 20 per cent. dearer upon introduction than that of Prussia, and sells in her own territory in a proportion from 8 to 10 higher. This article is an invincible obstacle to an Austrian junction with the *Zoll-Verein*, even in the opinion of the present writer. Upon locks and similarly manufactured articles, the Austrian duties are nearly seven times more than those of the Association. The difference in the price of raw iron is an important advantage for England, by which country the *Zoll-Verein* must continue to be supplied without fear of rivalry.

The manufacture of sugar from beetroot has attained its culminating point, and its decline is likely to continue, not only in consequence of the loss of the duties on foreign sugar, but from sound reasons of economy. But for the capital involved in this manufacture in France, its fate would ere now have been decided there; in Germany a failure in competition with colonial sugar is confidently predicted. There were recently eighty-six manufactories in Austria, which produced 70,000 hundredweight of raw sugar. In the *Zoll-Verein* the product is 177,400 hundred, or, as one to seven to that imported; thus forming the eighth part of the consumption. Austria, in 1837, imported 443,024 hundred of colonial sugar, that of beetroot being less than a seventh of her consumption. Thus the opinion that the advantages derived from the consumption of beetroot sugar are not proportioned to the disadvantages, gains ground, and will before long cause its place to be again occupied by the colonial product.

The foregoing are the principal articles in which it appears Austria would be no gainer by joining the German Association. There are many other changes which would place her in the necessity of lessening a needful revenue already too much burdened, while the direct advantages, as on the increased demand for Bohemian glass, for example, would be small compared to the loss. The observations of M. de Tegoborski on the backwardness of Austria

in manufactures, compared to the states of the Germanic Association, are striking. Her restrictive duties nourish the contraband system to an enormous extent; and yet she cannot afford beneficial reductions. On an average of three years, the exportations of Austria amounted to 27,063,410fl.; those of the Germanic Association to 70,610,914fl. So, whereas the states of the *Zoll-Verein* possess a population of but 27 millions, whilst Austria numbers more than 35 millions of inhabitants, the manufactured goods exported by the former exceed those exported by the latter in the proportion of 70 to 27 nearly. The result in separate articles, is in cottons 25 to 2, silks 45 to 7, linens 29 to 16, and woollens 33 to 20; there is not one article in favour of Austria. Here is a singular proof of deficient energy and want of a correct understanding of the true principles of trade. We must add that the exports into Hungary, in 1840, were valued at 41,933,707fl., and that the returns imported were 50,064,902fl., leaving a balance of 5,719,607fl. in favour of Hungary.

The monopoly of *salt* is the third branch of indirect revenue, and supplies a seventh of the total amount; returning 19,500,000fl. In Prussia this tax returns but 8,533,714fl. The consumption in Prussia is 13.42 Austrian pounds per head, in Austria just 14lbs. The last-named country is richer in salt than any other in Europe, and could furnish enough for the consumption of the whole continent. Prussia has only enough for two-thirds of her consumption; the rest she obtains from Liverpool at very little above what it costs at the mine. The Austrian brine-springs, or mines, are all placed in the hands of the fiscal, and importation prohibited. The trade is free internally, except in the Italian provinces. The magazines in the salt-works are regulated in such a manner as with some exceptions, to bring in a profit to the government of 5fl. per quintal, expenses deducted. In High Austria the best salt brings 6fl. 25kr. per barrel. In Dalmatia it is sold at 3fl. 30kr. according to the poverty or distance of the province. In order to compensate for this deficiency, Lombardy is charged 11fl. 51kr. the hundred, and Venice for sea-salt from Istria 10fl. 8kr., a notable specimen of Austrian financial arrangements. Englishmen would be surprised with good reason, if Cornwall were to pay 70 or 80 per cent. more for a taxed article than Huntingdon, because the people of the latter county happened to be the poorer. In the Italian provinces salt is only to be had of the agents of the fiscal, and smuggling is carried on along the whole frontier. The author, with the characteristic feelings of a Russian, observes that this mischief will not be remedied, until they do in Italy as in some

districts of Prussia, oblige the inhabitants to buy so much salt each per head! If this be done for salt, why not for all other commodities at the pleasure of officials, so that the state may pocket 9fl. and 10fl., upon an article that costs less than 1fl.! The despotism of finance never went further in making costly one of the first necessities of existence. We almost think the smuggler a public benefactor. Then as to the people, there cannot be a doubt that the prevalence of intestine worms of the most troublesome kind among the poorer classes on the continent, is owing to the deprivation of this necessary adjunct to their coarse vegetable aliment in sufficient quantity, its use being one of the greatest preventives of the vermicular parasite. For salt alone 5,676,000fl. is levied upon the two Italian provinces, or 756,800l. upon 4,700,000 of population, an impost unequal with that of the rest of the empire, and therefore unjust. In Prussia the tax is more uniformly levied, the price being 6fl. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ kr. the hundred, but there the sale by retail is in the hands of the collector of the tax or his agents.

Tobacco is another monopoly in Austria, first made such in 1670. The gross produce in 1841 was 18,000,000fl., though in 1829 it was only 6,000,000fl. The net revenue was, 12,000,000 or 34 kr. a head on 21,240,000 of population, on which number alone it is at present levied; the quantity consumed was 31,860,000 lbs., or a pound and half per head, throughout the twelve provinces liable to the tax. The collection is in the hands of the financial administration of each province, but the manufacture is confided to a board called the *Tabaks-Fabriken-Direction*, that superintends the home growth and the purchases made out of the country. The price is fixed by law, and it is sold by dealers accountable to the fiscal. The wholesale dealers are paid by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the amount disposed of to those who deal in retail. The profit of the latter is according to the species of goods, from two and three to eight and ten per cent. Naturally, too, there is a great deal of contraband trade in this article.

In Prussia the monopoly of tobacco, a mere luxury, does not exist, although many more onerous and less defensible taxes are continued.

The *stamp duties* and tax on official papers are the next heads of indirect impost, and returned, in 1841, 5,500,000 fl. They are levied on title deeds and documents; on judicial acts in suits; on the like acts not in suits; and on official acts not in the jurisdiction of the tribunals. There are twelve classes of stamp duties, the lowest in value is 3 kr. and the highest 20fl.; the last payable on money transactions of the value of 8000 fl.

and upwards. Stamps are required on a variety of mercantile and private papers, sales, bills of exchange, playing-cards, and similar things. Some of the charges are unequal and impolitic. Documents without the necessary stamps are void. The stamps for appointments to public functions, as benefices, privileges, and titles, run from 1000 fl. for the diploma of noble, to 12,000 fl. for that of prince. A councillor pays 100 fl., and a privy councillor 6000 fl., different sums being fixed for intermediate grades. The stamp duty on patents is regulated by the time they are conceded, one year being 25 fl. increasing to 440 fl. in all for fifteen years, the longest term for which they are given. This is an impolitic and unjust tax in any country. In Prussia the stamp duties press heavier on trade than in Austria.

The gross produce of the five foregoing heads of indirect taxation is from recent official returns, 79,000,000 fl., the expense of collecting nearly 13 per cent. In Prussia it averages about 10, and in France 16 per cent.

The *Post* produces in Austria 2,400,000 fl.; in Prussia 400,000 fl. less, while in France, deducting the expense of the administration, the product is 7,632,000 fl.* There are only two classes of charge, a single letter weighing $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce, or 8.75 grammes of France, is charged for ten miles 6 kr., beyond that distance 12 kr. The Prussian charges are graduated from 3 kr. for one, up to 12 kr. for a hundred miles the single letter. Weights up to 100 lbs., as well as silver and gold, are charged by weight and value according to a scale generally lowest in Austria. Thus 10,000 fl. in gold, weighing 13 lb. 12 oz. carried 100 miles is charged in Austria 34 fl. 53 kr.; in Prussia 133 fl. 20 kr., or 98 fl. 27 kr. more.

The *Lottery*, another head of indirect taxation, brings in about 4,000,000 fl. to the state. This demoralizing source of revenue, existing also in Prussia, needs no further description; wherever adopted it is a certain indication of financial weakness.

The total net amount of Austrian taxation we have already given. The following table will afford some idea of the vast and extravagant machinery by which it is kept in activity.

In 1839 there were 73,543 individuals of all ranks employed and paid for civil services alone, or 1 in every 494 persons, and adding 52,728 miners and workmen, 1 in 266 inhabitants. Their salaries and emoluments reached 34,730,624 fl., and the expense of the government officials was $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the entire revenue. The following table on the separate provinces, with their revenues, retainers, and emoluments, is interesting.

* The receipts of the post for France in 1841, give a sum of 45,543,000 francs; the expenses were 25,698,000; leaving a profit of 19,845,000 francs.

	Popu- lation.	Revenue	Em- ployés.	Emolu- ments.	Expen- ses per cent.
		fl.		fl.	fl. kr.
Austria below the Enns	1,369,000	19,490,000	9,545	7,398,893	37. 6
— with the administrative boards at Vienna.			14,952	13,335,031	68.35
Lombardy.....	2,532,000	19,200,000	9,481	4,320,569	22.30
Hungary.....	11,973,000	19,990,000	7,984	4,053,712	23.51
Bohemia.....	4,133,000	16,060,000	7,431	2,846,399	16.29
Venice.....	2,148,000	15,040,000	8,383	3,942,214	26.12
Gallicia.....	4,714,000	12,647,000	9,169	2,677,816	21.30
Moravia and Silesia.....	2,154,000	5,110,000	3,157	1,061,133	11.34
Austria above the Enns.....	841,000	5,040,000	2,522	1,674,421	33.13
Styria.....	964,000	4,221,000	2,671	1,437,691	33.16
Carinthia and Carniola.....	735,000	3,941,000	2,117	977,291	24.83
Transylvania.....	2,846,000	3,867,000	3,665	1,012,633	26.11
Tyrol.....	836,000	3,242,000	3,505	1,439,207	44.33
Littoral.....	480,000	2,864,000	2,450	848,521	29.27
Military frontiers.....	1,192,000	2,639,000	6,030	unknown	
Dalmatia.....	392,000	921,000	1,221	477,431	51.69

The reorganization of the Austrian finances is necessary for her security; reform knocks loudly at her door; the means are within her reach; her resources are great, but the system complex and expensive. The clog of bureaucracy hampers her progress, and makes the smallest change slow and difficult of execution. An inclination is said to exist on the part of the government to ameliorate or even abandon the formal mode and tedious routine hitherto pursued, and of the success of energetic endeavours for either purpose there can be no doubt. Placed between Russia and Western Europe the independence of Austria is most important to the latter, but she must be rich and powerful as well as independent to preserve her position, with jealous neighbours about her, and barbarism on her eastern frontier. It is well to know that the material is not wanting, that before long the change so desirable may chance to be effected, and the Austrian revenue made to produce 200,000,000 fl. without increased pressure upon the population.

M. de Tegoborski has done a great service to the public by his work, which will not be read unprofitably. We suspect he possesses much better information than his book discloses upon a good many points, and more than all that in his heart he is a convert to free trade principles—how indeed could a writer of sound judgment and reflection be otherwise? Of his non-declaration of such an opinion it is not difficult to comprehend the reasons.

ART. IX.—*Le Duc de Bassano, Souvenirs Intimes de la Révolution et de l'Empire.* Recueillis et publiés par Madame CHARLOTTE DE SOR. (Personal Recollections of the Duke of Bassano, of the Revolution, and of the Empire. Collected and published by Madame DE SOR.) Brussels. 1843.

THIS is a poor, paltry book, compiled by a warm-hearted woman, evidently with the best and kindest intentions. It is not necessary, perhaps it would be neither fitting nor decorous, that we should too curiously pry into the relations of good neighbourhood or of friendship, or haply of something more tender still, existing between Maret, Duke of Bassano, and Charlotte de Sor. With these, as we have nothing whatever to do, we desire in no degree to meddle. The book, for aught we know or care, may be the offspring of friendship, of gratitude, or of a tenderer passion; but the inquiries of our readers, no matter what the movingspring of the lady, will naturally be, does this worthy woman tell any thing new—does she throw any unexpected light on the character of her hero, or in doing him honour, at all open to our view more distinctly or more vividly the thorny path of public affairs? We regret to say she does not; and we do not, therefore, very well see the necessity under which Charlotte de Sor lay in putting her pen to paper to produce this rifacimento. The career of Maret is as well known as the progress of any capable, industrious, plodding, subservient short-hand writer deserves to be. Honour he obtained in his day, and some share of wealth with a dukedom to boot, and with these, he and his ought to have been, if they are not, satisfied. Had he been born in England he might have been a kind of second-rate Gurney or Cherer, making his 5000*l.* a year, labouring hardly by night and by day in houses of parliament and courts of law, spending all the while his 800*l.* a year, and therefore dying far richer than he did as a peer of France; or he might have turned law reporter like Peckwell, and having accepted an Indian judgeship, died forgotten in a foreign land; or he might have gone on plodding his wearisome way, day by day, in all the courts of Westminster Hall, and have come to nothing, like many and more accomplished men, at last. But having fallen on stormy times, and there being no one to compete with him in his speciality, he rose from grade to grade, till ultimately he became a duke and minister of state for foreign affairs. It will, however, be necessary to enter into a few particulars, to give the reader an insight into his history, but not at any great length. Maret was born at Dijon in 1763. His father was a doctor, and he was marked out to walk in the same professional path, but there was a prize essay to be

contended for at the college of Dijon, the subject being an eulogium on Vauban. Maret entered the lists and obtained the second place, the celebrated Carnot having obtained the first. His father now changed his views and devoted him to the bar. He was called in due season, and admitted to practise at the provincial parliament of Dijon. The old doctor, however, wished for something better than provincial success for his son, and sent him to Paris with introductions to Vergennes the minister, and other persons of high credit. At Paris he followed the course of international law given by Bonchaud, and had the good fortune to be noticed by Buffon, Condorcet, and Lacépède. The death of Vergennes, however, deprived him of a patron, and he was preparing to finish his studies in Germany, when the first revolution broke out. Maret suddenly changed his intention of quitting France. Madame de Sor says he thought, and wisely thought too, he could not follow a more instructive course, or one in which there was more to be learned than the sittings of the States-general. He accordingly established himself, with this view, at Versailles, in a small lodging. He was then in his 25th year. 'I did not,' said he to Madame de Sor, 'wish to lose a word of what was said, and that was the reason why, with my small means, and having a hole to put my head into in Paris, I went to the further expense of a little room at Versailles.' The young Burgundian was the first to enter the hall of the states every morning, and the last to leave it. Jaded and tired he goes home, but neither to eat nor to sleep, much less to smoke or to drink.—No, he sits down to write out his notes word for word, graphically describing the tone, manner, and gesture of all the speakers. So intent and busy was our short-hand writer that he came to Paris but on the Sunday, the *silent* sabbath-day at Versailles.

On this day of rest he laboured not, but went into society. He talked of his notes, and read some of them. They were raved about like every novelty in Paris, quoted, and praised. Pankouke, the publisher, heard of this nine-days' wonder called Hugh James Maret, sought him out, and proposed that his Parliamentary Report, should be incorporated into the '*Moniteur*,' in which the crafty bookseller was interested. On the recommendation of Mirabeau, Lally Tolendal, Thouret, and others, Maret consented. From this moment, the '*Moniteur*,' heretofore declining, had unlimited success. It has been even said that it sold the almost incredible number of 80,000.

Maret worked industriously in this fashion for three or four years, and made many thousand francs in an honourable and legitimate way. Bonaparte was some years his junior, and while these things were going on, was grinding geometry at Brienne,

or spunging cannons clean at Toulon, or gaining a cutaneous disease by seizing the rammer of an artilleryman in the blood-heat of battle. But he had, nevertheless, heard by report of the fame of the reporter, but withal, vaguely, dimly, indistinctly. Years wear away, and the sub-lieutenant of Brienne becomes one of the three Consuls. Then he sends for Maret, questions him with piercing glance about his former labours, and is told that this wonder-working Hugh James, with head and pen for many years had laboured eighteen hours out of the twenty-four! 'Good night, Maret,' says the brisk, brusque little Corsican, 'I am busy this evening, but working in that fashion, a man may i' faith, be something at last.' Prim pragmatICAL Maret thought this manner odd. It was certainly quick, unparliamentary, (why should not we say un-Peelish?)—but it was none the worse for that. To bed goes Maret, his pencils, pens, and note-books, arranged and ruled for the morrow-morning. Up he wakes betimes on that morrow, and reads at the early hour of seven, in the matutinal 'Moniteur,' that he is named 'Secrétaire général des Consuls!' What species of a secretary is this, we may be asked? It was certainly something new, even in novelty-loving France. He was not a minister, with his particular department to preside over. His functions did not apply to this or that isolated branch of the public service, but he was a functionary personally present at all the meetings or deliberations or councils, as we might perhaps call them in England, of the three consuls, and took a note of every thing that was said or done. And never was there a happier choice of a note-taker. As good a short-hand writer as that martinet of the Judges, Baron Gurney himself, Maret seemed to be the very genius of abbreviation. With amazing promptitude and fidelity, he seized the quick ideas, and caught the hasty, half-mumbled words of Bonaparte, and jotted them down with unerring accuracy. He had no will of his own, no independent theory, no system, the offspring of a strong mind or an original understanding. His pen was prompt, quick, and obedient. He admired his master so thoroughly, and attached himself so strongly to him, that it seemed as though that powerful being had plucked out of his short-hand writer's breast the faculty of volition, for he only thought, saw, and felt, as the consul to whom he devoted himself 'corps et ame.' This was the sort of passive, mute, hard-working machine which Bonaparte longed to find. And he found this man-thing in Hugh James Maret. As the Consular system developed itself, the functions of Maret became more important. Bonaparte was fond of dictating, of thinking aloud, as Hamlet says. His short quick words, his rapid and picturesque ideas, which flew from his lips with the speed of arrows, abounding in striking images and illustrations,

in just conclusions, and often in profound and original thought, could only be faithfully seized on and chronicled by a man accustomed to this manner of labour. Who was more apt at it than Maret? Who, indeed, so apt in France? He arranged, and collated, and elaborated, and licked the creation of a more fertile brain into mould, shape, and form. Maret was, therefore, in his way, a most valuable adjunct to the Consul. He was, in truth, a sort of aide-de-camp in plain clothes with a pen in his hand instead of a sword. The devotion of this head clerk was perfectly oriental, and proportionate was the satisfaction of his master. It was a pleasant thing, after he had left the council, for the little Corsican to find all his orders, wishes, and suggestions, written out in decent readable French, with all the t's crossed, and all the é's and other little letters accentuated gravely, acutely, or circumflexedly; and in a plain running readable hand, so that not a *chef de division* could mistake a word, not a minister say I misapprehend this or that order.

The confidence of the Consul in his faithful scribe increases daily. He accompanies him in all his journeys. He goes with him to every field of battle. At the epoch of the empire he becomes secretary of state. He is at Vienna in 1805. In 1806 he is charged with the organization of Poland. Subsequently all the weighty affairs of Westphalia rest on his shoulders. Anon he manages the Spanish junta at Bayonne. In 1809 victory again calls him to Vienna—to that very Austria, in whose dungeons of Kufstein he had in early life been a prisoner, and in whose states, in 1816, 17, and 18, when proscribed by Louis XVIII., he found refuge. In April, 1811, he is named minister for foreign affairs. On the 23d of May, 1812, Napoleon passes the Niemen. The Duke of Bassano joined him at Wilna, where he managed not only the affairs of that duchy, but, under the eyes of his master, the diplomacy of France. Maret did not, however, follow his master to Smolensko, but returned by his order to Paris, where he continued to receive and faithfully to execute his orders. But he was soon removed from the 'affaires étrangères' to the post of 'secrétaire d'état.' Misfortunes now came thick and strong on the soldier of fortune. He named Maret to assist at the congress of Chatillon on behalf of France; but the congress was broken up, and France, which had invaded so many other states, was now in her turn invaded. Now came the abdication of Fontainebleau. Abandoned as was Napoleon by nearly all those whom he had raised from their native nothingness to honour, power, and glory, Maret was still, among the faithless, faithful found. He was the only minister who stood by his master to the last, despite the frowns of an adverse fate.

On the return from Elba he received Napoleon at the Tuileries,

resumed the 'secrétairerie d'état,' and was present at the battle of Waterloo, where he was very nearly taken prisoner.

His fidelity did not end here. He laboured for the object of his idolatry even to the departure from Rambouillet. This desperate fidelity rendered him obnoxious to the succeeding government. He was exiled for four years by Louis XVIII., though that monarch must have known that the Duke of Angoulême was indebted for his liberty, perhaps for his life, to the Duke of Bassano. In 1820 the duke returned to France. For ten years he lived in retirement. In 1830 he resumed his place in the chamber of peers, where he had sat in the one hundred days. Occasionally he spoke, but exercised little influence. Age and labour had fully used out the energy of the man. At the Institute he occasionally attended, and presided over the class of moral and political sciences. While a prisoner in Austria, he had written in his dungeon some comedies which had gained him a place in the Academy, but under the Restoration he was struck off the roll of the forty at the same period as Arnaud and Etienne. In 1831 he consented to preside gratuitously over the liquidation of the 'ancienne liste civile,' and by his impartiality, amenity, and real kindness of disposition, won golden opinions of all parties. He continued in the bosom of his family those habits of labour and industry to which he had been early accustomed. He rose with the dawn, and always had his pen in hand. He had never been an avaricious man nor a plunderer, and probably was careless as to money matters. In 1836 or 7 he intrusted large sums to an agent, or 'homme d'affaires,' who abused his trust. Thus he lost a considerable portion of his fortune. It is possible that this misfortune hastened his end. He died on the 13th of May, 1839, in the 77th year of his age. One of his sons, who inherits his title, is employed in the diplomatic service of his country; another is an engineer of great promise and perseverance; and one of his daughters is married to a son of Sir Thomas Baring.

Such are nearly all the particulars we learn from two small volumes, and in them there is nothing new. Madame de Sor amiably, and with all the sincerity and zeal of friendship, endeavours to make us believe that Maret was a great man and a great minister, but in this she completely and entirely fails; for, as was said by Fouché, he saw only with the eyes, and heard only with the ears of his master. Her hero was after all but a prompt intelligent drudge, as ready to work at his clerkship at four o'clock in the morning as at those 'wee small hours ayont the twal', when men are generally either asleep, or engaged in the far more pleasant occupation of discussing a bottle of *Clos Vougeot*, or *Château Margaux*. It has been said that Maret was a man

of lax principle, but this we are inclined to doubt, and in so far as Madame de Sor gives us an insight into his character, these doubts are confirmed. The constancy and fervor of his attachment to his patron did him the highest honour, and as he was never a strong or original-minded man, his admiration and affection for the general and legislator may have blinded him to the faults, follies, and even crimes of his master.

The mediocrity of Maret's talents was often sneered at by Talleyrand, and he certainly was not a man of great intellect; but he was a person of kind and benevolent disposition, steadfast and sincere in his friendships, and of a warm heart; and this is more than can be said of other Frenchmen of far greater intellectual pretensions.

There are two or three anecdotes of Napoleon in these volumes which show how immense, how Herculean the labours of the man must have been. Often after reviewing his army, or giving the enemy battle, he would send for his faithful penman, and motioning him to sit down, would dictate to all his minions in Paris what was to be done in the public works—what at the 'affaires étrangères'—what in the 'bureau de la douane'—what at the 'droits réunis.' These labours would often occupy the emperor and penman till the broad glare of the midday sun informed them it was time to breakfast. It was not alone in dictating that the emperor had busy days and nights of it. Sometimes there were wagon-loads of papers and public documents to wade through. If these were not despatched, what became of our good city of Paris—what of the kingdom of France?—what of conquered provinces? Then the list of promotions in all services, military, marine, diplomatic, revenue, &c.

Some of the many annotations made by the Emperor to these lists are curious. Here they are. 'Accordé.—Il n'y a pas lieu.—Y a-t-il eu du sang versé?—A quel titre?—Non.—Combien de blessures?—A la première bataille, s'il y a lieu.—Les années de services, s'ils sont médiocres, ne constituent pas un droit.—Pour la croix de la Réunion—On verra plus tard.—Pas une action d'éclat.'

Sometimes the emperor exhibited great littleness of mind and an unworthy spite, as the following anecdote, which we extract from the book, will sufficiently prove.

"General Grouchy had a very capable young officer as aide-de-camp. His conduct had been irreproachable, and he had frequently distinguished himself, but he did not nevertheless obtain the promotion which his services deserved. In fact, he was never thought of at all. General Grouchy grieved at this marked and unmerited neglect, exhibited towards a man who had always conducted himself well. After having

vainly complained at the War Office, at length determined to address himself directly to the *Ministère Secrétaire d'Etat*, Maret. He solicited the cross of the Legion of Honour for his aide-de-camp, Captain George Lafayette. 'It is a forgetfulness,' said Maret 'on the part of his Majesty, and of the minister of war, and if Captain Geo. Lafayette is not included in the forthcoming promotion, I give you my word, general, I shall cause him to be inserted.' A little time after this a list was made at the emperor's desire, but the name of Geo. Lafayette was not among the fortunate officers. Maret perceiving this, added the name at the bottom of the list in his own hand. The list was then, as in ordinary cases, submitted to the personal examination of the emperor. But no annotation of assent was placed in the emperor's handwriting opposite the name of Lafayette.

" 'Well!' said the Duke of Bassano, 'this is a mere oversight, but I'll try again.'

" Some months passed away, during which a glorious campaign augmented the chances of the young soldier's success. Bassano again came to the charge; again inscribed with his own hand, the same name; again placed it under the eyes of the emperor. But alas! with the same luckless result. Now thought the duke, this is a manifest injustice in the guilt of which I shall have no hand, but at all events there is nothing like tenacity, and I'll try a third time. And he did generously interpose a third time, but with no better result. Against so strong a resolve, so unhappy a prejudice on the part of the emperor, the Duke of Bassano deemed it vain any longer to struggle, but he thought himself bound under the circumstances to intimate to young Lafayette by a third person his opinion that he would do well to renounce a career which only presented a succession of dangers without the hope of promotion or reward."

This was an act of calm courage on the part of the secretary which few men in the then state of France would have exhibited. It was a grave rebuke of an unjust prejudice, it was a lesson given to a man who did not in general bear lessons patiently, above all from inferiors—and who might of his mere will have struck the unfortunate giver of the lesson from off the list of his official servants. But Bonaparte was too shrewd, too wise a man to do this. On the contrary not a word, not a gesture, betrayed the slightest emotion of resentment against a minister who, after a first refusal, had the courage at the risk of displeasing his master twice again to renew a proposal which he knew would be disrelished. This is not the way to gain favour with the ordinary great in general, for Molière well says,

" Et les plus prompts moyens de gagner leur faveur
C'est de flatter toujours le foible de leur cœur,
D'applaudir en aveugle à ce qu'ils veulent faire,
Et n'appuyer jamais ce qui peut leur déplaire,"

But, after all, what a wonderful man was this same Napoleon! How admirably did he gain the ascendancy over all who came into contact with him! How he was beloved by his soldiers—by his children as he called them—with whom he marched from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia. What was the secret of this? Employments were not monopolized either in virtue of birth or favour or fortune.

‘Je ne dois des faveurs à personne,’ said the little man with loftiness; ‘quant aux récompenses, il dépend de chacun de les mériter, par de bons services rendus au pays.’

This was the great secret of his success in every thing. The fittest men were chosen for the several places, regard being had only to their fitness. On this principle he conquered half the world, and he might have conquered another quarter of it had he but adhered to this the rule of his earlier life.

ART. X.—1. *Lettres Parisiennes*, par Madame EMILÉ DE GIRARDIN (Vicomte de Launay). Parisian Letters by EMILY DE GIRARDIN, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. Paris. 1843.

2. *Paris im Frühjahr*. 1843. Von. L. RELLSTAB. Leipzig. 1844.

3. *Paris and its People*. By the Author of ‘Random Recollections of the House of Commons.’ London. 1843.

OF the myriads of books now yearly appearing which Time shall swallow up, so that they or their memory be no more seen, we hope this little work of Madame de Girardin’s will not be one. Not that it is more innocent or intrinsically worthy of life than many others of its companions which will be handed over to the inevitable Destroyer; but it deserves to have a corner in a historical library, where even much more natural and meritorious publications might be excluded; just as a two-headed child will get a place in a museum-bottle, when an ordinary creature, with the usual complement of skull, will only go the way the sexton shows it. The ‘*Lettres Parisiennes*’ give a strange picture of a society, of an age, and of an individual. One or the other Madame Girardin exposes with admirable unconscious satire; and this is satire of the best and wholesomest sort. One is apt to suspect the moralist whose indignation makes his verse or points his wit; one cannot tell how much of personal pique mars the truth of his descriptions, or how many vices or passions are painted after the happy ever-present model himself; and while we read Swift’s satires of a sordid, brutal, and wicked age, or Churchill’s truculent

descriptions of the daring profligates of his time, we know the first to be black-hearted, wicked, and envious, as any monster he represents, and have good reason to suspect the latter to be the dissolute ruffian whom he describes as a characteristic of his times.

But the world *could* never be what the dean painted as he looked at it with his furious, mad, glaring eyes; nor was it the wild drunken place which Churchill, reeling from a tavern, fancied he saw reeling round about him. We might as well take the word of a sot, who sees four candles on the table where the sober man can only perceive two; or of a madman who peoples a room with devils that are quite invisible to the doctor. Our Parisian chronicler, whose letters appear under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, is not more irrational than his neighbours. The vicomte does not pretend to satirize his times more than a gentleman would who shares in the events which he depicts, and has a perfectly good opinion of himself and them; if he writes about trifles it is because his society occupies itself with such, and his society is, as we know, the most refined and civilized of all societies in this world; for is not Paris the European capital, and does he not speak of the best company there?—Indeed, and for the benefit of the vulgar and unrefined, the vicomte's work ought to be translated, and would surely be read with profit. Here might the discontented artisan see how his betters are occupied; here might the country gentleman's daughter who, weary of her humdrum village-retirement, pines for the delights of Paris, find those pleasures chronicled of which she longs to take a share; and if we may suppose she possesses (as she does always in novels and often in real life) a sage father or guardian, or a reflective conscience of her own, either monitor will tell her a fine moral out of the Vicomte de Launay's letters, and leave her to ask is this the fashionable life that I have been sighing after—this heartless, false, and above all, intolerably wearisome existence, which the most witty and brilliant people in the world consent to lead? As for the man of the humbler class, if after musing over this account of the great and famous people he does not learn to be contented with his own condition, all instruction is lost upon him, and his mind is diseased by a confirmed enviousness which no reason or reality will cure.

Nor is the Vicomte de Launay's sermon, like many others, which have undeniable morals to them, at all dull in the reading; every page, on the contrary, is lively and amusing—it sparkles with such wit as only a Frenchman can invent—it abounds with pleasing anecdote, bright pictures of human life, and happy turns of thought. It is entirely selfish and heartless, but the accomplished author does not perceive this: its malice is gentlemanlike and not too ill-natured: and its statements, if exaggerated, are not more so than good company warrants. In a society where a new carriage, or

new bonnet, is a matter of the greatest importance, how can one live but by exaggerating? Lies, as it were, form a part of the truth of the system. But there is a compensation for this, as for most other things in life—and while one set of duties or delights are exaggerated beyond measure, another sort are depreciated correspondingly. In that happy and genteel state of society where a new carriage, or opera, or bonnet, become objects of the highest importance, morals become a trifling matter; politics futile amusement; and religion an exploded ceremony. All this is set down in the vicomte's letters, and proved beyond the possibility of a doubt.

And hence the great use of having real people of fashion to write their own lives, in place of the humble male and female authors, who, under the denomination of the Silver Fork School, have been employed by silly booksellers in our own day. They cannot give us any representation of the real authentic genteel fashionable life, they will relapse into morality in spite of themselves, do what they will they are often vulgar, sometimes hearty and natural; they have not the unconscious wickedness, the delightful want of principle, which the great fashionable man possesses, none of the grace and ease of vice. What pretender can, for instance, equal the dissoluteness of George Selwyn's Letters, lately published?—What mere literary head could have invented Monsieur Suisse and his noble master? We question whether Mr. Beckford's witty and brilliant works could have been written by any but a man in the very best company; and so it is with the Vicomte de Launay,—his is the work of a true person of fashion, the real thing, (the real sham, some misanthropist may call it, but these are of a snarling and discontented turn,) and no mere pretender could have equalled them. As in the cases of George Selwyn and Monsieur Suisse, mentioned before, the De Launay Letters do not tell all, but you may judge by a part of the whole, of Hercules by his foot,—by his mere bow, it is said, any one (in high life) might judge his late Majesty George IV., to be the most accomplished man in Europe. And so with De Launay, though he speak but about the last new turban which the Countess wore at the opera, or of her liaison with the Chevalier ——, you may see by the gravity with which he speaks of that turban, and the graceful lightness with which he recounts the little breakage of the seventh commandment in question, what is the relative importance of each event in his mind, and how (we may therefore pretty fairly infer) the *beau monde* is in the habit of judging them. Some French critics who have spoken of Vicomte de Launay's work, do, it is true, deny his claim to rank as a man of fashion, but there are delicate shades in fashion and politeness, which a foreigner cannot understand, and many a person will pass among us for well-bred, who is not what Mrs. Trollope calls *la*

crème de la crème. The vicomte does not, as it would seem, frequent those great and solemn houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ancient nobility dwell, (and which are shut to all the *roture**)—but he is welcomed at the court of Louis Philippe, and the balls of the ambassadors (so much coveted by our nation in France)—he dances in all the salons of the Faubourg, and he has a box at all the operas; if Monsieur de Castellane gives a private play, the Vicomte is sure to be in the front seats; if the *gentlemen-sportsmen* of the Jockey-club on the Boulevard have a racing or gambling match in hand, he is never far off: he is related to the chamber of deputies, and an influential party there, he has published poems, and plays, and commands a newspaper; and hence his opportunities of knowing poets, authors, and artists, are such as must make him a chronicler of no ordinary authenticity.

It is of matters relating to all these people that the gay and voluble vicomte discourses; and if we may judge of the success of his letters by the number of imitations which have followed them, their popularity must have been very great indeed. Half-a-dozen journals at least have their weekly chronicle now upon the De Launay model, and the reader of the French and English newspapers may not seldom remark in the ‘own correspondence’ with which some of the latter prints are favoured, extracts and translations from the above exclusive sources, compiled by the ambassadors of the English press in Paris, for the benefit of their public here.

It would be impossible perhaps for a journal here to produce any series of London letters similar in kind to those of which we are speaking. The journalist has not the position in London which is enjoyed by his Parisian brother. Here the journal is every thing, and the writer a personage studiously obscure;—if a gentleman, he is somehow most careful to disguise his connexion with literature, and will avow any other profession but his own: if not of the upper class, the gentry are strangely shy and suspicious of him, have vague ideas of the danger of ‘being shown up’ by him, and will flock to clubs to manifest their mistrust by a black ball. Society has very different attentions for the Parisian journalists, and we find them admitted into the saloons of ambassadors, the cabinets of ministers, and the boudoirs of ladies of fashion. When shall we ever hear of Mr. This, theatrical critic for the ‘Morning Post,’ at Lady Londonderry’s ball, or Mr. That, editor of the ‘Times,’ closeted with Sir Robert Peel, and ‘assisting’ the prime minister to prepare a great parliamentary paper or a Queen’s

* Except as in the case of a rich American, who, though once a purser of a ship, has been adopted by the nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and is said to have cut ‘the family at the Tuileries,’ and all his old acquaintances of the *Chaussée d’Antin*.

speech? And, indeed, with all possible respect for the literary profession, we are inclined to think the English mode the most wholesome in this case, and that it is better that the duchesses, the ministers, and the literary men, should concert with their kind, nor be too intimate with each other.

For the truth is, the parties have exceedingly few interests in common. The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds and *vice versâ*,—that is the place of almost national interest and equality, but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre *was* a place where our rich and poor met in common, but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the Opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback,—nay, it must have struck any plain person who may chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators), will sit alone perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks who will insist upon imitating them: and this is not their fault—it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russell-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen; it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russell-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club—but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter; those who *do* inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stock-brokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards '*the court end*,' as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the Queen, at Pimlico! Indeed, a man who after

living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C—— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was—not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers by there at six o'clock. How those deserters would have rallied round a couple of dukes were they ever so foolish, and a few marquises no wiser than the author of a certain *Voyage to Constantinople*.

Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault: but it is our meanness. We might be very social and happy without them if we would: but follow them we must, and as in the good old vicar's time, the appearance of Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs amongst us (whom we *will* ask) instantly puts a stop to the joviality and free flow of spirits which reigned before her ladyship's arrival; and we give up nature and blindman's buff for stiff conversations about 'Shakspeare and the musical glasses.' This digression concerning English society has to be sure no actual reference to the subject in hand, save that moral one which the Reviewer sometimes thinks fit to point out to his reader, who travelling with him in the spirit to foreign countries, may thus their manners noting, and their realms surveying, be induced to think about his own.

With this let us cease further moralizing, and as we have shown in the above sentences that the English reader delights in none but the highest society, and as we have humbly alluded in a former paragraph to young countrywomen, who, possibly weary of the sameness of their hall or village, yearn after the delight of Paris and the splendours of the entertainments there; perhaps some such will have no objection to accompany Madame or Monsieur Girardin de Launay through the amusement of a Paris season, in that harmless fashion in which Shacabac partook of the first feast offered by the Barmecide, and which entails no evil consequences upon the feaster. It is the winter of 1837. Charles X. is just dead at Goritz, and we (the vicomte and his reader) are for a while too genteel to dance in public in consequence of the poor old monarch's demise. We pass some pathetic remarks on the fate of

exiled kings; we wonder how it happens that the Tuileries do not go into mourning. We do so ourselves, just to be in the fashion and to show our loyalty, but only for a few days—but people should fancy we could not afford to purchase spring fashions, and so having decently buried the sovereign we give a loose to our pleasures, and go of course to Madame d'Appeny's ball.

' You have no idea how diamonds and your own hair are come into fashion again—we remark this at the ball of the ambassador of Austria, where really and truly the whole room glistened with diamonds. Diamonds and hair! every one puts on every body's own diamonds, and every body else's—every body wears their own hair, and somebody else's besides. Look at the Duchess of Sutherland. Have you seen her grace and her diamonds—all the world is crowding to look at them; and as he goes to look at her magnificent diadem, worth two millions it is said, many a young man has *bien des distractions* in gazing at her grace's beautiful eyes and charming face.

' This is in the Faubourg St. Honoré—as for the people in the Faubourg St. Germain, the poor creatures, on account of the poor dear king's death dare not dance—they *only* waltz—its more *triste* to waltz, more becoming—it seems by chance as it were. Some one sits down to the piano and plays a little waltz—just a little pretty one—and some one else begins to turn round in time. It is not a dance—no invitations were given, only a few young people have amused themselves by keeping time to M. de X. or Léon de B. They were in white, but their parents were in black all the time—for the good old king, the first gentleman in Europe (the French too had a first gentleman in Europe), lies dead yonder at Goritz.

' As Lent comes on, we are of course too well-bred not to go to church. And to speak about the preachers, *fi donc!* but we positively must hear M. de Ravignan, for all the world goes to Notre Dame, and M. Dupanloup at Saint Roch, and the Abbé Combalot at Saint Eustache. We only mention their names as a fact, and to point out that there *is a return towards religion*, at which we are very happy; but as for commenting upon, or criticising the works of these 'austere inspired ones,' we must not venture to do it; they speak for our salvation and not for their own glory, and we are sure, must be quite above all worldly praise. And so no more about religion in Lent. And oh, it is *quite frightful* to think how the people do dance in Lent as it is!

ENGLISHWOMEN AT A FRENCH BALL.

"The masked ball given in benefit of the English has been so successful, that imitations may be looked for; the ball of the civil list is to be in the same fashion it is said. We dearly love masked-balls—handsome women appear there under quite novel aspects, and as for ugly wo-

men whom a brilliant imagination carries thither, why they become delightful too, in their way, the Englishwomen above all, there is such an engaging frankness. It must be confessed that if we look at the handsome English and admire them with something like envy and bitterness of heart, there are natives of a certain other sort whom the 'perfidious Albion' sends over to us, and who charm us beyond expression; let us say it to the island's double renown, that if the modern Venus, that is beauty, has come to us from the waves of the channel, the very contrary goddess (whom we need not name) has risen in full dress out of the frightened waves of the Thames. In a word, we admit that our neighbours provide our fêtes with the most beautiful women, and with those who are most of the other sort. They do nothing by halves the Englishwomen, they bring beauty to perfection or they carry ugliness to distraction; in this state they cease to be women altogether, and become beings of which the classification is impossible. One looks like an old bird, another like an old horse, a third, like a young donkey—some have a bison look, some a dromedary appearance, and all a poodle cast. Now all this seated quietly in a drawing-room, and respectably dressed looks simply ugly, and there's an end of it; but set it off in a masked ball—all these poor things dressed and bedizened, all these strange faces, and graces, and grimaces, twisting and hurling, and ogling and leering their best, you can't conceive what a wonderful effect they have! If you could but have seen them the other day in the Salle Ventadour with seven or eight feathers in their heads; red feathers, blue feathers, black feathers, peacocks' feathers, cocks' feathers, all the feathers of all the birds in the air—if you could have seen their satisfied looks as they glanced at the looking-glasses, and the grace with which their fair fingers repaired some enchanting disorder of the dress, and the perseverance with which they placed in its right position over the forehead that charming ringlet which *would* come upon the nose, and the yellow slipper, or the brown one, withdrawn or protruded with alike winning grace, and all the shells, and beads, and bracelets, and all the ornaments from all the jewel boxes of the family conglomerated on one strange person, and looking as if astonished to find themselves so assembled; you would say as we do, it is a charming thing a *bal costumé*, and if anybody offers to show you such a sight for a louis, give it, my dear friend, you never laid out money so well."

Indeed any person who has been in a Paris ball-room will allow that the description is a very true and very amusing one; and as we are still addressing the ladies, we would beg them to take warning, by the above remarks, on their visits to Paris; to remember what pitiless observers are round about them in the meager persons of their French acquaintance; to reflect that their costume, in its every remotest part, is subject to eyes so critical, that not an error can escape; and hence, seeing the almost impossibility, from insular ignorance, to be entirely in the mode, to cultivate a noble, a becoming simplicity, and be, as it were, *à la mode*. The handsomest women in Europe can best afford to

adorned—it is different for a Parisian beauty, lean, yellow, and angular; *her* charms require all the aids of address, while her rival's are only heightened by simplicity. And but that comparisons are odious in all instances, and in this not certainly flattering, we would venture to point out an unromantic analogy between Beauty and Cookery in the two countries. Why do the French have recourse to sauces, stews, and other culinary disguisements?—because their meat is not good. Why do the English content themselves with roast and boiled?—because they need no preparations. And so Beauty like Beef But let us adopt a more becoming and genteel tone. Scotland is the country where agriculture is best understood—France is most famous for the culture of the toilet—and for the same reason; the niggardliness of nature to both countries, with which let us console ourselves for any little national wants among ourselves.

We are sure the fair reader will have no objection to accompany Madame de Girardin to a ball at so genteel a place as the English Embassy, where Lady Granville is celebrating the birthday of our sovereign.

“On Friday was the beautiful *fête* to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of England; and as it is a woman who is king in England, the men did not wear uniform at Lord Granville's ball, but the women. Nothing could look more agreeable than all these white robes, strewed over with roses, which made the most respectable matrons of the company look young. It was the *fête* of the rose: and never did the royal flower shine with more splendour. At the corner of each door was a mountain of rose-trees in flower, ranged upon invisible steps: indeed a beautiful sight; and here and there you might perceive some of the fair young dancers picking roses in order to replace the graceful bouquets of their robes, which the whirl of the waltz had carried away. Nor was the little theft likely of detection, there were enough roses there to crown all the hundred-and-sixty English families with their eighteen daughters—Isabella, Arabella, Rosina, Susanna, Eliza, Mary, Lucy, Betsey, Nancy, &c. &c.

“Besides the flowers of the magnificent gardens and hothouses of the embassy, ten or twelve hundred rose-trees had been sent for, of which only eight hundred, it is said, could find a place in the reception-rooms. Judge from this of the mythological splendour of the scene. The garden was covered with a tent, and arranged as a conversation-room. But what a room! The large beds, filled with flowers, were enormous *jardinières* that all the world came to see—the gravel-walks were covered over with fresh cloths, full of respect for the white satin slippers of the dancers; great sofas of damask and velvet replaced the garden seats. On a round table there were books, and it was a pleasure to come and muse and breathe the air in this vast boudoir, from which one could hear the noise of the music, like fairy songs in the distance, and see passing away like happy shades, in the three long

galleries of flowers round about, the lovely and sprightly young girls who were hastening to the dance, and the lovely, but more sedate young married women, who were hieing to the supper.

“ There never is a *fête* without a *lion*, and the lion on this occasion was a charming Anglo-Italian princess, whose appearance made the most lively impression. Lady Mary Talbot, married two months since to the Prince Doria, had arrived from Genoa only a few hours before the ball, and only thought of going to rest after so long a journey, and with regret of the splendid festival she must miss seeing. How could a person, arrived only at four, think of being present at a *fête* at ten o'clock? Had it been four o'clock in the morning, there might have been a chance yet to prepare a dress, and to recruit oneself from the fatigues of travel. But now the case seemed hopeless, when of a sudden the following wonderful words were uttered at the princess's door, ‘ A ball dress is just brought for Madame la Princesse.’ And as one sees the courser stretched idly in the meadow start up and bound across the plain at the first signal of the warlike trumpet, so did the fair young traveller, stretched idly upon her couch, rouse herself on a sudden, and bound to the dressing-table at the first signal of coquetry. Whence came this robe so beautiful? what beneficent fairy had commanded it? That question is easily answered—only a real friend could have thought of such an attention. And shall I tell you, young beauties, how to know a true friend? She who admires you, deceives you; she who makes others admire you, really loves you.”

In this passage the viscount-disguise is surely thrown off altogether and the woman appears, as natural and as coquettish as Heaven made her. If we have occasionally cause to complain of the viscount's want of sincerity, here, at least, we have no right to suspect Madame de Girardin. The incident of the dress overcomes her nature; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, she let the great secret regarding her sex escape her. But for the moralities that have already been uttered, how long and how profitable a sermon might be composed with that last sentence for a sermon! ‘ She who admires you, deceives you; she who causes you to be admired, loves you.’ What a picture it is of the woman of the world, and her motives, and her simplicity, and her sincerity, and her generosity. That was a fatal confession, Madame de Girardin. It may be true, but it was a fault to say it; and one can't but think of the woman who uttered it with an involuntary terror. Thus we have seen a man boast that he would play any tricks upon the cards, and cut any given one any number of times running, which he did, and the world admired—but nobody afterwards was anxious to play at *écarté* with that man; no, not for a penny a game.

And now having introduced the English reader to two such fashionable assemblies as the foregoing, we must carry them into company still more genteelly august, and see the queen and the

Princess Helen. It is in this easy, lively way that the gay Parisian describes the arrival of the amiable widow of the Duke of Orleans.

A FETE-DAY AT PARIS.

“The garden of the Tuileries was splendidly beautiful yesterday—it was beautified by the king’s orders and by the people’s—by the sky’s and by the spring’s. What a noble and cheerful sight it was! Go hang yourselves, ye inhabitants of the provinces, you who could not see this magnificent picture, for the canvas is torn, and the piece will never be exhibited again. Fancy now sights such as were never before seen at Paris at the same time: fancy a sky bright blue—fancy the trees real green—the people neat and well-dressed—and the crowd joyous and in its best attire, revelling in the perfumes of the flowering lilies. Confess now you never saw any thing like that—at Paris when the sky is blue the trees are always gray, for the dust eats them up—at Paris when the trees are green then you may be sure it has just rained, and all the people are muddy and dirty . . . Oh, how brilliant nature was that day, youthful and yet strong—young and yet powerful, fresh and ripe, budding and full: it was like the passion of a pure girl who should have waited till five-and-twenty before she began to love—it had all the purity of a first love—but a first-love experienced when the heart had attained its utmost power and perfection.

“How noble those lofty chesnuts are—how finely do their royal flowers contrast with the sombre verdure of their leaves!

“Look from here and see what a fine sight it is. The great alley of the garden is before us—on the right, three ranks of national guards; on the left, three of troops of the line. Behind them the crowd—elegant and brilliant with a thousand colours. Before us is a basin with its fountain, which mounts upwards in a sunbeam: behind the jet d’eau, look, you see the obelisk, and behind that the arch of triumph. By way of frame to the picture are two terraces covered with people, and great trees everywhere. Look down for a moment at yonder flower-beds and tufts of lilac—every one of them blossomed on the same day. What perfume! what sunshine! Hush! here’s a courier, the procession must be drawing near—now comes a postilion all covered with dust, and gallops away: and now comes a poodle dog and gallops away too quite frightened—immense laughter and applause from the crowd. After the poodle comes a greyhound, still more alarmed—still more laughter and applause from the crowd—and the first part of the procession serves to keep the public in good humour. A stout workwoman in a cap elbows a genteel old beauty, and says, ‘Let me see the Princess, ma’am; you, you can go and see her at court.’ The genteel old beauty looks at her with a sneer, and says to her daughter, ‘The court, indeed! The good woman does not seem to know that there is much more likelihood for her to go to that court than for us.’ ‘No doubt,’ says the young lady. ‘Only let her marry a grocer, and they’ll make her a great lady.’ By which dialogue we learn that the legitimists also have condescended to come and see the procession. At last it comes. See! here are the cuirassiers, they divide, and you see the reflection of their breast-plates flashing in

the fountain. Now comes the cavalry of the national guards. What a fine corps, and what a fine horse Mr. G—— has! The King! M. Montalivet—the ministers—they go too fast, I can't see any thing. The Queen! how noble she looks; how charmingly dressed—what a *ravishing* blue hat! The Princess Helen looks round this way, how young her face seems! ah, now you can only see her hat, it is a sweet pretty one, in white *paille de riz*, with a drooping marabout. Her robe is very elegant, white muslin, doublé with rose. The Duke of Orleans is on horseback by the Queen's side; but, mercy on us, who *are* those people in the carriages of the suite? Did you ever see such old bonnets and gowns—for a triumphal entry into Paris, surely they might have made a little toilet! The *cortège* has a shabby air. The carriages are extremely ugly, and too full—indeed, it was more worth waiting for it than seeing it.”

If an English Baker-street lady had been called upon to describe a similar scene in her own country, we fancy her letter would have been conceived in a very different spirit from that of the saucy Parisian. The latter does not possess the Baker-street respect for the powers that be, and looks at kings and queens without feeling the least oppression or awe. A queen in a ‘*ravisante capote bleue*’—a princess of whom the description is that she is a ‘*jolie Parisienne*.’—Is not this a sad disrespectful manner of depicting an august reigning family? Nor if we guess right, would Baker-street have condescended to listen to the vulgar conversation of the poor woman in the crowd who was so anxious to see the procession. The sneer of the great lady from the Faubourg St. Germain is very characteristic, and the deductions by the lookers-on not a little malicious and keen. That tasty description of the spring, too, at the commencement of the passage, where its warmth is likened to the love of an ‘*honnête jeune fille de 25 ans*,’ could only have been written by a French woman deeply versed in matters of the heart. Elsewhere she utters still more queer and dangerous opinions of the female sex, as this.

“Just look at the ‘*femmes passionnées*’ of our day, about whom the world talk. They all began by a marriage of ambition: they have all desired to be rich, countesses, marchionesses, duchesses, before they desired to be loved. It is not until they recognised the vanities of vanity, that they have resolved upon love. There are some among them who have simply gone back to the past, and at eight-and-twenty or thirty passionately devote themselves to the obscure youth whose love they refused at seventeen. M. de Balzac is right, then, in painting love as he finds it in the world, superannuated that is; and M. Janin is right too in saying that this sort of love is very dull. But if it is dull for novel-readers, how much more dismal is it for young men, who dream of love, and who are obliged to cry out in the midst of their transports about the beloved object, ‘I love her,’ and ‘Oh heavens, how handsome *she must have been!*’ ”

The 'femme passionnée' we see then to be a recognized fact in French fashionable life; and here, perhaps, our young English woman, who has read the genteel descriptions eagerly, will begin to be rather scandalized at the society into which she is introduced; and acknowledge that the English modes are the best. Well, well; passion is a delicate subject—there is a great deal more about it in this book (or of what is called passion in Paris) than, perhaps, English mothers of families would like to hear of. Let us rather be faithful to *fashion*, and as we have read of ambassadors and kings, now have an account of pretenders.

"This makes me think of a young prince, prisoner at Strasburg, whose audacious attempts we were far from foreseeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honour and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war and be emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country.

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers, and that his governess, Madame de B—, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pots filled with warm water. 'My poor flowers,' said the prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me.' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Rome when we heard of the news of Talma's death; every one began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasburg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his mother to say he was master of Strasburg and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us, and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

To think he is a Frenchman and has not seen Talma! What a touch of pathos that is, of true French pathos. He has lost a king-

dom, an empire, but, above all, he has not seen Talma. Fancy the pretender, our pretender, dying at Rome, and saying on his deathbed that he dies unhappy at not having seen Garrick in 'Abel Drugger!' There would have been a universal grin through history at such a speech from such a man—but ours is not a country of equality; acting is an amusement with us, and does not come within the domain of glory—but one can see these French people with that strange fantastic mixture of nature and affectation, exaggeration and simplicity, weeping not altogether sham tears over the actor's death—and a prince thinking it necessary to 'placer son petit mot' on the occasion.

We have a 'petit mot,' too, for the Duke of Bordeaux, no doubt as authentic as that here attributed to the unlucky prisoner of Ham.

"A traveller just returned from Goritz recounts an anecdote regarding M. le Duc de Bordeaux, which is not without interest. The prince had invited several young men to ride, and every one admired his boldness and agility. Hedges and ditches—nothing stopped him. At last he came to a ravine, a sort of torrent, whereof the stream was large enough to make the prince pause for a moment. But he turned round smiling to his companions, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, this is the Rhine, let us pass into France;' and so saying he plunged his horse into the torrent, and gained, not without difficulty, the opposite bank. When he was landed, he was aware of his own imprudence, for many of his companions were by no means so good horsemen as he. 'Ah!' said he, looking towards them, and speaking with his usual charming kindness, 'how thoughtless I am! there is a bridge hard by;' and he pointed out the bridge to his suite, and beckoned them to pass over by it. All returned, admiring the young prince's courage still more perhaps than his presence of mind. To cross torrents on horseback is more glorious for oneself, but it is better to find a bridge for one's friends.

Alas! stern reason will not confirm this chivalrous opinion of the Vicomte de Launay. Why is it more glorious to cross torrents on horseback than to go over bridges? To dance on a tight-rope—to lock oneself into a hot oven—to swallow half a score of scimitars, or to stand on one's head on a church-weathercock, would not even in France now-a-days be considered glorious, and so we deny this statement of the viscount's altogether, as probably the Duke of Bordeaux would, should it ever come to his royal highness's ears. But must we say it? this story, like many others in the book, that for instance, of the English knights at the Eglinton tournament breaking their lances in the first place, *and pasting them afterwards together with paper*—are, as we fancy, due to the invention of the writer rather than to the talk of the

day, which he professes to chronicle. One of these queer tales we cannot refrain from giving.

This, says Madame de Girardin, puts me in mind of the courier who had a wife at Paris, and another at Strasburg, '*Was it a crime? No.*' (O delicious moralist!)

"And this puts me in mind of the bigamist courier who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime? No; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a ménage in each? One establishment was not sufficient for him: his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a warm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure: all blank loneliness at Strasburg.

"The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris.

"Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gaieties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline.

"She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of her sons was thirteen years' old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys—the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her all the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and

that the galleys for life must be the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier, dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession; 'My poor Toinette,' said he, 'pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette sobbing, 'don't plague yourself now, its pardoned long ago.' 'And who told you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline?' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach, and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,' added he with a sigh; 'its hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now—my coach can't wait—go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them—I wish I had the others too. Heigh ho!'

"'But here they are!' cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline, time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

"Caroline told François, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitted each other afterwards."

Here, however, our extracts must stop. But for the young lady, for whose profit they have been solely culled, we might have introduced half a score of others, giving the most wonderful glimpses into the character if not of all the Parisian population, at least of more than one-half of it—of the Parisian women. There is the story of the padded lady. If a duke or a prince came to her château, she sailed out to receive them as full-blown as a Circassian: if it was a dandy from Paris, she appeared of an agreeable plumpness: if only her husband and her old friends were present, she came to breakfast as meager as a skeleton. There is the story of the lady at her tambour or tapestry-frame, very much puzzled, counting the stitches necessary to work the Turk or the poodle-dog, on which she is engaged. *You* enter, says the Viscount de Launay, you press your suit; she is troubled, anxious; as you pour out your passion, what will she say—'O heavens! I love him—Alphonse, in pity leave me!' no such thing; she says 'Seven, eight, nine stitches of blue for the eye; three, four, six stitches of red for the lip, and so on.' *You* are supposed to be the public, *she* the general Parisian woman. *You* seem to fall in love with *she*, as a matter of course—(see the former extract regarding the *femme passionnée*)—it can't be otherwise; it is as common as sleep or

taking coffee for breakfast ; it is the natural condition of men and wives—other men's wives. Well, every country has its customs; and married ladies who wish to be made love to, are married where they can have their will.

Then there is a delicious story about two old coquettes travelling together, and each acting youth to the other. Each writes home of the other, Madame de X. is charming, she has *been quite a mother to me*. Only women can find out these wonderful histories—women of the world, women of good company.

And is it so? Is it true that the women of Madame de Girardin's country, and of fashionable life, are the heartless, odious, foolish, swindling, smiling, silly, selfish creatures she paints them? Have they no sense of religious duty, no feeling of maternal affection, no principle of conjugal attachment, no motive except variety, for which they will simulate passion, (it stands to reason that a woman who does not love husband and children, can love nobody) and break all law? Is this true—as every French romance that has been written time out of mind, would have us believe? is it so common that Madame de Girardin can afford to laugh at it as a joke, and talk of it as a daily occurrence—if so, and we must take the Frenchman's own word for it—in spite of all the faults, and all the respectability, and all the lord-worship, and all the prejudice, and all the intolerable dulness of Baker-street — *Miss* (the young and amiable English lady, before apostrophized) had much better marry in the Portman Square, than in the Place Vendôme quarter.

The titles of the two other works mentioned at the head of our article have been placed there as they have a reference to Parisian life, as well as the lively, witty, and unwise letters of M. la Vicomte de Launay. Unwise are the other named works too, that of the German and the Englishman, but it cannot be said that either of them, lays the least claim to the wit and liveliness of the gay pseudo-vicomte.

Those who will take the trouble to compare the two authors, Grant and Rellstab, will find in them a great similarity of sentiment, and a prodigious talent at commonplace; but it is not likely that many of the public will have the opportunity, or take the pains to make this important comparison. Rellstab is a Berlin cockney, with one of the largest bumps of wonder that ever fell to man. His facility at admiration may be imagined, when we state that at the very first page of his book he begins wondering at the velocity of the German Schnell post. He goes five miles an hour, and finds the breathless rapidity of the conveyance like 'the uncertain bewilderment of a dream.' He enters the Malle-

poste at Frankfort, and describes THE NEW CONSTRUCTION of those vehicles in the most emphatic manner, says that AT THE VERY MOST they take five minutes to change horses on the road, and that the horses go at A GALLOP. One can see his honest pale round face, peering out of the chaise window, and the wondering eyes glaring through the spectacles, at the dangers of the prodigious journey.

On arriving, he begins straightway to describe his bedroom on the third floor, and the prices of other bedrooms. 'My room,' says he, 'has an elegant alcove with an extraordinarily clean bed,—it is true, it is floored with tiles instead of planks, but these are covered with carpets. A marble mantelpiece, a chest of drawers, a secrétaire, a marble table by the bed, three cushioned arm-chairs and three others form the furniture; and the room altogether has a *homish* and comfortable look.'

As for the aspect of the streets, he finds that out at once. 'The entrance into Paris through the Faubourg St. Martin is like the Köpnicker street in Berlin, *although the way from the barrier to the post is not so long as in Paris*;' and then Mr. Rellstab details with vast exactness, his adventures in the yard of the messagerie, and the dexterity of an individual, who with little assistance hoisted his luggage and that of his friend on to his brawny shoulders, and conveyed them from the carriage to the ground without making the slightest claim upon their respective purses. The hotel, and the extraordinary furniture of his apartment, described as above, he is ready to sally with us into the streets.

* "We proceeded first," he says, "through the Passage du Panorama. 'Passage,' being the name given to such thoroughfares, is made for the convenience of circulation in the different quarters of the towns, are roofed over with glass, paved with granite or asphalte, and are lined on either side by splendidly furnished shops, (we translate literally, being unwilling to add to or take from the fact, that all passages are thus appointed). Here I had the first opportunity of observing narrowly the taste displayed in the arrangement of these latter. Nothing, not even the plainest article for sale, is arrayed otherwise than with the most particular neatness. Many shops surprised me by their system of combination. In one, for instance, devoted to the sale of such articles as tea, coffee, and the like, we do not only see tea, coffee, and chocolate, all neatly laid out, each with its price attached to it, but also the various apparatus for the consumption of such articles; teacups and saucers, teapots and tea strainers, as also utensils of a similar nature for the preparation of coffee and chocolate. * * I consider it a most excellent arrangement, that to

every article its price is attached. The stranger who cannot judge of the price of an article, will often decline making inquiry, lest the demand exceed his opinion of the value—but if he sees what is the price, he is much more likely to buy, as he will know whether his purse will enable him to indulge his desire.” Mr. Rellstab then goes into a short disquisition on the price of hats, which he finds are cheaper than in his own country.

Our author has not yet got into the streets of Paris, and we begin to question whether our love of his company will allow us to attend him there. However we can make a short cut, and come upon him again as he is passing very slowly along the Boulevard des Italiens, for he has not got farther. He has just remarked, we find, that a very vast proportion of the people are in mourning, and accounted for it by informing us that ceremony obliges mourning to be worn a long time.

“The boulevards draw a half circle round the heart of Paris, just as the walks round Frankfort and Leipzig surround the whole of the more ancient parts of these towns. But the half circle here is nearly five miles in length; their appearance is more town like than garden-like; they rather resemble our Lime Tree walk (in Berlin), only that the passage for carriages is in the centre, whilst two rows of wide-spreading trees line a promenade on either side.”

Here comes a minute description of the paving, in which we cannot suppose all our readers interested.

“The general impression given by the buildings on the boulevards resembles that given by the Ditch (Graben) of Vienna, though to be sure, the construction of the houses differs considerably from that in Vienna, and still more from that in Berlin. None of the lower floors appear to be occupied by private individuals. They seem all to be made of avail as shops or coffee-houses; even the first and second stories are often similarly employed, and at enormous rents.”

M. Rellstab soon after beholds ‘the Vendôme pillar with its colossal statue of Napoleon, in the perspective of a broad noble street, the Rue de la Paix, a shadowy form’ he says, ‘which, as by magic, darkened the present and brought forward, in its murky light, the mighty past.’

This and the next sentence, in which he makes history speak to him and his friend, are of the finest order of fine writing. He does not retail what history says to him, but assures us that the few moments which he passed beneath the pillar produced ‘emotions which are indescribable.’ On a carnival day he comes upon the spot whence Fiéschi fired his hell-machine on the 28th July, 1835. The poor fellow’s terror breaks out in the most frantic poetry. ‘Paris,’ shrieks he, ‘is like *Ætna*. In the too-strong air of its with-plants-and-flowers-luxuriously-decked ground (his epithets are

always tremendous), the keenest nosed dogs lose the scent, and in its wondrous environs, the eye finds itself wandering and lost in such an immeasurable labyrinth of beauty, that one forgets how the glowing lava heaves below, and how every moment the thundering hell, in the very midst of the Paradise, may tear open its mouth.

‘On, on!’

And ‘on’ he rushes, but this perhaps is the richest passage of eloquence in the book.

What can one say more about him? Good introductions and the name of a writer suffice to introduce M. Rellstab to one or two characters of note. He calls upon them, and finds them, in some instances, not at home, and going or returning in a hired cabriolet, he makes use of the opportunity to print the tariff and propensities of these conveyances. He goes to the opera and is squeezed; he attends the carnival balls and is shocked; he lives in Paris and wishes himself back at Berlin. There is a particularizing throughout the book which is amazing, and to an English reader most comic. But we live amongst commonplace, and we like to read of what we daily see. M. Rellstab’s book will tell the reader what he already knows, and if he learns nothing new from it, he will be able to flatter himself on its perusal with the idea—‘I too could have been an author.’

And, finally, with respect to the work of the celebrated Mr. Grant. The ‘Morning Herald’ says, ‘it will find its way into every library, and be read by every family;’ the ‘Metropolitan’ remarks that ‘they are able and comprehensive in plan, and nothing could be better executed;’ the ‘Jersey Times’ declares (and this we admit) ‘that no living author could have presented us with such a picture of Paris and its people;’ and ‘Ainsworth’s Magazine’ is of opinion ‘that Mr. Grant’s volume will supersede the trashy Guide-book of Galignani.’ Let us trust that these commendations have had their effect, and that Mr. Grant has sold a reasonable number of his volumes.

But for the honour of England, and as this review is read in France, we are bound to put in a short protest against the above dicta of the press, and humbly to entreat French readers *not* to consider Mr. Grant as the representative of English literature, nor to order the book which the ‘Morning Herald’ declares no English family will be without. If we are all to have it, let us, at any rate, keep the precious benefit to ourselves, nor permit a single copy of ‘Paris and its People’ to get out of the kingdom. *Il faut laver* (the words are those of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon) *son linge sale en famille*. Let us keep Mr. Grant’s works in the same privacy, or the English man-of-letters will get

such a reputation on the Continent as he will hardly be anxious to keep.

English families may, if they please, purchase Mr. Grant's book in place of Galignani's 'trashy guide book,' which is the very best guide book that we know of in any language, which is the work of scholars and gentlemen, the compilation of which must have necessitated a foundation of multifarious historical, architectural, and antiquarian reading, (such as Mr. Grant never *could* have mastered, for he knows no language, living or dead, not even the English language, which he pretends to write,) and which, finally, contains for half the price, four or five times the amount of matter to be found in these volumes, which every English family is to read. Let us be allowed in a Foreign Review to make a protest against the above sentiments, for the sake of the literary profession.

Mr. Grant spent some time in the months of July and August in Paris; he may have been there six, or possibly three weeks. With this experience his qualifications for writing a book on Paris were as follows: he did not know a syllable of the language; he is not acquainted with the civilized habits of any other country; his stupidity passes all bounds of belief; his ignorance is without a parallel that we know of, in professional literature; he has a knack of blundering so extraordinary that he cannot be trusted to describe a house-wall; and with these qualities he is said to write a book which is to be read by all English families, and to ruin Galignani's trashy publication. It is too bad: for the critic, however good-natured, has, after all, a public to serve as well as an author; and has no right, while screening the dulness and the blunders of a favourite wit or blockhead, to undervalue the honest labours and cultivated abilities of meritorious scholars and gentlemen.

Mr. Grant begins to blunder at the first line of his book, and so continues to the end. He disserts upon the gutters in the streets, the windows to the houses, the cabs and their fares, the construction of the omnibuses; and by a curious felicity of dullness, is even in these matters entirely untrustworthy. He says that *Chateaubriand* is a republican and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he visits the Madeline and the Citi  , he calls Julius C  sar 'that distinguished writer,' and a nose 'an organ which it is needless to name.' He discovers that the Palais Royale is the place to which all the aristocracy of France resorts; he sees 'the most elegant ladies of the land sitting alongside of dirty drivers in hack-cabriolets;' and dining at an eating-house for thirty sous, pronounces his meal to be the height of luxury, and declares that the gentry of Paris are in the habit of so dining. Does the 'Morning Herald' seriously recommend every 'English family' to do likewise? We put this as a home question.

- ART. XI.—1. *Le Journal des Débats*, 4 et 5 Avril.
 2. *Narrative of various Journeys in Belochistân, Affghanistân, and the Panjab*. By CHARLES MASSON, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1842.
 3. *Personal Observations on Sindé*. By T. POSTANS, M.R.A.S. London: Longman and Co. 1843.
 4. *Correspondence relative to Sindé*. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty. 1843.
 5. *Reports and Papers, Political, Geographical, and Commercial, submitted to Government* (unpublished).
 6. *Cabool*. By the late Lieut.-Col. Sir ALEX. BURNES. Second Edition: London: Murray. 1843.
 7. *Rough Notes of the Campaign in Sindé and Affghanistân, 1838-39*. By Major JAMES OUTRAM. J. M. Richardson. 1840.

THE annexation of Sindé to the British empire appears to be pretty generally regarded as an act the flagrant injustice of which ought to weigh heavily on the public conscience. Even in parliament, up to the close of the last session, the leaders of all parties concurred in regarding it as a doubtful matter. No one would express any definite opinion respecting it. The opposition, not having studied the despatches and public documents connected with the war, and for other reasons by no means difficult to be conjectured, would neither arraign formally, nor formally approve of the policy of the governor-general. They adroitly, however, intimated, and caused it to be generally felt, that they condemned the Sindian war. On the other hand, the ministers refused to be a jot more explicit. The series of transactions connected with the occupation of Sindé had not yet, they contended, been brought to a close; so that it would be highly impolitic in them, and might prove detrimental to the public service, to disclose the instructions which they had sent out, or to express any opinion upon the turn which events had taken.

The country, therefore, till ministers shall think proper to take up the question, must be content to draw its own conclusions, with the aid of such political writers as, not deterred by the extent or intricacy of the subject, may venture to forestal the decisions of parliament. All such inquirers must labour, of course, under many disadvantages from which the members of the administration are delivered, the latter possessing complete those letters and despatches, extracts only from which are laid before the public, and having access besides to the diaries and secret papers of the agents and residents, to none of which can any other person refer. Still it seems to us quite practicable to

form a correct judgment on the war in Sinde ; that is to say, to determine on the measure of justice which has been dealt to the Amírs.

In order to arrive at the true state of the case several points must be cleared up. It will be necessary to ascertain whether, in the course of our negotiations, we permitted the chiefs of Sinde to follow the dictates of their own judgment, or imposed any restraint upon their will ; and if, ultimately, strong measures were resorted to, whether they did not, by the peculiar character of their diplomacy, render the employment of such means absolutely necessary. It will at once be seen that we have ourselves decided in the affirmative ; it remains, therefore, that we state the facts, and explain the reasons which have influenced our determination.

In all matters of this kind it is of course incumbent on those who undertake to influence the opinions of others to be themselves impartial. But we have frequently observed, that persons who entertain a false theory of impartiality, understand by this duty nothing else than a condemnation of ourselves. If, being Englishmen, they accuse the policy of England, and cover her achievements with obloquy, they expect to be complimented on their impartiality. We have a different conception of what it is to be impartial. We acknowledge that we owe justice to all men, but that it is equally required of us that we be just to our own country. This being premised, we proceed to offer such observations as we have to make on the late events in the Valley of the Indus.

The questions which at the outset we ought to ask ourselves are these:—Had the Amírs perpetrated nothing which may be allowed justly to have provoked the vengeance of the British government? Had they broken no treaties? Had they made no attempts to overreach us and abuse our confidence? Had they not, on the contrary, most unequivocally evinced a disposition to succumb to us while we were strong, and fall upon and destroy us when they believed us to be weak? Had they not intrigued with Persia?* Had they not even invoked the aid of Mohammed Ali, under the ignorant persuasion that he was subject to the Shah?† Had they not received and entertained Russian spies disguised as Turks?‡ Had they not attempted to excite the Maharajah of Lahore against us?§ Did they not fire upon our resident and insult our flag?|| Did they not plunder the stores

* See on this point the opinion of Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence on Sinde,' No. 45, and Nos. 12, 15.

† Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence,' No. 33.

‡ Major Outram, 'Correspondence,' No. 249.

§ 'Correspondence,' Inclosure 12, No. 338.

|| 'Correspondence,' No. 25.

collected for our army at Hyderabad? In short, will or will not history, when it comes to investigate all the circumstances of the transaction, rather applaud the policy by which we were guided than condemn us as rapacious and unprincipled aggressors? Satisfactorily to reply to these questions, it will be necessary to look beyond the flying rumours of the day, and even to reject, in many instances, the testimony of individuals who may have co-operated personally in producing the event under consideration.

It seems to us an important point to ascertain in the first place by what right the Amîrs themselves held the country. For if their authority rested upon a legitimate basis there would, of course, according to the common opinion of mankind, be more caution to be observed in the act of overthrowing it; but if, as was the fact, they had no right, and pretended to none but their swords, without drawing which they observed menacingly that the country should not pass from them,* it was between them and us merely a question of might, or who had the longest sword, since where there is no right there can be no injury. We had, however, it may be urged, entered into treaty with the Amîrs, and thus acknowledged their authority.† But who will undertake to prove that an error in diplomacy on our part must, of necessity, create a right on theirs? We negotiated with them as the actual rulers of Sind, without inquiring by what means they had become such; because it was not necessary at the time to push our inquisition so far. Afterwards, when our relations with them became more intimate, we obtained a clearer insight into the foundations of their power, and found that it rested upon a mixture of force and fraud, which tended very little to elevate them in our estimation.

Not to go back to the records of past times, the Amîrs, at the commencement of the present century, were confessedly tributary to the King of Kabûl;‡ though, owing to the weakness of that prince, payment of the tribute was generally refused. Now, in deciding on the conduct of the Amîrs in this matter, it is necessary to proceed upon some intelligible principle; that is, either to condemn them as fraudulent and rebellious subjects, or to acknowledge at once that might makes right, and justify them for practically asserting their independence because their sovereign was unable to maintain his authority.

And this latter is the course generally taken—tacitly, perhaps, but not the less certainly—because on all sides we hear the Sindian Amîrs spoken of as independent princes, which must pro-

* Items of Intelligence received by Major Clibborn, 'Correspondence,' No. 384.

† See the Treaties, dated August 22, 1809; November 9, 1820; April 4, 1832; April 20, 1838, &c. &c.

‡ Treaty between the British Government, Ranjit Singh, and Shah Sûjah Art. xvi.

ceed either from ignorance of the real state of the case, or from the conviction that the claims of the Kabul government, however just and legitimate, ought to be treated with contempt, because urged by weakness against strength. They who reason after this fashion have only to apply the same rule to the case of the Amirs in their contentions with the British government, in order to justify whatever has been achieved by Lord Ellenborough. But in politics, as in morals, the set is not always right which ingenuity is able to defend. We shall therefore contemplate the subject from a different point of view.

In *Sinde*, before we made our appearance, there were two parties—the people and the Amirs. The former, we will suppose, reasoning according to the principles vulgarly adopted by mankind, owed to the latter obedience and tribute; while, according to the same principles, these again, in their turn, owed the former protection and good government. But what, at the period alluded to, was the real state of the case? On their part the people supplied their rulers with no cause of complaint. They were obedient and paid their taxes. Contented they were not, because it was impossible under such a government as that of the Amirs to be so. Even the witnesses most favourable to these princes confess that the peasantry were a prey to every species of vexation and extortion perpetrated towards them by the ill-paid hirelings of the chiefs." It is charitably presumed, indeed, that these instruments of oppression were not 'authorized' to practise tyranny; but only, through negligence, permitted. To the husbandmen however, whom they pillaged, it mattered little whether they were commissioned or non-commissioned plunderers, the result to them being always the same. Again, that section of the population which professed the Hindú religion underwent a still more grievous persecution, being unable to move from village to village, or town to town, "without paying a fee to some Mohammedan for his protection."* In fact, therefore, these poor people were made aliens in their own land, which their industry chiefly enriched and rendered habitable.

Another proof, and perhaps the most striking, of the tyranny of the Amirs is furnished by the manner in which they formed their shikargáh or hunting-ground. Like the early Norman princes in this country, they were inordinately addicted to the chase. To secure themselves therefore a constant supply of game of all kinds, but more especially of deer, they enforested whole districts, without paying any regard to the interests of agriculture; preferring, perhaps, the parts already in jangal, but wherever their designs appeared to require it, laying waste towns,

* Masson, vol. I, p. 379.

villages, and hamlets,* leaving the inhabitants to find shelter wherever they could, appropriating to themselves their farms and gardens. Meanwhile, the immense preserves, which extended, in several instances, for thirty miles along the banks of the Indus, could not be kept up without expense. The weight of this fell, of course, upon the wretched inhabitants, who may literally be said to have been sacrificed to the deer, every head of which, killed by the Amírs, cost their subjects eight hundred rupees.† The only excuse that can be made for such rulers is their pitiable ignorance. Like our princes of the Stuart family, they considered the people born to be their drudges, though they must have still had fresh in their memories the very low origin from which they sprung.‡ When incidentally reminded of his duty by the British political agent, Nussir Khan replied, — “If I choose to commit tyranny, I may; it has always been the custom in Sindé to make exactions, to remunerate some and take from others. This custom I am not willing to alter.” Nay more, when, by dint of pre-eminent foresight and industry, any of their subjects seemed enabled to counteract the sinister influence of government, and amass property, the Amírs felt and expressed extreme jealousy, and would say, characteristically, “The fellows are too rich already;§” and forthwith adopted the most direct means to diminish their opulence, which means, through their ignorance, were generally detrimental to commerce, and every species of industry; consequently, in the long run, to their own revenues.

It will not therefore be matter of wonder that the Sindians, comparing their condition with that of the Hindús of Kutch, and other nations of India enjoying the blessings of British rule, should have most earnestly desired to become our subjects.¶ They observed the mildness and equity of our sway; they saw that wherever our authority extended, there every man could enjoy without molestation the fruits of his industry; nay, that so far from coveting the property of the subject, government were constantly devising new means for facilitating their private speculations and exertions for enriching their families.

The knowledge of these facts excited throughout Sindé a strong desire on the part of the population, not only Hindú but Mussulman, to throw off the yoke of the Amírs, and become British subjects.¶ Of this, their conduct throughout the whole of the late transactions, leaves no room for doubt. They seized on every occasion, and made use of every stratagem they could

* Postans, ‘Personal Observations on Sindé,’ pp. 7, 8, 10, 27, 56, 57.

† Postans, ‘Personal Observations,’ &c., p. 56.

‡ Pottinger, Belochistán, p. 398.

§ Outram, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 379, Inclosure 30.

¶ Sir Henry Pottinger, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 119; Major Outram, No. 232.

¶ ‘Correspondence,’ No. 338, Inclosure 15.

devise, to escape from the tyranny of their own rulers and secure to themselves our protection. When the British government took possession of Karáchi, the natives located themselves so rapidly in our camp, that the Amírs began immediately to fear lest the whole population of the city should transport themselves into the same circle.* A similar thing happened again at Sukkur, now Victoria on the Indus, where, by pouring into our lines and settling there, the Sindians disclosed to their rulers how gladly they would exchange British authority for their capricious and oppressive sway.† At Shikarpúr, at Tattah, and every other point where the English took up a position, however confined or temporary, the same phenomenon occurred; so that the military commanders and political agents calculated with the greatest confidence, that, wherever our subsidiary force should remain for any length of time, there marts and cities would spring up around it. Of this truth the Amírs themselves were painfully conscious, for in their treaties with the English there is nothing on which they more pertinaciously insist than on this, that we should not listen to the complaints of their subjects, or take any steps towards redressing their grievances.‡

Against the people of Sinde, therefore, we have, at any rate, been guilty of no injustice. They had long looked to us as the central government and paramount authority in India—as the successors of the Moguls, to whom of right belong all the kingdoms and states over which those sovereigns formerly held sway, from the banks of the Ganges to Herat. They believed us to be their rightful masters; and it is, indeed, perfectly natural that every Hindú, wherever his lot may be cast, should look upon himself as a British subject. To the Sindians we appeared in the light of deliverers; and it tells considerably in our favour, that, in proportion as they have become acquainted with our character and manners, their partiality for us has increased.§ This being indisputably the case, very little account is to be made of the claims and pretensions of the Talpúr Amírs. They who suffer their minds to be influenced by antiquated and absurd prejudices, may persist, if they please, in looking upon those barbarous chiefs

* See the Perwanna from Mir Nussír Khan of Hyderabad, directed to his officers, kardars, &c., at Karáchi.

† Postans, 'Personal Observations,' &c., p. 32.

‡ "Our camps will afford a refuge to the trading classes of Sinde, as would the district of Shikarpúr, if a British possession, to the agricultural. And it appears to me, that the only method by which we can compel the Amírs to good government, without the direct interference which is so much to be deprecated, is by the example of our own better government over the spots we secure in the heart of their country, and which, in giving refuge to Sinde subjects, who are driven by tyranny to seek it, would oblige the Amírs to rule better, in order to preserve their people." Major Outram, 'Correspondence,' No. 379, Inclosure 2.

§ Outram. 'Campaign,' &c., p. 9.

as independent princes. It matters not a jot what name we bestow on them. They were, in reality, tyrants ; and, in delivering the inhabitants of Sind from their yoke, we were performing good service to humanity. This is the light in which the people of Great Britain should consider the subject. They have nothing to do with the technicalities of diplomacy. The only question they ought to ask themselves is, whether their hearts prompt them to sympathize with an estimable and industrious population cruelly oppressed, or with some half dozen or so of military adventurers, who, having got into their hands the instruments of oppression, had acquired the knack of talking big and calling themselves independent princes. They were, in fact, nothing but freebooters, ignorant, coarse, and sensual, who sacrificed not only the interests of the community, but, what is more remarkable and characteristic, the most natural feelings of the heart to their passion for animal excitement.* For such persons it is difficult to cherish any sympathy. Besides, they were upon a very large scale slaveholders, and patrons and protectors of slavery. Traffickers in men and women were constantly making their way towards Karáchi, where the miscreants knew they could always reckon upon a ready market. This, however, was not all. As often as it suited their purpose, the Amírs also permitted their subjects to be exported. We find, for example, that when Hajji Hussein Ali Khan was proceeding towards the court of Persia with treasonable letters for the Shah, we mean letters full of hostility towards Great Britain, he was detected carrying along with him a number of chests, from which, in the bazaar at Larkhána, the voices of women were heard crying out for help. The people of the place, upon inquiry, found they were six Hindú girls whom the authorities wished to have it believed Hajji Hussein had kidnapped ; but, as no steps were taken for their release, though the British native agent brought the matter directly before the Amírs, it was understood that the ladies were meant as a present to the Shah.† This view of the matter is corroborated by the fact that the western Mohammedan princes have from very remote times been in the habit of purchasing female slaves from Sind, the Hindú women of that country being celebrated for their beauty. Thus, to gratify their political ambition, these lamented Amírs sacrificed the daughters of their subjects to the passions of a despot more powerful than themselves.

Another trait in the character of the Amírs of Sind ought to be kept steadily in view. When communications had been

* Postans, 'Personal Observations,' &c., p. 57.

† 'Correspondence,' No. 13.

opened between them and the Indian government, they exhibited little reluctance to negotiate and enter into treaties with it; or at any rate, after the usual train of intrigues, discussions, evasions, manœuvres, and political jesuitism, they concluded an alliance with the rulers of India; of course because they expected to derive some advantage from it. But, in most instances, as must be obvious to all who diligently consider the matter, they took no pains to fulfil their part of the compact. They were very ready to reap benefits, but little disposed to confer any.

To a certain extent the gentlemen deputed to conduct our negotiations in Sinde no doubt deceived the Amírs; involuntarily we admit, but still they deceived them. They dwelt much on the important advantages which would accrue to those rulers from throwing open the commerce of the Indus, and such advantages might certainly have been realized, but not by the Amírs. For, so ignorant were they of the art of government, so incapable of profiting by the blessings of commerce, that it was next to impossible they should be able to turn the speculations of their subjects to immediate account. Now anything not immediate, appeared to them non-existent. They could not mentally follow the long and intricate process by which the sap of wealth, distributed through the general body of the people, is elaborated ultimately into revenue and power and dominion. They could not understand that the gain of their subjects was their own gain, and that therefore to enrich them was to strengthen themselves. No: they counted nothing to be theirs but what they could wrest from the people, and lay up in their own coffers. That they considered to be real wealth, though it was in every respect barren, and a cause of poverty to the country.

That these were their views of the matter they took no pains to conceal. Nay, Núr Mohammed, the principal Amír of Hyderabad, very frankly on one occasion explained to the British political agent, who had been insisting on the advantage of throwing open the Indus and cultivating a connexion with England, the whole of their ideas on the subject.

“All this,” said he, “may be very true; but I do not understand how it concerns us. What benefit do we derive from these changes? On the contrary we shall suffer injury. Our hunting preserves will be destroyed; our enjoyments curtailed. You tell us that money will find its way into our treasury. It does not appear so. Our contractors write to us that they are bankrupt. They have no means of fulfilling their contracts. Boats, camels, are all absorbed by the English troops. Trade is at a stand. A pestilence has fallen on the land. You have talked about the people:—what are the people to us—poor or rich? What do we care, if they pay us our revenue? You tell me the country will flourish. It is quite good enough for us, and not so likely to tempt the

cupidity of its neighbours. Hindustan was rich, and that is the reason it is under your subjection: No;—give us our hunting preserves and our own enjoyments free from interference, and that is all we require.—
Lieutenant Eastwick, Correspondence, No. 130.

From views so defective on political and commercial subjects, and from motives common to all despots, the Talpūris never troubled themselves about fulfilling the stipulations of the treaties with the Governor-general into which they entered. It seemed as though they had not the moral courage to deny any request directly made to them, though they entertained not the slightest intention of keeping their promises. Thus, on the arrival of the subsidiary force at Karachi, it was agreed that it should be supplied with provisions free of duty; but in order to prevent the stipulation from taking effect, the natives were secretly forbidden to approach our cantonments with commodities †

Again, it was settled by treaty that merchandise ascending the Indus should, so long as it remained on the river, be liable to no tolls or duties, ‡ and that if it proceeded beyond the frontiers of Sindh none would consequently be levied on it; but in order to render this arrangement ineffectual, a large sum was extorted from the empty boats when they attempted to return down the stream. Another mode of misinterpreting the treaty was afterwards invented. In that document it was stated that merchants passing up and down the Indus with their goods should not be molested or compelled to pay tolls; but, observed the Amīrs, under the term merchants we by no means understood Sindian merchants, from whom we have always been accustomed to levy tolls and duties.§ First, therefore, they stopped all boats in order to inquire to whom they belonged: if their owners proved to be natives of Sindh, money was taken from them under that pretence; if they turned out to be British subjects, and showed the permit of the Political Resident, the paper was said to be a forgery, and they were still compelled to pay. On the other hand, if, confiding in the protection of the treaty, the traders refused to submit to the authority of the kardars or revenue-officers, they were fired into, || their navigation was arrested, their merchandise seized on, and the tolls and duties ultimately were forced from them. ¶ And these were

¶ *Elph. Leckie, 'Correspondence,' No. 313.*

† *Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence, No. 23; Lieut. Eastwick, No. 130; Minute by Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, No. 362.*

‡ The example was set by Khyrpore. *Sir Alexander Burnes, 'Correspondence,' No. 125.*

§ *Lieut. Brown, 'Correspondence,' No. 368, No. 379. Inclosures 16, 17, 18; Major Outram, No. 379. Inclosure 24.*

|| *Petition of Pokur Doss, Soukar, to Fir Ibrahim, 'Correspondence,' No. 370.*

¶ *Sir C. Napier, 'Correspondence,' Nos. 371 and 418; Petitions of Tarrachund, Wadoo Mull, Marain Doss, Omer Khan, &c.*

everyday occurrences, not tracing their origin to accident, but flowing from a system. Nevertheless it is gravely pretended, by some persons, that the navigation of the Indus was always open, and that there existed no necessity for treaties or interference of any kind.

We are far, meanwhile, from maintaining that the rulers of India had never secretly formed any designs upon Sindé. It is not our province to interpret intentions or unveil motives. We only know that throughout the whole of our negotiations with the Amírs, the greatest possible restraint was always put on the lust of power, and every conceivable deference paid to the feelings, tastes, and prejudices of the capricious chieftains with whom we had to deal. It may perhaps be said that we infringed upon their sovereign authority by insisting upon a passage for our armies into Affghanistân. The proper reply to this is, that they were never in possession of sovereign authority; that, on the contrary, they owed and acknowledged allegiance to Shah Sújah, to reinstate whom those armies were proceeding. They and their forefathers had paid him tribute;* large arrears of tribute were at that very moment due, part of which they were called upon to pay, and did pay,† and from the payment of part of which they were excused, in consequence of the inconvenience to which the country might be put by the passage of the forces and the permanent residence of a small subsidiary army, which the circumstances of the times rendered absolutely necessary.

We are aware that they showed releases written in korans which Shah Sújah had formerly given them.‡ But those releases were conditional, and it has never been attempted to be proved that they had fulfilled the conditions entered into. That this was the way in which the matter was regarded in 1838, is clear from Article XVI. of the Tripartite Treaty between the British government, Maharajah Ranjít Singh, and Shah Sújah ul Múlk, by which the last agreed to render the Amírs completely independent of the Kabûl government on payment of a certain sum. Consequently, it appears to us that nothing can be more unfair than to pretend that Great Britain has been guilty of injustice towards the Hyderabad rulers.

At the same time we own that had Lord Auckland remained governor-general of India, there is every probability that the annexation of Sindé would have been considerably deferred, because it was the policy of that nobleman to exhibit extraordinary courtesy in his negotiations with the Amírs, to overlook as much

* Sir Alexander Burnes, 'Correspondence,' No. 55; Sir Henry Pottinger, No. 88.

† W. H. Macnaghten, 'Correspondence,' No. 374, Inclosure 44.

‡ Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence,' No. 45.

as possible their infractions of treaties, and to prevail in all cases rather by persuasion and reasoning than by menaces.

Lord Ellenborough adopted different maxims of policy. He had relinquished Affghanistân, and along with it all hopes of powerful influence in Central Asia ; and this he saw and felt must be regarded by statesmen as a very great oversight. To make amends to a certain extent for this extraordinary act, his lordship believed that some brilliant movement ought to be made ; and consequently as the Amírs of Sindé recklessly laid themselves open to attack, and seemed rather to court than avoid collision with us, he seized on the opportunity which they voluntarily offered, and extended the limits of the empire to the Indus and even a little beyond. We acknowledge that this achievement is not easily reconcileable with his lordship's previous declarations and professed policy. But it is not our business to clear Lord Ellenborough from all imputation as a statesman. We only contend that the conquest of Sindé was in itself justifiable, and might with honour have been undertaken even by Lord Auckland himself.

There is another light in which this and all similar questions ought to be contemplated. From a careful study of the history of the world, it will appear that nature itself has set limits to the political development of certain races of mankind, while to others would seem to have been assigned an almost unbounded progression. Generally, however, a line may be drawn, beyond which the sway of some nations cannot profitably be extended, and at this point, therefore, if we could discover it, it would be wise for conquest to cease. On the other hand it is equally clear that, within these limits, the aim should be as much as possible to assimilate and consolidate the population, to impart to it one impress, to pervade it by one spirit. This formed the chief business of a long succession of statesmen in Spain, France, Germany, Great Britain, briefly in all civilized states. The same thing ought to be effected by us in Hindustân. Providence has there committed to our hand the paramount authority, and doubtless designs that we should impart to the whole of the stupendous fabric one aspect and type of civilization. One rajah and petty prince after another disappears from the scene, and leaves his territories to be merged in the British Indian empire. Our maxims of policy, our sciences, our literature, our commerce, our morals, and even our religion, are striking root in that vast peninsula, slowly we admit, but to all appearance certainly, and with the prospect of producing the greatest good. More than 140,000,000 of human beings depend in India for happiness or the contrary upon the sway of Great Britain. They have lost

utterly the power of self-government, and, for the most part, perhaps, the desire also. At least, there is no evidence that, for many generations past, they have applied themselves to those studies, without the aid of which the beneficial exercise of political power is impossible.

To us, therefore, as to a conquering and civilizing caste, the government of all India belongs, not so much through any paltry right derivable from custom or originating in popular notions, as from that sacred right imparted by providence to intellect and justice to rule over violence and ignorance.* Accordingly, if we be true to ourselves, our Asiatic empire will in all probability be durable as that of Rome. It has been built up and consolidated by the co-operation of some of the greatest statesmen and soldiers known to history; and although from time to time the task of governing it may be committed to incapable hands, it must be maintained upon the whole that India has been ruled with consummate ability. Slowly, therefore, and almost imperceptibly, have the several parts of which it is composed, detached themselves from the surrounding chaos of barbarism, and passed into the finely organized system of our Indian empire, which it may require many ages to bring to its proper development, and thrice as many more to destroy.

It is not, however, at present, our object to examine the internal structure of that wonderful fabric of dominion which we have reared in Asia, but rather to glance over that line of out-works which nature may be said to have thrown up upon the frontiers of Hindustân to protect it on all sides from invasion. Among these the Indus may perhaps be enumerated, though it be a most important question to consider, whether the mountain ranges which command that river itself ought not rather to be regarded as the boundary of India. Towards the possession of those ranges we have of late made some steps, first by the invasion of Affghanistân, and secondly by the conquest of Sinde. Of this latter country the character and resources are not so well known as they deserve to be; for which reason we shall here throw together some observations which may aid in rendering them more familiar to a portion at least of the public.

The territories of Sinde extend along both banks of the Indus from a point a short distance south of the confluence of that great

* Our opinion on this point concurs exactly with that of Sir Henry Pottinger who, in his intercourse with the Amírs, observed that "they had themselves literally imposed on us the necessity of dictating the arrangements provided for by the late treaty; and that they must henceforward consider Sinde to be, as it was in reality, a portion of Hindustân, in which our position made us paramount, and entitled us to act as we considered best and fittest for the general good of the whole empire." 'Correspondence on Sinde,' No. 161.

river with the Punjnûd to the ocean.* They consist of a series of magnificent alluvial plains, diversified here and there by rocky eminences of slight elevation and by sandy sterile tracts, indicating the original character of the country before the Indus had fertilized it by its deposits. In many of its leading features Sinde strikingly resembles Egypt; depending almost entirely for moisture on one great river, subject to periodical risings, sluiced off artificially for the purposes of irrigation, separated into numerous branches by a delta near its mouth, and obstructed by bars at its entrance into the sea. Vast sandy deserts or chains of lofty and barren mountains form the boundaries of both countries, insulating and rendering them difficult of access, though the barriers of Egypt be on the whole perhaps the more formidable. Both countries again have wandering tribes upon their borders, which from time to time make incursions into them, sack and plunder their towns and villages, devastate their fields, and check the progress of civilization.

But in historical importance, Sinde will bear no comparison with Egypt, for while the latter, from the concurrence of numerous circumstances, has acted a distinguished part in the history of the world, having at one time been the illustrious seat of the arts and sciences, and afterwards, for thousands of years, the prize contended for by rival empires, it has been the fate of the former to be invariably an obscure dependency on some neighbouring state.

Nevertheless Sinde is, in many respects, an extraordinarily valuable possession. Its commercial importance can scarcely be exaggerated, since on account of the Indus, which traverses it from north to south, it may be regarded as the great high-road to Central Asia. The native productions, however, compared with those of many other parts of India, are neither rich nor numerous. They consist of cotton, the culture of which has hitherto been much neglected; sugar-cane, to which nearly the same remark may be applied; all sorts of grain, as well such as are known in Europe, as those peculiar to India; various kinds of vetches, with several species of fruits and vegetables. The date-palm flourishes nearly all over the plain of the Indus, but either from some peculiarity in the soil, or through defective cultivation, its fruit seldom or never comes to perfection. Towards the sea Sinde degenerates into a succession of salt marshes, overgrown in part by jungle, stunted or luxuriant, according to the accidents of the soil. In many places the eye wanders over large sombre tracts, covered thickly by the camel-thorn, with its purple papilionaceous blossoms, the caper-bush, the salvadora, and the euphorbia, the last of which

* Dr. Lord, 'Medical Memoir on the Plain of the Indus,' p. 59.

drops after a season upon the surface of the ground where it lies decaying, and suggests the idea of innumerable bundles of dry sticks collected by hands which are nowhere visible. At various points, both east and west of the Indus, there are large stony or sandy districts, all perhaps equally barren, but presenting in their aridity a variety of aspects. In some places the dreariness of the view is slightly relieved by thickets of prickly pear bushes, which communicate to the landscape a character resembling that of the Deccan between Serúr and Ahmednaggúr. Elsewhere the sand, as in the Libyan desert, is blown up into hills from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in height, separated not by valleys but by hollow basins, nowhere communicating with each other without change of level. On the summit of these eminences, when accident suffers them to become permanent, a few scattered bushes occasionally make their appearance. Sometimes the surface of the waste exhibits a smooth expanse, on which the fine sand is blown into ripples, running from east to west, indicating the existence of winds setting in almost constantly from the desert.

From this account, no very favourable idea will be formed of the face of Sinde. But other points remain to be insisted on. In what may be strictly termed the Valley of the Indus, a very large proportion of the country is covered by jungle, or forest, in which the towns and villages are scattered, each surrounded by its patch of cultivation, as though it were a land recently reclaimed from the wilderness. This circumstance, which has hitherto operated as a curse to Sinde, must now prove an advantage to us, since it will not only furnish our steamers with an inexhaustible supply of fuel, but afford us perpetually recurring opportunities of appearing to the natives in the light of benefactors, by facilitating inter-communication, and constantly subjecting fresh tracts to the plough. Even the Shikargáhs will gradually yield to the axe, and become the abode of the peasants whose fathers perhaps the late Amírs had dispossessed and turned adrift upon the world.

With respect to the nature of the landscape, it may be said, that whatever of picturesque and beautiful is consistent with the accidents of a level country, is to be found in Sinde. Here and there its mighty river, expanding to the breadth of a lake, exquisitely diversifies the view; in one part reflecting mosques and tombs and caravanserais and villages from its deep waters, in another, running along the skirts of a huge and venerable forest. At a point near Sehwan the Hala mountains project one of their spurs almost to the river's bank, just as the Arabian range comes down upon the Nile near the ruins of Chenoboscion. Bukkur, again, in many respects resembles Elephantine, though it is of

infinitely greater importance, lying as it does in the highway from Hindústân to Kabûl and Persia. In the grandeur of the landscape it is likewise superior. Perhaps, indeed, from the point where the Indus escapes from the Himalaya, there is no situation more striking or extraordinary than the site of Bukkur, where a pile of dark rocks, surmounted in its whole extent by a lofty fortress, rises in the centre of the river, harmonizing with the precipitous cliffs which confine the waters of the Indus both on the east and west.

Among other elevations which diversify the face of Sinde, are a low range of hills on the borders of Jessalmír, and that on which the citadel of Hyderabad is erected, with the projection, before spoken of, of the Belooch mountains, near Sehwan, and the insignificant eminences about Karáchi and Tattah. Elsewhere the country consists of one level plain. But it is not on this account destitute of beauty. The several towns and villages successively present themselves to the eye of the traveller through breaks in peepul or palm groves, or long avenues cut through the dense jungle. Even the Shikargáhs, or hunting grounds of the Amírs, however mischievous in other respects, tend greatly to adorn the face of the country, with their luxurious growth of forest trees, and matted and verdant sweeps of undergrowth, extending in some cases for twenty or thirty miles along the banks of the Indus, with here and there a small palace or hunting-lodge, embosomed in the depth of the woods. Another source of beauty is to be discovered in the tombs with which the whole face of the country is sprinkled. All these elements beheld in the cool of the morning, when the husbandmen are afield, when the women of the different villages in their airy and fanciful costume are busily engaged moving to and fro from the wells, with water-jars nicely poised upon their heads, when a party, perhaps, of Belooch horsemen, grotesquely habited and accoutred, may be seen dashing across the plain, while a kafila of laden camels follows the windings of the footpaths rather than roads which conduct from city to city, its long snake-like line appearing and disappearing by turns as it issues from or enters one of those groves which diversify the face of Sinde—beheld, we say, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, the elements of a Sindian landscape produce a powerful effect upon the imagination.

Viewed from the sea, however, the coast of Sinde is pre-eminently monotonous and uninteresting. From the mouth of the salt river Lúni, which divides it from Kutch to Cape Mowari, where the grand mountainous region of the Belooches begins, there is scarcely a single swell in the whole extent of the shore. The waves you ride appear to be higher than the land, and from the

deck of a large ship you really in many cases look down upon it; though on approaching Karáchi the eye discerns a considerable elevation in the line of coast. The appearance, meanwhile, of the sea in calm weather is very remarkable, and has sometimes been thought alarming, since the vast body of water thrown out by the Indus at once discolours it and causes a constant ripple which would appear to indicate the presence of shallows.

Among the cities of Sinde which deserve particular notice is Shikarpúr, which may be said almost entirely to owe its existence to the trade of Affghanistân and Central Asia. It is three miles in circumference, protected by walls, and situated in a large and fertile plain at the distance of twenty-six miles from Bukkúr, on the extreme limits of Sinde towards the north-west.* Some writers suppose it to have owed its commercial prosperity to the removal thither of the Hindú banking establishments from Multân. It is more reasonable to infer that, lying on the route of the caravans from Delhi to Candahar and Herat, by the great Bolan pass, it grew early though gradually into importance, and eclipsed Multân both in size and consequence, before the Hindú speculators thought of making it the centre of their monetary operations. The rise of the Durani monarchy no doubt accelerated the enrichment of Shikarpúr, by affording protection to those Rothchilds of the East who decided the fate of armies and kingdoms by the scantiness or liberality with which they supplied the sinews of war. At present, the opulence of Shikarpúr is greatly diminished. The government of the late Amírs proved everywhere, in fact, fatal to commerce, by multiplying exactions, by rendering property insecure, and thus, as far as possible, chasing the creators of wealth beyond the limits of their dominions. To this circumstance, in great part, is owing the prosperity of Multân and Amritsir, which latter city has sprung, almost like Jonah's gourd, into greatness; so that though scarcely heard of some few years ago, it now forms the goal and starting-point of numerous caravans. The revenues of Shikarpúr are said to have amounted formerly to eight lacs of rupees, nearly 90,000*l.* sterling per annum, whereas under the late Amírs they realized little more than a quarter of that sum.

The place, however, is still of considerable importance, and it is to be hoped that our Indian government will not suffer it to sink any further towards decay. We are aware that Lord Ellenborough, contrary to the advice of those best acquainted with the interests of the country, commercial and military, has signified his

* Postans, 'Personal Observations,' p. 33.

intention of abandoning the place altogether. But suggestions from home, based on more mature consideration, may possibly induce a change in his lordship's policy. At any rate, the reader may like to learn Sir Charles Napier's reasons for insisting on the occupation of Shikarpúr.

"I do not," says he, "think it would be politic to give up Shikarpúr: my reasons for this opinion are as follow:—The town of Sukkur stands on an elbow of the Indus, which surrounds the town on two sides; on the other two, at about four miles distance, it is closed in by a large jungle, through which passes the road to Shikarpúr, where the jungle finishes. Now, if we evacuate Shikarpúr, the robber tribes will descend from the hills, and establish themselves in this jungle; so that Sukkur will be blockaded;* and no one be able to move beyond the chain of sentries without being murdered. To clear this jungle with infantry would be impossible; the robbers would retreat before the advancing troops, and when the latter retire, the former would again occupy their position in the jungle. But if we occupy Shikarpúr, a body of cavalry stationed there would spread along the outskirts of the jungle, while infantry would, by concert, push through the wood from Sukkur. The robbers, thus cut off from their hills, would receive such a terrible punishment, as to deter any other tribe from trying the same experiment.

"In a commercial point I consider Shikarpúr to be of considerable importance. It forms a depôt for the reception of goods from the north and west; with which countries it has long possessed channels of communication; circumstances of an adverse nature may for a while interrupt these; but under a firm protecting government they would soon be again opened out; and from Shikarpúr goods would be sent to Sukkur, there to be shipped on the Indus, and would also be passed by land to Larkhana, and thence on to Karáchi. These seem formerly to have been the great lines of trade. They are geographically and naturally so, and will therefore quickly revive. But if Shikarpúr be left to the mercy of the surrounding gangs of freebooters, commerce cannot thrive, nor without Shikarpúr be strongly guarded can it pass through the jungle to Sukkur. These two towns are so placed as naturally to support each other in commerce.

"In a political light, Shikarpúr has the advantage of being chiefly inhabited by a Hindú population, tolerated for ages by the Mussulmans, and, consequently, forming a pacific link of intercourse between us and the nations, north and west; through Shikarpúr, the Hindús will be the means of gradually filtering the stream of commerce and social intercourse between the Mohammedans and ourselves, and, in time, unite those who will not abruptly amalgamate. Shikarpúr contains many rich banking-houses, which is a sure evidence of its being a central point of communication between the surrounding countries; and, consequently,

* Masson, vol. i., p. 350.

one where the British government would learn what is going on in Asia. The money market is, generally speaking, the best political barometer.

“The robber tribes in this neighbourhood have kept down this town in despite of its natural and acquired advantages; in fact, the robber is everywhere the master. Therefore all around is barbarous, and barbarous must continue to be, till civilization gradually encroaches upon these lawless people; and I think Shikarpúr is precisely one of those grand positions that ought to be seized upon for that purpose.”—*Correspondence relative to Sinde*, p. 364.

The bazaar of Shikarpúr, half a mile in length, and containing 884 shops, is extremely well furnished with fruits and merchandise, and there is a fish-market, supplied by the Indus, which affords to the tables of the wealthy no less than thirty-six varieties of this delicacy in the greatest abundance. The heat in summer being here intensely powerful, the streets of the bazaar are covered at top by matting, as in Grand Cairo, to keep out the sun's rays. They are narrow, moreover, and for the most part filthy, both, in the opinion of some travellers, circumstances to be regretted. Upon the undesirableness of filth there would scarcely be a difference of opinion; but in the declamation in which Europeans usually indulge against the narrow streets of the East, we can by no means join, having often had reason to applaud the contrivance which secures to the panting traveller the blessings of shade and a current of cool air. The same reason justifies the turnings and windings in the streets of Eastern cities, besides their advantages in a military point of view. Even as it is, the heat of Shikarpúr is in summer so intense, that its Mohammedan inhabitants, like those of Dadúr, have been known piously to exclaim, “Oh, Allah! why hast thou created hell, knowing the heat of this place?” When the south-east wind blows at that season of the year, the air becomes inflamed like that of a furnace, and they whom the sun strikes fatally, turn almost instantly after death as black as charcoal. Most persons who have visited the East, speak of this wind. Before it begins to blow, there is often a pile of lurid vapour observed rising and spreading on the verge of the horizon, through which, towards evening, the sun sometimes appears like a stupendous blood-red portal rising from earth to heaven. The camels and all other animals shudder at its approach, and evince by their scared and unquiet looks how much their economy is disturbed by the state of the atmosphere.

“In the vicinity of Shikarpúr,” says Mr. Masson, “there are numerous gardens yielding the ordinary Indian fruits, as mangoes, shah-tuts, or long mulberries, plantains, figs, sweet limes, melons, and dates;

to which may be added, sugar-cane, (here eaten as a fruit,) both of the white and red varieties. There is also no scarcity of common vegetables, the egg-plant, fenugreek, spinach, radishes, turnips, carrots, onions, &c. About a mile, or little more, from the city, is a cut, or canal, from the Indus, but it appears to be only occasionally filled with water; for, on one occasion, I had to wade through it, and a few days after found it so dry that I could scarcely have imagined there had ever been water in it. For the constant supply of the city, there are numerous wells within and without its limits, and the water is believed to be good and wholesome. For the irrigation of the cultivated lands, wells are also in general use, and require to be dug of no great depth."

The town of Omarkote, on the south-eastern frontier of Sind, may deserve a passing notice as the birthplace of the great Akbar, who came into the world at that place, while his father Humayûn was flying as an exile before his enemies. The fortresses too of Deejee and Emaum-ghur, the latter reduced to a heap of ruins by Sir Charles Napier, ought not perhaps to be altogether forgotten. They were the places, where in times of danger the Amîrs deposited their women and their treasures; on which account, reasoning from the necessity to the fact, the natives supposed them to be impregnable. The physiognomy of Sindian towns in general is thus delineated by Captain Postans.

"There is very little deviation in the general character of the towns in Sind: nearly all are surrounded with walls, which are intended to be fortifications, but are of a very rude kind, and in complete disrepair, being built of mud, about twenty feet high, and pierced for matchlocks; in the centre of the place is a bastion or citadel overlooking the surrounding country. The Jutts and pastoral classes fold their flocks or herds under the walls, against which they build their reed huts. Every place in Sind swarms with village curs, the pariahs of India; and these, in the absence of any police, are valuable, as keeping a constant and independent watch. The wands, or moveable villages of the pastoral population, are generally composed of reed mats thatched across rough boughs of the tamarisk: such are also the materials generally employed by the fishermen and others living on the banks of the river; the houses are generally of one story, and flat-roofed; in the cities, the dwellings are upper-roomed, the apartments small and ill-ventilated. It is impossible to conceive any thing so filthy as the interior of a Sindian town: every inhabitant makes a common sewer of the front of his dwelling; the narrow passage, scarcely admitting a laden camel, is nearly blocked up with dung-heaps, in which recline in lazy ease packs of fat Pariah dogs, from whom the stranger, particularly a Christian (they are true Moslems these dogs), need expect little mercy. Flies are so plentiful, that the children's faces are nearly hidden by them, and it is utterly impracticable in a butcher's or grocer's shop to discern a particle of what is exposed for sale. Add to these mere outlines,

crowded streets of filthy people, an intolerable stench, and a sun which would roast an egg,—some faint idea may be formed of a Sindian town or city. The inhabitants generally sleep on the roofs of their houses for coolness.

“ One main street constituting the bazaar is always a principal feature in a place of any size. These bazaars have mats and other coverings stretching from house to house, as a protection against the fierce rays of the sun. Except the bazaar of Grand Cairo, few places of a similar kind present such vivid, strange, and yet interesting groups, as the great street of Shikarpúr, frequented as it is by the merchants of both Central Asia and those of Eastern and Western India: the full pressure of business generally takes place about four o'clock, and then amidst clouds of dust, in an atmosphere of the most stifling closeness, and amid the loud din of perfect chapmanship, may be seen some of the most characteristic features of the society of the East.

“ The haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorassani steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the tall Sindian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, jostles through the crowd, between whom a way is opened by the Sindian soldiers, who precede and follow him; then follows the Affghan with a dark blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek painted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve. We have also the Seyund of Pishin in his goat's-hair cloak, the fair Herati, the merchant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban, the tall Patan with heavy sword, and mien calculated to court offence, while among the rest is the filthy Sindian, and the small miserable-looking, cringing Hindú, owning perhaps lacs in the neighbouring street, but fearing the exactions of the Amírs. These present a fair sample of the groups who crowd the principal street of Shikarpúr; but we miss the wild Belooch, with his plaited hair and ponderous turban, his sword, matchlock, and high-bred mare; but the freebooter of the desert loves not cities, and is rarely seen in them.”—*Personal Observations on Sinde*, pp. 33—36.

The manufactures and commerce of Sinde merit particular attention; the former chiefly, perhaps, for what they were, the latter for what it may be rendered. Even up to the present day, notwithstanding the oppression and bad government of the Amírs, the produce of Sindian industry is celebrated throughout Asia. For chintzes, shawls, flowered and plain muslins, cloth of gold, embroidered cloths, &c., the inhabitants of Beloochistân and many other of the neighbouring countries depend principally upon the looms of Sinde. They manufacture arms, also, such as matchlocks, spears, swords, and in so superior a manner, that their handiwork may often be mistaken for that of the most skilful Europeans. Much of their excellence in this branch of industry may perhaps be owing to the excessive passion of the Talpúr princes

for arms of superior workmanship. To gratify their taste in this particular, they were in the habit of despatching annually agents into Persia and Asia Minor, with a commission to purchase for them the most costly and curiously-wrought swords and daggers, of the very finest steel. Their collections, consequently, of curiosities of this kind must have constituted a sort of museum, which it is to be presumed that the Governor-general of India will transmit, among other trophies of his conquest, to England, where they may take their place among the superb specimens of inlaid armour worn by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This taste of the Amírs for magnificent arms produced, as we have said, a beneficial effect upon the manufactures of the country, and encouraged the armorers of Hyderabad more especially to aim at that high state of excellence in their art which they afterwards attained. For, according to the laws which regulate fashion throughout the world, the preferences of the princes became those of their courtiers and all other wealthy persons throughout the country; so that the rage for fine swords and daggers grew universal, to the great benefit of industry.

In Captain Postans we find the following particulars on the same subject:

“ The arms of Sind are very superior to those of most parts of India, particularly the matchlock-barrels, which are twisted in the Damascus style. The nobles and chiefs procure many from Persia and Constantinople, and these are highly prized, but nearly as good can be made in the country. They are inlaid with gold, and highly finished. Some very good imitations of the European flint-lock are to be met with: our guns and rifles, indeed, are only prized for this portion of their work; the barrels are considered too slight, and incapable of retaining the heavy charge which the Sindian always gives his piece. The European lock is attached to the Eastern barrel; the best of Joe Manton's and Purdy's guns and rifles, of which sufficient to stock a shop have at various times been presented to the Sindian chiefs by the British Government, share this mutilating fate. The Sind matchlock is a heavy unwieldy arm; the stock much too light for the great weight of the arm, and curiously shaped. One of the Amírs used our improved percussion rifles, but he was an exception to the general rule, the prejudice being generally decidedly in favour of the native weapon. The Sindian sword-blades are large, curved, very sharp, and well tempered. The sheath also contains a receptacle for a small knife, used for food and other useful purposes. The belts are leather or cloth, richly embroidered. Great taste is also displayed in the manufacture of the pouches—paraphernalia attached to the waist. Shields are made from rhinoceros' hides, richly embossed with brass or silver, carried over the shoulders, or strapped between them. Sindians of all classes,

Belooches or Jutts, always travel fully accoutred, the matchlock slung across the camel, generally with a red cloth cover : a group thus equipped has a very picturesque effect." — *Postans, Personal Observations*, pp. 103, 104.

In the more flourishing days of Sinde, Tattah was the seat of another very peculiar species of manufacture; we mean wheeled carriages, which, though they by no means resembled those turned out of Long Acre, were often very handsome things in their way. The Tattah carriage consisted of a very singular light body poised upon a pair of wheels. The bottom of the vehicle was of solid wood covered usually with a rich carpet, and all around extended a range of finely-turned pillars, sometimes united by a fanciful ivory balustrade, sometimes by a network of leathern thongs. The streets being narrow are shaded; a roof was often dispensed with in the city; but most persons, when about to undertake a journey into the country, were careful to provide themselves with a light canopy.

Another circumstance which may be mentioned as a feature in the history of Sindian commerce is the commonness formerly of an immense species of waggon constructed as well at Tattah as elsewhere. Its wheels, like those in use among the rustics of ancient Italy, and commonly to be seen in Ireland at the present day, consisted of one piece of wood fashioned like a millstone, while the framework of the waggon was of equally solid construction. As many as 200 of these vehicles, each drawn by five pairs of bullocks and attended by four peons or foot soldiers to lift them out of deep ruts and hollows, might be seen in one *kafila*.* From this circumstance, notwithstanding the necessity for the peons, we may infer that the roads were then in a much better condition than they are at present, since in most parts of the country, the use of all kinds of carriages has been nearly abandoned.

"The manufactured productions of Sinde," says Captain Postans, "are not numerous, and appear to be confined to the passing wants of its inhabitants. The natives are particularly ingenious as weavers, turners, and artisans, and are noted for a very curious description of wooden lacquered work, which has attained for them a high reputation throughout India. The articles of this description made at Hyderabad have been esteemed as great curiosities even in England; but as a proof of the desertion of the workmen, only one is left at the capital capable of doing this specimen of purely Sindian invention. The best workmen and artificers finding plenty of employment under milder governments, emigrate to Bombay and other places, where they produce beautiful

* Thevenot, *Voyages*, t. iii., p. 155, &c.

ornamental work in wood and ivory, admitting of a comparison with that of China. . . . The looms of Sind are appropriated to the manufacture of various descriptions of coarse silk and cotton cloths, or of fabrics half silk and half cotton : for the latter beautiful article the country was much celebrated ; and of these the Lughís of Sind were highly estimated, and fashionable at all the courts in India ; and Tattah formerly owed its great reputation to their production ; those of Mûltan and Bhawulpúr have, however, completely superseded the Sind fabrics, and the latter are now comparatively scarce in the country. The coarse silk goods, of which there are many sorts, are woven from silks imported from China, Persia, and Turkistân, the raw material is prepared and dyed in Sind. Cochineal, madder, and the dyes in general use are brought from the north-west. These articles are of inferior quality, wanting the gloss which is peculiar to silk fabrics when properly prepared. Multan and Bhawulpúr now supply all the superior descriptions of silk manufactured goods consumed in Sind. No native of any pretensions to rank is complete in his costume without a waistband of silk, always of startling colour and ample dimensions ; the light-coloured caps are also of the same materials amongst the rich, and the gaudy chintz and cotton of the country are used for very coarse purposes ; and for finer work the European prepared or spun thread is imported. The cloths produced are in great demand amongst a poor population, who have hitherto been able to do little more than clothe themselves in the simplest manner. Blue dyed cotton garments are in general use amongst all classes. Goats' hair is woven into coarse clothing for cold weather, and ropes and sacks for conveying grain, &c., on camels and asses. Wool is moistened and beaten out from pulp into what are called nummuds, used as saddle-cloths and carpets. The manufacture of the many-coloured caps, worn by the Sindians, is an important feature in native handiwork. The most glaring and fancifully tinted silks and cottons are employed in the production of this highly prized portion of costume ; and the result is a considerable display of taste and diversity of colours. Sindian pottery is superior ; water vessels, and a beautiful description of glazed coloured tile are produced for the decoration of the domes, musjids, &c. The flat, thin bricks used in the ancient tombs near Tattah have been universally admired for their beautiful finish and fine polish. Their texture is so hard and close, that the edges of the buildings are as perfect and well defined now as when originally erected, though many of them date some centuries from their foundation.

“ Embroidery is beautifully done in leather and cloth by Affghans, but the preparation of leather is that for which Sind is famous, and it supplies many foreign markets with its tanned hides ; in these the whole country is very rich. Larkhana in Northern Sind has a very large establishment of this sort, and leather is a great and important branch of export trade for Sind for waist belts, arms, and the large boots worn by the Mahomedans of rank in travelling. The skin of the kotah-pacha, or hog-deer, is used ; for water vessels, that of the goat ; and for other purposes, ox hides. The bark of the baubul is employed in the tanning

process, and the leather of all descriptions is beautifully soft and very durable. Sacks of sheep's or goats' skin are used to carry water throughout the desert tracts of Sinde, and also provide the natives with means of crossing the river and its branches. The water is then poured off, and the sack being blown up and tied round the stomach, serves to buoy the traveller over the turbid stream; on reaching the shore he refills the skin, and pursues his journey. Much care is required in adjusting the balance nicely; the body must be exactly in the centre of the inflated skin, which is turned with the legs of the beast upwards, and strapped to the thighs and shoulders. The slightest deviation causes a capsize; and few, but those well trained, can carry out this operation successfully. The chaguls, or leathern water-bottles of Sinde, are tastefully ornamented and much valued."—*Personal Observations, &c.* pp. 102-107.

Into a detailed account of the commerce of Sinde our limits will not, in the present article, permit us to enter. Under the Amírs it had sunk to a very low ebb. The country, ill-governed and impoverished, afforded little, save rice and some few other kinds of grain, that could be offered to foreigners in exchange for such commodities as they might bring to its ports, and payment in specie was in most cases entirely out of the question. When, therefore, the agent of the British government spoke in the manufacturing towns of Upper Sinde of the advantages which would accrue to their inhabitants from the establishment of a great commercial mart at Mittun Kôt, they laughed, and said it was a good joke to suppose that poor people who fed on dhoura could be masters of sufficient capital to contemplate any thing beyond the profits of a retail trade. Besides,—and this shows the estimation in which the government was held by the people,—they observed, that the Amír Ali Mourad, from the ignorant jealousy of which we have already spoken, would absurdly throw all manner of obstacles in their way, to prevent them from entering into a foreign trade. Precisely the same maxims regulated their policy in whatever related to commerce. Consequently even the transit trade, which might of itself have sufficed to enrich Sinde, was rapidly dwindling away, and must speedily have been extinguished altogether. To avoid the exactions of the Hyderabad rulers, merchants and kafilas often preferred the dangerous routes of Beloochistân, where, if they were sometimes plundered, they, as a general rule, paid much less. Still as the Hindú inhabitants had no other dependence than the profits of trade, they were constrained to persevere in their dealings, however little they might gain by them. No country, moreover, can subsist wholly without commerce, and the natural advantages of Sinde are so great, its position between the rich regions of Hindustân and the poorer countries towards the west so favourable, that, despite the most

galling tyranny and oppression, the merchants and bankers of Shikarpúr and some other places contrive to become opulent.

The manufactured articles supplied by Sindé were, it will have been seen, neither very rich nor very numerous; but they might, under a good government, have been greatly multiplied, and sufficed to maintain a large class of merchants and traders. Our efforts will now be directed to this subject, and Sindé, under British rule, will probably attain a degree of commercial prosperity greater than it ever knew in the most flourishing periods of its history.

The population of Sindé, which has been calculated at about a million, consists of three very distinct classes: the Belooches, or military and governing class, by far the least numerous; the Játs, or cultivators, who may be regarded as the Helots of Sindé; and the Hindús, who dwell chiefly in the towns, and are considered foreigners, though they manage the whole trade and commerce of the country. Sir Henry Pottinger, when he wrote his work on Beloochistân, had formed a very low estimate of the character of the Sindians, and in fact of all Asiatics whatsoever. His opinion was far too cynical and sweeping to be philosophical, and the experience of later travellers, who enjoyed greater opportunities for observation, may enable us to soften in some degree his harsh outline. It is no doubt perfectly true that the Orientals are generally in moral character very much inferior to Europeans; and it is equally true, that the form of government under which for the most part they live, will in some degree account for the fact. But how shall we explain their having in almost all ages submitted to that form of government? The institutions of a people may generally be looked upon as an exposition of their moral and intellectual character, since they must always bear some analogy to their feelings, tastes, and preferences. But not to enter just now into the discussion of this intricate question, we may remark, that the government of the Amírs appeared quite as tyrannical and oppressive to Sir Henry Pottinger thirty-three years ago, as it did recently, when he advised the military occupation of the country. Speaking of the worthless character of the Sindians, and endeavouring to account for it, he says,

“ They are avaricious, full of deceit, cruel, ungrateful, and strangers to veracity; but, in extenuation of their crimes, it is to be recollected, that the present generation has grown up under a government, whose extortion, ignorance, and tyranny, is possibly unequalled in the world; and that the debasement of the public mind is consequent to the infamy of its rulers, seems to be an acknowledged fact in all countries.”—*Travels in Beloochistan*, p. 376.

It may be gathered from this writer's own views, put forward in his correspondence with the Indian government, that this opinion was afterwards much modified, since he became, when political resident, attached to the people and country, and pleaded their cause with an earnestness which could only have arisen from a conviction of their comparative moral worth. Mr. Masson, too, and Captain Eastwick, and Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Postans concur in judging more favourably of the Sindians than Pottinger did in 1810, though probably his remarks, even then, were intended to apply chiefly to the Belooches, whose cruelty, rapacity, and insolence would almost seem to justify his severity.

The Hindús of Sinde, descendants chiefly of emigrants from the Punjâb, and other regions of Northern India, are scattered over every part of the land where a rupee is to be made by traffic. From the rich bankers of Shikarpúr and the influential merchants of Karáchi, down to the humblest keeper of a tobacco-shop, they monopolize every species of trade. Persecuted and plundered, despised, and treated most contemptuously, they, like the Jews in Europe, find a recompense for all their sufferings in the money which they contrive to amass. Not that under the government of the Amírs they would put forth the external tokens of wealth and enjoy the respect usually paid to these insignia. On the contrary, they were compelled for many reasons to affect a degree of humility which, had it been voluntary, might have entitled them to some praise. Their dress was mean, their habits were dirty, and they in most instances found it necessary to lay aside the prejudices of caste, and to neglect the external observances of their religion. To the Hindú, in his own country, the ass bears the same relation as the hog to the Mohammedan,—namely, is an unclean beast, which it is defilement even to approach. Nevertheless, the Sindian Hindús, abandoning the horse to their haughty masters, reconcile themselves to the proscribed quadruped, and whether in the costume assigned to them by the rules of caste, or in the Mohammedan disguise, which, under certain circumstances, they were compelled to adopt, might be seen trotting about from town to town and village to village, on the back of an ass. It is common all the world over to depreciate the class of persons who devote themselves to the making of money; but they probably display, notwithstanding, quite as many virtues as any other large section of mankind whatsoever. Industry, at any rate, and frugality and punctuality in their dealings they are compelled to exhibit, in order to command success; and it is remarked of the Sindian Hindús, that by whatever other vices their character might be disfigured, they were commonly men of much probity in business. An anecdote is related by Mr. Masson which, whatever

else it may prove, certainly shows the extreme solicitude of the Hindú to maintain his credit for probity.

“On the bank of the Gaj, Kâlikdâd made some sales of raisins to Hindús of the neighbouring villages, and gave one parcel to a man he had never seen before, taking in payment a draft, or order, on a brother Hindú at Iné. I asked him if he might not be deceived. He thought it unlikely. . . . The order given by the Hindú at the Gaj river proved worthless on presentation. I was inclined to joke with my friend on his simplicity, but he was not willing to allow that I had reason. There was no Hindú, he said, in Sinde, who would venture so egregiously to defraud a Mussulman ; for the penalty would involve the forfeiture of his property to ten times the amount of the fraud, and his being forcibly made a Mohammedan. This penal regulation seems ingeniously framed to protect the Mussulman against the sharper-witted Hindú, as well as to increase the number of proselytes to Islám. Kâlikdâd, however, was right in his estimation, for the Hindú came willingly to Iné with the money. He declared he knew that the order was useless, but feared that had he not given it, the raisins might have been refused him.”—*Journey in Beloochistan*, vol ii., pp. 137, 140.

The Jâts or cultivators of the soil have for many ages made profession of Islamism, though they are supposed to have been originally Hindús converted by force. They are, by most writers, admitted to be a peaceable, harmless, and industrious people, who addict themselves to agriculture and the breeding of cattle. In the vast marshy plains commencing on the confines of the Runn in Cutch, and extending westward almost to the vicinity of Hyderabad, they rear immense numbers of camels which are thence distributed over the whole country as beasts of burden. The Jât, indeed, is said to be as inseparable from his camel as the Arab from his steed, though we occasionally find him, like his ancestor the Hindú, affecting a less elevated though more sacred monture.

“These people (the Jâts of Kachi), seldom move abroad but on bullocks, and never unless armed. A laughable tendency is excited by the sight of a Jât half-naked, for shirt or upper garments are generally dispensed with ; seated on a lean bullock, and formidably armed with matchlock, sword, and shield.”—*Masson*, vol. ii., p. 125.

The women of this tribe are said to be as distinguished for their beauty as for their chastity. This is the more remarkable, as they lead laborious lives, joining their husbands and fathers in the labours of the field, exposed to the influence of a sultry climate. It would seem in general, however, that the air of Sinde is favourable to the development of female beauty, which is scarcely reconcilable with the idea of its unhealthiness ; since there is, we believe, no well-authenticated instance of handsome women being found in an insalubrious country. The Beloochi females, indeed, are said to preserve, even here, the harsh, coarse features which dis-

tinguish them in their native mountains. But if so, the reason may be that the race has not been settled sufficiently long in Sinde to experience all the softening influences of its atmosphere. In the other sections of the population at least, the women are distinguished for the regularity of their features, and often for the fineness of their complexion. The Nautch-girls frequently, in conjunction with the most delicate symmetry of form, exhibit great sweetness and beauty of countenance, and have extorted praise even from writers little disposed to enthusiasm. The ranks of this class of women, always extremely numerous in Hindustân, are almost exclusively recruited from the Mianis, a tribe of fishermen inhabiting the creeks and estuaries of the Indus, and the various lakes and sheets of water which are scattered over the face of the country. Like numbers of the lower order of the Chinese, they have, for the most part, no other home than their boats which are steered by the women while the men are engaged in fishing. A child, on this occasion, may often be seen swinging in an airy hammock of network suspended between the mast and rigging of the craft. Many hundreds of these light barks float constantly hither and thither on the surface of the lake Manchûr amid the long feathery tufts of reeds and myriads of white and blue lilies which adorn it but render navigation difficult. These people, though professing the Mohammedan religion, cherish in common with their neighbours abundance of superstitions, apparently little in harmony with the stern spirit of Islamism. Dr. Beke found recently among the Abyssinians, who make profession of some kind of Christianity, certain traces of the worship of the Nile. We can scarcely wonder, therefore, that tacitly the Indus should be deified by this rude and ignorant people. They see that they are blessed with plenty or otherwise, according as its waters are abundant or scarce, and therefore in various ways seek to propitiate its favour. Among other offerings they kindle occasionally at night a number of lamps which they bear to the river's edge and launch upon its waters. Being fictile and light, they float a while and bespangle the surface of the broad stream, until upset by the ripples and breezes, their vitality is absorbed in that of the rushing divinity.

In all Mohammedan countries the habit of pilgrimage more or less prevails. We are not surprised, therefore, to find it in Sinde, more especially as it may be regarded as a break in that monotony to which ignorance and despotism have reduced the lives of its inhabitants. Whilst on his journey towards the shrine or *ziarat* which he holds in reverence, the Sindian escapes for a moment from the trammels of government. He is engaged in what he esteems as an act of piety, and therefore is enabled to oppose something like supernatural strength to the force of oppres-

sion. In all parts of the country shrines have consequently sprung up which attract the devotion of the faithful, though the principal places of pilgrimage are Schwan, and an ancient ruined city situated near the delta of the Indus. Here may be seen throngs of devotees from all parts of Sinde, engaged in prayer or amusement, for the Mussulmans generally contrive to unite with their devout exercises a large mixture of more culpable practices.

To the prevalence of the same feeling must we trace that host of Faquirs, Saiyads, Hajjis, and other devotees, which almost literally deluges the face of the country. The eye in fact only turns from one holy man to light upon the visage of another. Their presence consequently operates as a tax upon the poor cultivators and traders who have ultimately to support this as well as every other burden. Generally the Faquirs, though making profession of devotion, are nothing more than sturdy mendicants, who, like the military beggar in *Gil Blas*, demand your charity at the point of the matchlock. They scorn, moreover, for the most part to solicit alms on foot, but travel from village to village, and town to town, mounted on a bullock or a buffalo, armed with dagger, sword, and musket, ready to do battle with as many of the faithful as exhibit an indisposition to give. Still they fall short of those armies of Yoghis that sometimes to the sound of shell trumpets and nakáras scour the plains of the Deccan fully armed and accoutred, robbing, plundering, and sometimes, we believe, proceeding still further in quest of gentle charity.

The Belooches, or governing class in Sinde, differ at bottom very little from their countrymen in the mountains, though somewhat lazier and less hospitable. Perhaps, also, as subsisting on the labour of others, they are more insolent and overbearing, though everywhere the Belooch exhibits a sufficient amount of these qualities. According to some travellers, they were not only under the late government complete masters of the country, but exercised the most absolute control over the princes themselves. But this is affirming too much. While living scattered about in their different villages they might be said indeed to own no authority save that of their chiefs; but as these for the most part resided in the capital, under the influence and individually in the power of the Amírs and their retainers, it was through them always possible to act upon the population to the remotest verge of the country. The government therefore exercised sufficient control even over the Belooches, who in many respects resemble the Mamelukes of Egypt, though, when circumstances rendered it necessary to call together these armed feudatories, their want of discipline, and all ideas of subordination, except to their own immediate chiefs, often rendered them formidable to the Talpúr family. For this reason the Hyderabad rulers always felt the great-

est possible reluctance to assemble their forces, and were eager, as soon as circumstances afforded them a pretext, to disband them. Some indeed have thought, and perhaps not without reason, that the late political catastrophe in Sinde was at least precipitated by the tumultuous violence of this military class, though they only anticipated and outran the desires of their chiefs, the whole current of whose policy had long set towards war.

In their own tandas, or fortified villages, the Belooches lead a dirty and disorderly life, herding in the same shed with their horses and cattle, though a small corner is always divided off for the use of the harem. Their women are commonly supposed to possess few charms, and to be dirty and neglected. With respect to their personal attractions, as the men themselves have large fine eyes and are generally handsome, we must think there exists some mistake, because it is a rule from which we believe nature seldom swerves, that wherever the men possess fine features the women exhibit still finer. Dirty, perhaps, they are, to suit the taste of their lords, but that they are neglected is wholly inconsistent with the undoubted fact that whenever any business of importance is to be transacted they are invariably consulted, while their opinion is allowed the greatest weight.

“ The Belooch dress,” says Postans, “ is a loose shirt and exceedingly wide drawers, after the old Turkish fashion ; the former reaching to the knees, and, when in full costume, they add a waistband of silk or coloured cotton, always of gaudy colours ; such is also twisted round the cap when travelling. The head is not shaved, as usual with Mohammedans ; but the hair, on the cultivation and growth of which, like the Sikhs, they are very proud, is twisted into a knot at the top of the head. The hill Belooches wear it long over the shoulders, which imparts a very wild appearance ; it is never allowed to become gray, but both sexes dye it with a preparation of hennah and indigo. After a certain age, Saiyads and holy men affect red beards, and the ‘ orange tawny ’ is by no means uncommon. Saiyads are distinguished also by green garments, the colour of the prophet. The turban has been superseded throughout Sinde by a cap, which in form looks something like an inverted English hat, made of bright-coloured silk or brocade, and is a bad imitation of a Persian head-dress. The Belooches are of a dark complexion, handsome features, with fine eyes ; prone to corpulency, which is encouraged, to a ridiculous extent, as a great mark of beauty. The late head of the reigning family, Mir Nasir Khan, was considered the handsomest man in the country, and was scarcely able to walk from redundancy of flesh, though quite in the prime of life.

“ The dress of Belooch women, in common with that of the country generally, is a full petticoat, gathered in at the waist, and trousers, a cloth which covers the bosom, being tied round the neck and under the arms, leaving the back exposed ; the head is protected by a loose mantle, which is also thrown round the person. The Belooches seldom change

their garments, and they are often dyed blue to hide the dirt, and this in one of the hottest climates in the East, and among the pretenders to a religion in which cleanliness is ordained as a law.

“The arms of the Belooches are the matchlock, sword, and shield, with a great paraphernalia of pouches, belts, steel, flint, &c. round the waist; in the use of weapons they are very expert, though they pride themselves particularly on their skill as swordsmen, always preferring hand-to-hand combat, rushing in on their foe under shelter of their large shields. The bravery of the Belooches has always been lightly esteemed, but although late events have proved, in addition to former instances, that they cannot cope with the steady discipline of our troops, they have now fairly earned a name for courage, which was not formerly conceded to them; yet your true soldier is seldom a worthless pretender, and it is impossible to imagine a greater braggart than a Sinde Belooch.

“The Belooches are expert marksmen, and are trained to arms at an early age, but as before observed, they rely on the sword, and on a late occasion verified what a former able commentator on the country predicted, ‘that their country would derive little military renown if reduced to depend on that arm.’ At Miani they threw away their matchlocks and rushed on the bayonets of our troops. The gallant Sir Charles Napier, says in his admirable despatch, ‘The brave Belooches, first discharging their matchlocks and pistols, darted over the bank with desperate resolution, but down went their bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet.’ No man of any rank, and no Belooch in Sinde, is considered dressed without his sword; it is as necessary a portion of his costume as his cap or turban. They are very expert at the bow, and a blunt description of arrow, which they shoot transversely and with unerring aim, knocking down small game with the precision of a good shot handling a fowling-piece.”—*Personal Observations*, pp. 45—47.

In the Amírs themselves the Belooch character may be supposed to have exhibited itself to the greatest advantage, since whatever development it is susceptible of under such a form of civilization, it probably attained in them. They were a strange compound of refinement and rudeness, exhibiting gentleness under one aspect, and extreme roughness and insolence under another. Their intellectual and moral qualities, however, have by no writer been well described. Little care has been hitherto bestowed on the cultivation of their understandings. They possessed hardly any thing of that kind of knowledge which we denominate useful; had scarcely read, and certainly had never studied, the history of their own country, though, like most idle persons in the East, they appear to have formed some slight acquaintance with the voluptuous and dreamy poets of Persia. Probably, could we get at their interior scheme of thought, we should find that they resemble strongly the oriental princes described in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ Like them, at any rate, they

sought for happiness in the excitement of the chase, and under the influence of certain romantic ideas, the precise force of which we are unable to comprehend: instead of seeking to render their capital impregnable, they erected solitary fortresses far in the desert, where they deposited their treasures, and in which, on an emergency, they might place their wives and children. The secret of these places they preserved with the most jealous solicitude. No foreigner, during the existence of the Belooch government, was ever suffered to behold the interior of the fortress of Deejee; and so thick a veil of mystery was spread over Emaan Ghur, that its very site was for the most part unknown even to the natives, and still, we believe, remains unmarked on any map. From these circumstances alone the character of their rule might be conjectured. They acted under the influence of intense selfishness, which rendered them absolutely blind to every thing save their own pleasures and their own authority.

Among their enjoyments, which were necessarily few beyond those derived from the senses, we must reckon the indulgence of the spirit of intrigue, which led them to keep up a secret correspondence with Persia, with the Sirdars of Candahar, with Dost Mohammed, and latterly even with the Maharajah or his instruments. The constant passing to and fro of kasids, or couriers, the reception and entertainment of adventurers, the arrival and departure of foreign princes in disguise, or of vagabonds masquerading as princes, their dread of absorption in the English empire, and the force of their evil destiny, which led them to adopt the very policy best calculated to hasten that process—all these circumstances, we say, tended at least to diversify the latter hours of the political existence of the Amirs. In the rules of etiquette by which their durbars were regulated, it is difficult to determine exactly at what they aimed, there was so extraordinary a display of rudeness and magnificence, of familiar presumption on the part of their retainers, and splendour on the part of the princes. We shall borrow a description of the scene from an eyewitness.

“ On the arrival of a visiter (at Hyderabad) he was met at some distance from the fort by a *Pesh Khidmat*, an advanced guard of forty or fifty horse and foot men, fully armed and accoutred, the leading individuals of whom were personal friends or servants of the various Amirs, deputed to give the welcome in their master's name and for him, etiquette precluding the Amirs themselves coming out unless to meet an equal. The rank of the persons deputed, depended on that of the visiter, and was regulated accordingly. On first descriing the stranger in his escort, a tumultuous rush, as if for some violent purpose, was made by the Sindians towards him; horses were put to the spur, and footmen ran to keep pace; the senior representative, followed by those of the

other Amirs crowding round the visiter, and seizing his hand, nearly tore him from his saddle, with rude but hearty inquiries for his health; after the usual circuitous method of Sindian salutation, following it up with an express message of inquiry and solicitation, from their highnesses, individually.

"This preliminary ceremony being completed (and it occupied some considerable time, for a single interchange of salutations is not speedily completed in Sinde, and on this occasion there were half a dozen to receive and answer), the escort was formed to return, and the visiter placed in the middle, his steed being nearly borne down by the press around him, and woe betide him if he were not mounted on a quiet beast, for kicks would then shower round his legs thick as hail; no remonstrance or request 'to be allowed a little more room,' 'to take care of his horse,' &c., were for a moment heeded, but would only have induced additional persecution in the shape of additional pressure, and more inquiries after health and comfort! thus jostling, shouting, and hallooing, the fort and narrow entrances to the drawbridge was gained, when the escort was again swelled by additional followers. The senior Amir demanded the first interview, and opposite his divan or hall of audience the visiter was stopped; fifty obsequious retainers held the stirrup and assisted to alight, whilst as many 'Bismillahs' were breathed out on the foot touching the ground; here it was necessary to pause for a moment, to arrange the order of entrance to the royal presence. A certain number of men of rank being at the door, one took hold of the stranger's hand, who, divesting his feet of shoes or boots, (the feet cannot be covered beyond the threshold of any dwelling in the East,) was ushered into a large square room, wholly bare of furniture, except a large *charpai* or ottoman covered with rich velvet or brocade cushions, Persian carpets being spread around it; on the former reclined the Amir in full dress or otherwise, as the case might be, whilst the whole room was crowded with chiefs, ministers, servants, and armed retainers of every degree; those of higher rank being nearest the Amirs, and enjoying the exclusive privilege of occupying the carpet.

"On the entrance of the guest all rose, and the usual form of inquiry and solicitation, coupled with an embrace, being interchanged with the Amir, was repeated by all in his vicinity; and as their highnesses, and the Belooches generally are very corpulent, the hugging was not always of the most pleasant kind! Conversation then commenced, the guest being accommodated with a chair as a post of honour. The studied attention to the slightest word or gesture of the Amir was, on these occasions, strikingly evinced by his rude followers: if a fold of his garment were displaced, a dozen hands adjusted it; if in want of a word to render the conversation glib, it was abundantly supplied; every movement was accompanied by a 'Bismillah,' and every eye directed to the chief, whose slightest gesture was instantly obeyed; and although the Amir might be in undress himself, no one of these about him was in other than in the full costume of their country.

"On state occasions or visits of ceremony, the sword, shield, and full panoply was adopted by the Amirs, and the British authorities

always observed the same etiquette. The murder of Bijar Khan before described was made a pretext for requiring the gentlemen who formed the first mission to the Talpúr chiefs to appear in durbar unarmed, a request which of course could not be complied with. Politeness peculiar to the East was carried in the Sinde durbars to a ridiculous extent during any pause in the conversation: the chief invariably supplied the hiatus by an inquiry after the health of his guest, putting his hands together and ejaculating '*Khoosh!*' and if the stranger's eye wandering over the assembled retainers caught that of any of the men of rank, he felt himself bound to perform the same ceremony immediately: these constant questions on the same topic became at last almost ridiculous, but were made with so much of at least apparent sincerity of manner, that they became pleasing. However important the subject first discussed with an Amír, though generally the topics were commonplace, it ordinarily terminated in the all-engrossing subject of sport, and the latest and next intended visit to the Shikargah; the greatest proof of the high estimation in which a guest was held being an invitation to partake in this royal pastime. The Amír himself gave the signal for breaking up the conference, as is usual in the East for a superior; and honour was shown to the visiter by his highness accompanying him to the border of the carpet, when the '*Khuda hafiz,*' or '*God protect you,*' was interchanged.

"Each Amír had his own divan and establishment, and observing only the strictest etiquette of visiting each according to seniority, (for any departure from this would have been deemed a slight,) the same ceremony obtained with each. On occasions only of discussing matters of state importance affecting the national weal, did the Amírs meet together in durbar, and they then collectively represented the country over which they ruled. On quitting the fort, the same escort as formerly was provided, and a portion even accompanied the visiter to his own home, the rest only returning when expressly directed to do so. On visits of ceremony, presents were always interchanged, but on ordinary occasions the guest was supplied with edibles, generally in the shape of large trays of sweetmeats for himself and his attendants. Envoys to the court were fed, with all their retainers, for the whole time of their sojourn.

"The rude hospitality and kind welcome shown on these occasions of an ordinary visit, seem very characteristic of Sindian manners. The court showed nothing of the refinement of the East elsewhere observed, and the group of wild Belooches and military mercenaries, from every quarter, which made up the scene, reminded the stranger that he was amongst a people of primitive manners, and chiefs who ruled as a military feudalism. The untractable demeanour and uncouth bearing of the Belooches occasionally burst out even in the royal presence; for though devoted to their leaders, these barbarous people do not always show their respect outwardly; and the Hyderabad durbar often presented a strange scene of disorder and tumultuous uproar, incidental to its wild attendants, aided not a little by the discordant screaming of Nautch-women, with their accompanying din of drum and cymbal, marshalled in a corner of the hall by fat Abyssinian eunuchs."—*Postans's Personal Observations*, pp. 200—205.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Kunstwerke und Künstler in Deutschland. Erster Theil. Künstler und Kunstwerke im Erzgebirge und in Franken. (Works of Art and Artists in Germany. First Part. The Erz Mountains and Franconia.) By Dr. G. F. WAAGEN. Leipzig. 1843.

Ueber die Stellung welche der Baukunst, der Bildhauerei und Malerei unter den Mitteln Menschlicher Bildung zukommt. (On the Position which belongs to Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, in manly Education. A Lecture delivered before the Scientific Union of Berlin.) By Dr. WAAGEN. Leipzig. 1843.

THE first of these works consists of letters written by the worthy director of the Royal Museum at Berlin to an intimate friend (the amiable Frau Directorinn probably), and bid fair to extend over many hundreds of sheets of paper. Some of the letters are eighty pages long; some, mere brief billets, such as vigorous German writers and friends can throw off at intervals of business or pleasure, do not extend beyond five-and-twenty pages; indeed the doctor is a pattern for husbands at least, whose affectionate spouses never find correspondence too long, or any matter concerning the beloved object, uninteresting.

But the public cannot be expected to have that tender sympathy which exists in the conjugal bosom, and if those who are attracted by the title of the book expect to find in it a notice of art and artists in Germany, they will be sadly disappointed by the contents of the Waagenish letters. There are but seven letters in the four hundred pages; these letters only describe works of art and artists in the Erz Mountains and Frankonia—but a very small part of the German map; and by the time the catalogue is concluded, Mrs. Waagen will have been made to peruse more letters than fall to the share of most wives. About artists of the present day the doctor says extremely little; they do not perhaps haunt the districts through which he had passed: on the other hand, arriving at Dresden, he tells us of the amiability of his friend Tieck and his friend Bischof; at Annaberg cousin Zürcher gives the doctor the heartiest reception, and an ‘exemplary’ bed to lie on; at Wiesenbad he encounters Mr. Eisenstück, a man of most polished forms, as also the venerable father of Oberzollinspektor Frege, who once kept a school; while at Schneeberg the hospitable and love-worthy Mr. Thilo shows him a handsome silk manufactory. He has some smart descriptions of radicals and fat fellows smoking pipes in the diligence, with both of which sort of persons the Berlin-royal-picture-gallery-director, Doctor Waagen, is prodigiously discontent. In these feelings and incidents, as we have said, his amiable lady will have much interest, and will be charmed to think that her

doctor, on quitting the odious radicals and smoke of the post-wagon, should be handed over to cousin Zürcher's hospitality and exemplary bed, and to the urbanity of Herr Frege and Herr Thilo. But the heartless European world will not care for these little domestic joys and sorrows which move the soft heart of Mrs. Waagen.

By far the greater part of the letters, however, are devoted to the consideration of the works of art which the doctor saw; and over these disquisitions, even Mrs. Waagen herself must have grown somewhat weary. The doctor's criticisms are extremely curt and dry—as thus: 'No. 19. Henry de Bles. A Royal Suite. In the late mannered time of the master: the figures too long, and the colours cold. No. 20. The Crowning of the Virgin. Gold-ground. In form and colour like No. 8, but much weaker and more faded.'—Such criticisms go on for many scores of pages, and it is manifest that the most brilliant imagination, or the tenderest sympathy in the world cannot extract from the above description, any thing by which to form an idea of the painter and paintings.

Ever and anon, one lights upon some curious little passage illustrative of manners and thoughts in the middle ages—as for instance,

“The most peculiar objects in the church are, however, a collection of a hundred figures in relief. The ten first on either side the choir represent the ages of the two sexes, from the tenth to the hundredth year. Among the men each age is characterized by a four-footed beast, among the women by a bird, of which the appropriation is often very clever. The animals are figures upon shields by the side of the men's and women's figures. By the man at 10 years old is a calf, at 20 a buck, at 30 an ox, at 40 a lion, at 50 a fox, at 60 a wolf, at 70 a dog, at 80 a cat, at 90 an ass, and at 100 death. The wolf must represent the rapacity, the hound the fidelity, the cat the slyness, and the ass the dulness of old age: the other emblems are clear. The women are represented by the quail at 10, the dove at 20, the pie at 30, the peacock at 40, the hen at 50, the goose at 60, the vulture at 70, the owl at 80, the bat at 90, and by death finally at 100. Here the old German, however, speaks honestly out in a way which, it must be confessed, is any thing but gallant: and the appearance of these figures in a church, and close by figures of holy writ, shows how our ancestors were wont to mingle jest and earnest. Next to the women is represented a man with a scroll having the inscription, ‘1499 ist gelegt das Fundament 1525 ist das Werk vollendt.’ . . . In the lunette Saint Anne is represented looking very cross in order to keep the holy child, who is supported by the Virgin, from running towards her. Of the six surrounding angels two are bringing forward meat and drink with a great deal of comic joviality. In the arches are angels swinging censers, their wings and floating draperies cleverly filling up the space. On one side of the lower half-centre of the door is a comic angel playing at ball, and another with a ram on his head.”

But these are exceedingly rare—and the trouble vast to the luckless reader of the volume.

At Schwabach, at Dinkelsbühl, at Pommersfelden, and other famous cities of which the churches are described, the work will create a little interest. And when he has accomplished his scores of volumes, the doctor's labours may serve to guide collectors and amateurs. The English artist may then profit by them (if, by a wondrous exception to the rule, he should happen to know any language but his own), and the gist

of the doctor's remarks will no doubt be incorporated into Murray's all-devouring Guide-books.

But the book has no right to the name it has taken; a Royal Academy Catalogue might just as well appear under the title of Art and Artists in England.

If the above work may be found useful to some artists and amateurs in Germany, so much at least cannot be said of the second work named at the head of this notice,—a lecture read by Doctor Waagen to the Berlin Scientific Association. That well-known distich of the Latin Grammar which is so much admired by members of parliament, and which states, that 'the learning of the ingenuous arts softens the manners and mitigates their ferocity'—is the doctor's theme. He does not in the least settle the question which has given a title to his pamphlet. No person who reads, or hears him, can tell what position painting, sculpture, and architecture, ought to occupy among the mean of manly education: but the doctor contents himself pretty much with asserting that their origin is ancient, their effects pleasing and beneficial; that in Greece the fine arts were held in high estimation; that after a period of comparative barbarism, Christian art arose in the middle age; that the world, and especially Berlin, is much interested in art, and the motto is 'FORWARDS.'

The notable piece finishes with a panegyric on the virtue and enlightenment of the King of Prussia, who is about to administer to the SPIRITUAL WANT (the capitals are the doctor's) of the people. That it is His Majesty's will, cries the Museum-keeper, to advance painting in its monumental meaning, (which has hitherto, with a few exceptions, failed among us from want of space,) is proved by his calling the great master Cornelius among us—All other Art-threads which the death of his late blessed majesty broke asunder, are now begun to be spun anew, &c. &c. The worthy director while he has one eye to art, has evidently another to business, or gratitude if we will—but these royal compliments are apt to cloy upon the English stomach.

Two years since it was our good fortune to hear a most eloquent speech delivered by a Prussian doctor, upon his majesty's birthday—he called upon all his guests to support him to a man—he allowed his feelings to overpower him in the most approved fashion: 'Long live the king,' said he; who will not empty a bumper to a toast so holy?—and so Doctor S—— of the Wasserheil-Anstalt of Marienberg nobly tossed off a sparkling bumper—of water. The Waagenish liquor is a little muddy, but not much stronger.

France. Her Governmental, Administrative, and Social Organization, Exposed and Considered, in its Principles, in its Working, and in its Results. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

THE author of this important and opportune work chooses, for prudential reasons, to conceal his name. Whoever he be, he has done his country

good service by this complete anatomy of a hateful system, for which certain Englishmen would fain extinguish the last trace of the free and ennobling institutions of our own Alfred. They call on us to admire and imitate the perfect symmetry, the scientific construction and efficiency of an administrative system, established by whom? By a military despot, by Napoleon! And by whom perfected? By the political swindlers, ‘the cutpurses of the empire and the rule,’ who for thirteen years have kept their heels on the necks, and their hands in the pockets of the French people. It is for such a slave-making machinery as this, that deforming reformers of all denominations, of all the colours in the political spectrum, would have us forego those principles that have been for a thousand years the quickening spirit of England’s freedom. To nothing is England more largely indebted for the proud position she has long maintained among the nations, than to the popular and local character of the institutions bequeathed us by our Saxon forefathers. The happy sagacity of their instincts taught them to provide against the tyrannous influences of centralization: the great aim and end of all their legislation was to obtain the willing and reasonable obedience of the freeman to laws he had himself been instrumental in enacting or sanctioning, and to magistrates and officers he had a share in controlling. These are principles befitting

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

If we suffer ourselves to be cajoled into adopting the French system, then will England become, what France now is, a land overspread to its remotest corners with a filthy net, in the focus of whose converging rays sits a great spider, ‘cunning and fierce,—mixture abhorred;’ it will be a huge jail, like Jeremy Bentham’s Panopticon, with a fortified city in the centre, occupied by the head jailer and his men.

It is to warn his countrymen against the approaches of such a catastrophe, that the author drew up the masterly picture before us, ‘of that administrative engine of 900,000 officials, and 500,000 muskets’ power, which drains France, and corrupts, enslaves, and crushes her people.’ The following extract cannot fail to beget in every reader a desire for more detailed information upon so important a subject:

“ According to the financial measures proposed in last April by the English chancellor of the Exchequer, the expenditure for the year was fixed at	£50,222,000
“ The charges on the Consolidated Fund, are	31,820,000
<hr/>	
“ So that there remains, for maintaining the army and the navy, and for carrying on the government	£18,402,000
<hr/>	
“ In France the yearly expenditure according to the last budget, was fixed at	£52,462,124
“ The charges on the Consolidated Fund (public debt and donations) are	15,200,000
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“ For the army and the navy, and the administration	£37,262,124

“ From this statement it results that the expenses of the French government are more than double those of the British. This might be enough to deter any one from advocating the French administrative system, and from supporting its introduction into this country ; but it is not enough to enable my readers to judge correctly of the cost of that administration ; and I must therefore go further on with my statement.

“ The total expenditure for the army and the navy, and for the ordnance in England, has been fixed, by the forementioned budget, at 15,467,000*l.* : so that there remains but 2,935,000*l.* for carrying on the government and the administration of the country.

“ The estimates of the expenditure for the army and the navy, in France, are set down in the last presented budget, at 18,800,000*l.* ; and consequently the cost of the civil administration of the country is 18,462,124*l.* ; that is to say, six times as much as the same kind of expenditure in England.

“ I do not know what is at present the number of persons employed and paid by the British government ; but in 1835 it was, in the whole, 23,578*l.*, and the amount of the salaries was 2,786,278*l.* ; while the registered electors are above 900,000. If the influence exercised over the British people in the elections is notoriously great and corrupting, what must be the case in France, with 180,000 electors only, and with 500,000 paid offices at the disposal of the king and his ministers ; and so artfully graduated with regard either to rank or to emoluments, that the holders of them always have a strong tendency to tyranny and subserviency ?

“ The emoluments of all these offices vary from 12*l.* to 2000*l.* a year ;* so that bribery and corruption may work in all classes of the people. About 500 of these officers receive a salary of 800*l.* a year, or more, and most of them are either peers or deputies, or near relations of those legislators. There are about 18,500 places, the emoluments of which are from 120*l.* to 800*l.*, which fall to the share of the deputies and the influential electors in the departments. 80,000 offices with salaries under 120*l.*, but above 60*l.* are for the most part bestowed on the principal electors, as an inducement to, or a reward for, electoral services ; and all the other offices are given to the poorer electors, or to their relations and their friends. Under such circumstances one must wonder, not at the servility of the French legislative bodies, but at the existence of any opposition to a government exercising so vast a patronage.

“ The worst of all tyrannies is that which is exercised under legal forms, with the appearance of a free constitution, and the sanction of the legislative bodies. Such is the case in France. Neither of the chambers represents the people. The peers are appointed by the government, and represent the king and the different coteries which promoted them to the peerage when in power. As to the deputies, they are the nominees and representatives of public functionaries, and in great part public functionaries themselves, or aspiring to public functions. It cannot be otherwise. The number of electors in France is under 200,000, while the number of public functions at the disposal of, and paid by, the government is, as I have said before, 500,000. It follows, that the government, by disposing of all the offices in favour only of the electors and their families, have always in their power the means of securing the majority in the electoral colleges. It is not only on the 500,000

* This refers only to the general class of officials, and does not include the ministers, the envoys, the residents, plenipotentiaries, and ambassadors, who receive from three thousand to sixteen thousand pounds a year ; and those well-paid diplomatists are ignorant of the negotiations carried on till their conclusion, or sign treaties which afterwards cannot be ratified.

holders of office that the government can rely in electoral contests, but also on an equal number of expectants for those same offices, whose principal qualification must be subserviency."

But this is not all. Besides the holders of offices paid by the government, there are other unpaid officials, who derive indirect emoluments from their offices or monopolies. The result is that the government has at its disposal 932,000 paid or unpaid officials and dependants, with 400,000 soldiers and gendarmes; and 60,000 marines. Total 1,392,000. This force the author justly entitles the army of occupation. It is more than five times the number of the Franks who made the four successive invasions in Gaul, and who for fourteen centuries kept possession of the country as lords and owners of the soil and of the inhabitants. Such is the general statement of the case which the author elucidates in all its details; and,

most invectively he pierces through
The body of the country, city, court.

Going through all the branches of the administration *seriatim*, he shows that the ministries of the interior and justice tend only to enslave and oppress the people:—the ministry of public instruction tends to keep the people in ignorance, or to teach errors:—the ministry of finance absorbs all the resources of the country:—the ministry of agriculture and trade, trammels agriculture, manufactures, and trade:—the ministry of public works is an obstacle to, or a cause of failure in, the execution of public works:—the ministry of marine, which has cost the country 90,000,000*l.* sterling, during the last thirteen years, has given the French nation nothing in return; unless conquering the Marquesas islands, and compelling the Queen of Tahiti to submit to the protection of France, be considered benefits equivalent to such an expenditure:—the ministry of war boasts of more memorable services; almost all the principal towns of France have been attacked, captured, and partially pillaged by a French army, for resisting the administrative despotism, and maintaining their rights; Paris and Lyon have each twice presented the spectacle of a stormed city, under the reign of the citizen king:—lastly, as to the French foreign office, in the thirteenth year of its royal manager's reign, 'after having in turn employed in the direction of his foreign relations, Talleyrand, Molé, Sebastiani, de Broglie, Thiers, Soult, and Guizot, *France has not a single political, or even commercial alliance with any nation or government in the whole world.*'

The work before us, and 'Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years,' a translation of which is now in course of publication, should be read in conjunction with each other. They are distinct in design and manner of execution, and are the productions of men differing in country, and, as it seems to us, widely differing in habits of thought. When we find them, then, arriving at analogous results by very different routes, we are constrained to admit the strong probability of their conclusions. The two works together will let in a flood of light on what has hitherto been a very dark corner of the public mind in England.

Im Gebirg und auf den Gletschern. (On the Mountain and upon the Glaciers.) By C. VOGT. Soleure, Jent and Gassman. 1843.

If the countenance be sometimes an index to the mind, then so is the title of a book occasionally indicative of its character. Nothing can be more fantastical and finical than the title of this work, excepting the contents of the volume itself. There is something amusing in the brisk vivacity of a Frenchman, in the solemn gravity of a Spaniard, in the broad buffoonery of a Neapolitan, in the impudent swagger and ready wit of an Irishman, in the *bashful sensitiveness* of the simple Scotch, never pushing themselves forward to do even the work for which they are best fitted,—but what can be at once more deplorable and dismal than to encounter a German Swiss turned caper-master, to find him curvetting, pirouetting, and prancing most unreasonably, and endeavouring to show off in a light and flashy style, when the man is not only essentially dull and lumpish, too often the sin of his race and nation, but pert, pragmatical, and conceited to boot.

This volume consists of more than 250 pages, occupying a quantity of paper, abundantly sufficient to describe, Heaven knows, not only the mountains, but the valleys, and towns, and agriculture, and manufactures of Switzerland; yet instead of describing either the towns, or the manufactures, or the agriculture of his country, M. Vogt perpetually thrusts forward, with painful prominence, the personal pronoun, and talks of his own sensations, of his own feelings, his sympathies, wishes, pursuits, &c. There is a preface or dedication of eight pages to a Frau, H. V., a lady nearly connected with the author, written in no very good taste; and we cannot help saying, the words he puts into the mouth of this lady convey a grave but well merited rebuke. '*Lieber Gott, Karl, Sie hatten besser gethan, hinter Fischen und Kröten sitzen zu bleiben, als sich mit Schöngeistereien die Zeit zu vertreiben.*' Lest, however, we should be supposed to speak too harshly of the book, we present our readers with the following remarks on Interlachen, a place well known to most travelled English, and which, from the beauty of its situation, its cheapness, and its position in reference to the *Jungfrau*, may be said to be the head-quarters of the tens of thousands of English who, between the months of July and October, annually migrate from these shores. But to the extract touching Interlachen. Here it is:

"I love to sit and dream in the shade of the nut-trees. I love to see the sun when he rises beyond the far-off mountains, and salutes the lake of Brienz with the red early rays of his fond morning smiles. And in evening I love to hide myself in the elder-bushes along the shore, to bathe myself in the blue waves of the lake of Thun, and to bow my last salutations to the King of the Firmament ere he sinks down to his far-off home. I hardly know what I would wish above this. To stroll in the beech forests, to climb the rocks, to slide down its steep declivities after butterflies, to chase them round and round the lake, to be again a boy, and with childish simplicity to fling myself in the arms of Mother Nature. The crowded air-

less streets oppress my breast, the heavy roofs lay squash-wise on my head—to the open plains then! to liberty strides every fibre in my whole body: cries every breath of my oppressed spirit. Out I stroll on the green free sward with heavy head and still heavier heart, wishing to ease both.

"Heart! what dost thou desire? Buttered cracknels or electuary? Desiresst thou mountains? There hast thou the *Jungfrau* in the rosy radiancy of the setting sun, which one of thy Bernese friends has lately pointed out in his pocket-book as worth the seeing. Wiltst thou, dales or valleys? Go then into the little valley of the Bodeli, into the nut-groves, contemplate the peasants' cottages and the pretty servant-girls who peep out and forget not to nod at you. Surely you will return that salute. Wiltst thou on the water go? Take then your skiff, and let thyself be rocked on the bosoms of Thun's lake, and when thou hast had enough of the blue waves, thou can'st vary thy pleasurable amusement, for the billows of Brienz are every one of them green-tinted."

After reading this precious tomfoolery, our readers will doubtless exclaim with Lessing. '*Welch ein Kopf! Ohne Gehirn und mit einem grossen Munde! Sollte das nicht der Kopf eines Schwätzers sein?*'

Rapport sur les Travaux du Conseil de la Société Asiatique pendant l'année 1841. Paris. 1842.

Rapport annuel fait à la Société Asiatique dans la Séance générale du 21 Mai, 1843. Par M. J. MOHL, Secrétaire adjoint de la Société. Paris. 1843.

These reports contain a summary review of whatever was published, in any part of the world, during the years 1841 and 1842, by the oriental scholars of Christendom. We have selected from the more recent of these reports the following extract, thinking it calculated to interest the general reader. M. Mohl, the author of the report, was formerly, we believe, professor of Chinese in the university of Tübingen, and, for aught we know, may be so still. His remarks have, therefore, the more weight, as proceeding from a man who speaks on the subject of his own special studies:

"Chinese literature has suddenly acquired, through the political events of last year, an importance it had never before possessed in the eyes of Europe; or rather those events have awakened the curiosity of the public, and for a moment startled it from the apathy with which it had till then regarded a subject, that so little deserved to be treated with such indifference. For what study can have stronger claims to interest a cultivated mind, than that of a literature formed apart from all those influences, under which other nations have successively modified their ideas; a literature, immense, embracing all the branches of human knowledge, dealing with facts of every kind, and containing the result of the experience of an ancient, innumerable, and indefatigable people; a literature, in fine, which is, for half the human race, what all the others put together are for the other half. It is incomprehensible that Europeans should so long have neglected the study of Chinese civilization, which is, so to speak, the second face of humanity, and which, by its resemblances as well as by its contrasts, may aid us clearly to understand how much

is fortuitous and accidental, and how much is necessary, in the social and moral phenomena around us. The jesuits succeeded for some time in fixing the attention of reflecting men on China; but when they had lost all hope of converting that empire, there ensued a relapse into the old indifference; and if we would know how intense that was, we have but to read Rémusat's '*Mélanges posthumes d'Histoire et de Littérature Orientales*.' Paris, 1843; published under the auspices of the French government. It is curious to see to what shifts so subtle and so elegant a mind was driven in order to combat absurd prejudices. He deems himself almost obliged to prove that those who founded the greatest empire the world has ever known, were men and not apes. He makes it his business before all things to show in what points the Chinese resemble us, and hardly does he dare to pronounce the name of Chinese literature, for fear of exciting the derision of the vulgar. Matters are no longer quite at that point in our day, and no one has more contributed than M. Rémusat himself to the progress made by public opinion in this respect: but we are still far from attaching to the subject the importance it will one day possess, and that probably at no distant date: for the multiplication of European counting-houses in China, the opening of a greater number of ports to foreign commerce, and events which may easily be foreseen, will soon compel even the most listless to interest themselves about a nation become the object of so many religious, commercial, and political enterprises."

"The schools which the English have founded all round China, wherever the number of the Chinese population admitted of their establishment, as at Penang, Malacca, Batavia, Macao, and Hongkong, are deservedly objects of the highest interest. The pupils are taught both the Chinese letters according to the method of their own country, and the English letters according to the European system: in this way there is trained up a class of men, who are naturally destined to serve as intermediaries between the two civilizations. A pupil of the Malacca college has given an agreeable specimen of the acquirements he has derived from his sojourn in the establishment, in an English translation of a Chinese romance, entitled '*The Rambles of the Emperor Ching-tih in Keang-nan*,' (2 vols., Longman and Co., London, 1843). The book belongs to a class of literature to which it is rather difficult to give a designation; it is not a history, for the incidents related are in a great measure invented; it is not a romance, for the basis and the frame-work of the narrative are historical: it is a sort of historical romance. The author has taken for his subject the troubles excited by the intrigues of the eunuchs during the youth of the Emperor Ching-tih; and his real object seems to have been to celebrate the power and the virtues of the magicians of the sect of the Tao-sse, in whom the lower classes believe to this day in China. The work, like all others of its kind, contain some traits of manners, which must be welcome to any one desirous of becoming acquainted with the moral condition of the Chinese empire, and which the author lets fall almost unconsciously; but I think that a better selection might have been made from amongst the great number of similar works. There is not much fineness of touch in the portraiture of the characters; the web of the story is rather coarse-spun, and the miracles performed by the magicians, good and bad, seem to be narrated only for the amusement of children, so that it would not be fair to judge of the historical romances of the Chinese from this specimen. We shall soon be enabled to form a better idea of them, through the translation of the oldest and most celebrated work of this kind, the '*History of the Three Kingdoms*,' which treats of the troubles and convulsions of the Chinese empire, from the revolt of the *yellow caps*, A.D. 170, to the accession of the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 264. This history had been written by Tchín-tcheou, under the Tsin themselves, in the grave style of the imperial annals. But when the

popular literature began to be formed in the thirteenth century, a great writer, Lo-kouang-tchong, took up the subject, developed it, added episodes to it, and worked it up into so varied and vivid a picture, that to this day all China reads it with transports of admiration. It is regarded as a model of style; portions of it are learned by heart, and it is one of the works which the professional story-tellers recite to the people in the streets and squares, as the Arab *rawis* recite the adventures of Antar at Cairo, and under the tents of the Bedouins. Hitherto we have possessed only fragments of the work: Mr. Davis published an English translation of some chapters at Macao, and M. Julien inserted a long and very dramatic episode in the Appendix of his French translation of the 'Orphan of China.' At present, M. Pavie, to whom we already owe a collection of very pretty Chinese tales, has undertaken a complete translation of the 'History of the Three Kingdoms,' and at last we shall be able to found a judgment of this considerable portion of the Chinese literature, upon what is regarded in the country itself as the *chef-d'œuvre* in the department of historical romance."

Inquiry into the Means of Establishing a Ship-Navigation between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, by JAMES VETCH, Captain R. E. F.R.S. Illustrated by a map. London, Richardson, 1843.

THE execution of a ship-canal across the isthmus of Suez, is, as Captain Vetch justly observes, a project combining 'probably more important results (in proportion to the extent, and cost of the undertaking) than any other which natural circumstances offer to the science and skill of the engineer, or to the enterprize of the capitalist.' He discusses the respective merits of the several lines that have been proposed for effecting a junction between the two seas, and concludes, with good reason as we think, that the most nearly direct line between the Gulf of Suez and the Bay of Tineh appears, in the present state of our knowledge, to offer the greatest probabilities of success. This line, on which it would be desirable to have as few bends as possible, would in all likelihood not exceed seventy-five miles in length. The country through which it would pass is remarkably flat, with the exception of some scattered hillocks of drifted sand. The soil near the surface is stated to consist in general of a hard compact gravel, but the limit to which this kind of soil extends has not been very fully ascertained. The greatest obstacles which nature seems to present to the success of the project, consist,—1st., in the tendency of the shifting sands of the desert to fill up the channel of the canal; and 2ndly, in the fact that at Tineh the sea is shallow for a considerable distance, from the depositions of the mud of the Nile, and it presents no natural harbour for any but vessels of a small draught of water. But, on the other hand, as Captain Vetch ably argues, nature likewise has most happily provided the skilful engineer with the means of overcoming both these difficulties. The proposed canal would have a fall of 29·57 English feet, from the mean level of the water of the Gulf, to the mean level of the Mediterranean Sea; and this fall, he says, 'I am decidedly of opinion (if used judiciously) is ample, not only to keep its own channel clear, but also to excavate and main-

tain a good navigable mouth in the Bay of Tineh, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, all the year round.' The cost of executing the work, he estimates, would not be far short of two millions sterling: and supposing that the whole traffic of Europe, including that of Great Britain, passing through the Suez canal, would be one million tons annually, *i. e.* less than four times the average tonnage from Great Britain to all places eastward of the Cape of Good Hope in 1832 and 1833 (a very moderate assumption), then a duty of 2s. 4½*d.* per ton would cover the following items:

" Interest on two millions capital, at 5 per cent.	£100,000
Management, and keeping works in repair	10,000
Toll to the ruler of Egypt	10,000
	<hr/>
	£120,000

So that, whatever greater traffic might arise, or whatever higher rate of duty it might be deemed prudent to exact, would operate as a bonus on the interest of 5 per cent."

For further details we refer our readers to the essay itself, which they will find highly deserving of their perusal. Meanwhile, we earnestly bespeak their attention to the following cogent remarks:

" A good deal is alleged by those trading from Britain against the policy of any part of the British nation lending patronage to such an undertaking, which, it is presumed, would benefit the countries bordering on the Mediterranean more than our own; though if the canal in question would be the means of most materially shortening the distance between the two most important portions of the British empire, little doubt can be entertained of the benefit conferred on the extensive commerce of the two countries, even though some other nations would receive a greater proportional advantage in the accomplishment of the measure; and though the commerce of other nations might increase in a greater ratio than the British, still all would participate in the facilities to be obtained; and in the case of war arising, it is but too obvious that the power possessing a naval superiority has the means of closing such a channel of commerce to its enemies, by stationary cruisers at each extremity. So much may be argued with a view of removing the prejudices of British interests against the measure; but it will readily be believed, that if the British fail to patronize the undertaking, other nations and powers will do so shortly: and it is, therefore, manifest, if British subjects were chiefly concerned in advancing the capital, and in executing and managing this great work, it would be vastly more for the benefit of Britain, than if any other nation or government lent their resources. But undertake it who may, it is most probable that both the funds and the energies of execution will come from this country; and it is too probable that if the measure is executed by any other parties than British, the work will be upon a cheaper and less effective plan of navigation, permitting only small craft to navigate, unfit for British commerce in the East, though sufficient for the small traders in the Mediterranean, who would consequently in such a case reap the entire benefit. I am decidedly of opinion that British capital and British energy would alone execute the work in a truly useful and permanent style. But the measure is daily becoming so much more obvious as one of practical facility, that it cannot long be postponed in some shape or another."

Die Arthur-Sage und die Märchen des Rothen Buches von Hergest. Herausgegeben von SAN MARTE (Albert Schulz). (The Legend of Arthur and the Tales of the Red Book of Hergest.) Quedlinberg and Leipsic. 1842. 8vo. pp. 328.

IN this volume—which forms volume II. of the second division of that extensive library of the national literature of Germany, publishing at Quedlinberg and Leipsic, under the title of 'Bibliothek der gesammten National Literatur,' and the first volume of which division was devoted to Franz Mone's valuable 'Researches into the History of the German Hero-Legends (*Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Teutschen Helden-Sage*)—are contained translations of the Welsh tales, entitled 'The Lady of the Fountain, Peredur the Son of Evrawc, and Geraent the Son of Erbin, which tales form the first three parts of 'The Mabinogion,' for which the lovers of early romance, and the students of the language and literature of the Principality, are indebted to the learning, taste, and patriotic munificence of Lady Charlotte Guest. This is a compliment which the zeal, talents, and liberality of that lady well deserve; and the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' in which honourable mention of 'The Mabinogion' has already been made, will look upon the work before us as an evidence that our opinion of the value of Lady C. Guest's exertions in the field of literary antiquities is echoed by the critics of Germany.

The tales are translated by Albert Schulz, whose 'Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia,' obtained the prize of the Cymreigyddion Society, at the Eisteddvod of 1840, and of which an English translation was printed at Llandovery in 1841. This essay, which is very able and ingenious, but tinged with a peculiarity characteristic of the writings of all antiquaries who make the sayings and doings of the Principality the subject of their disquisitions, is here printed, and forms a very fitting preface to the legends, which it introduces.

The objection which we felt, however, to Albert Schulz's Essay, as it appeared in its English dress—an objection resembling that which the mathematician directed against *Paradise Lost*,—namely, that 'the writer asserted every thing, but proved nothing,' remains, as a matter of course, unaltered, by a perusal of the Essay in its original form: but we find from such perusal, that many of the striking errors with which the English version of it was disfigured, are attributable not to the author, but to the translator's want of familiarity, if not with the subject, at least with many of the mediæval writers quoted in illustration of it.

Altogether the book before us is a very curious and interesting one. Its appearance will doubtless be regarded by our Cambrian friends as highly complimentary to the literature of their native country; and must be looked upon as affording fresh evidence, if such were necessary, of the far-spreading and ceaseless activity of the scholars of Germany.

Dichtungen des Deutschen Mittelalters. Erster Band: Der Nibelungen Nôt und die Klage. (Poems of the German Middle Ages. Volume I.: The Song of the Nibelungen and the Lament.) Edited by AL. S. VOLLMER. Leipsic. 1843. 8vo. pp. xliv. 387.

THE fondness of the Germans for their fine old national epic, 'The Song of the Nibelungen,' continues unabated; and editions of it, some in its original antique form, some modernized and translated into the language of the present day and illustrated with the ability and characteristic fancy of the German artists, succeed each other with a rapidity perfectly astonishing.

The volume before us is the first of a series of reprints in a cheap form of the most popular poems of the German middle ages, intended to supply the demand for such works now so universally felt, not only among philologists and antiquaries, but among the educated classes of German readers.

The second volume will contain the poem of 'Tristan und Isolt,' by Gotfrit, of Strasburg, edited by Massman; and will be followed by the 'Barlaam und Josaphat,' by Rudolph of Ems, and the well-known collection of German fables, 'Der Edelstein,' of Ulrich Boner, both under the editorship of F. Pfeiffer. These are to be succeeded by other works of a similar character, and the value and utility of the collection will be increased by a 'History of German Poetry in the Middle Ages,' by Albert Schott, and a 'Glossary of Early German,' by Massman and Vollmer.

In choosing the 'Nibelungen' for the opening volume, the projectors of this collection have shown good judgment: for numerous as are the existing editions of this interesting relic of bygone days, we do not know of one equal to the present in the two great *desiderata* of a popular book—cheapness and utility. The Legend of Sigfried and the Nibelung formerly resounded throughout the whole Teutonic world. Nor was it confined to Germany alone, on whose soil it first sprung up, under whose skies it first bloomed; but it spread over all the kindred nations of the North,—over Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland; and we believe still forms the theme of many of the songs with which the maidens of the Faroe Islands cheer their daily toil.

The favour which this splendid relic of Teutonic poetry enjoyed in days long since passed away, has again returned to it, having slept for ages to awaken with increased strength and intensity. Since the commencement of the present century, but still more since the insolent oppression of Napoleon aroused the patriotic spirit of Germany, and endued its literature with a national character and a love of fatherland—the 'Song of the Nibelungen' has attracted the attention and admiration of all classes of readers; while its language, origin, and history, have formed the subjects of investigation by the most profound scholars and critics of Germany.

The reader, who is unable from want of time or of opportunity to

examine for himself the numerous and learned works which have been produced by Lachmann, Von der Hagen, William Grimm, W. Müller, in illustration of the 'German Iliad,' as the work before us has been aptly designated, and who may yet be anxious to know something of the origin and literary history of a work which has excited so much attention in Germany, and exercised so much influence over the literature of that country, will find a very admirable synopsis of all that has yet appeared upon the subject in Vollmer's preface to the present edition; which we do not hesitate to pronounce the cheapest and most useful which has yet appeared of the 'Nibelungen Nôt,' in its time-honoured form, and antique, loud-sounding, and most harmonious verse.

Die Theogonie, Philosophie und Kosmogonie der Hindus. (The Theogony, Philosophy, and Cosmogony of the Hindoos.) Von dem GRAFEN M. BJÖRNSTJERNA. 8vo. pp. 202. Stockholm. 1843. Williams and Norgate, London.

THIS is a German translation from the Swedish, made under the superintendence of the author (the ambassador from Sweden to this country), whose work on the British empire in India has appeared in an English garb. If the present work does not much extend the sphere of our positive knowledge, it is nevertheless a very useful and interesting synopsis of a subject so vast in extent, and so intricate in detail. By way of specimen we proceed to give an epitome of the author's remarks on Buddhism, a subject on which much error has often been displayed with a great deal of pretension. Many of the count's remarks on this topic are very curious and striking, and some, we believe, are novel.

The whole number of those who profess the Buddhist creed cannot be computed at less than 380 millions. If to these we add the 200 millions of Brahma's followers in India, we find that more than half the human race (the latter amounting to 1000 millions in round numbers) belongs to these two branches of one primitive religion.

The opinion propounded by Joinville and some other orientalists, that Buddhism is *older* than Brahmaism, is altogether unfounded, and is confuted by the best Hindoo authorities. Neither is the origin of Buddhism to be ascribed to a single founder, but to several successive reformers, the Husses, Luthers, and Calvins of Brahmaism, who arose in India and the neighbouring countries during many centuries preceding the birth of Christ, and who received from their adherents the surname of Buddha, *i. e. godly or holy man*.

The metaphysics of the Buddhists differs from that of the Brahmaists in this, that the god of the latter pervades and animates all nature, whereas the Buddhist god, like the epicurean, *rests* in perfect quietism, takes no heed of human affairs; but, having once for all set them in motion, leaves them to pursue their course without interference or control. But as such a doctrine as this could not satisfy the natural longings of the human soul, for some object on which it may repose its trust, and to which it may address its wishes and its prayer

the people are further taught to believe that men of extraordinary piety and self-denial have appeared from time to time on earth, and have been, on account of their distinguished worth, translated after death to a state of higher bliss. That bliss, however, is nothing more than *freedom from all care or sorrow*, just as bodily health is merely freedom from all disease. These meritorious and favoured mortals are the Buddhas, who are worshipped next after the *divine triad*. Twenty-two of them have already appeared on earth, and more are expected. The most recent of them is *Fo*, (Fudh, Budh,) who founded Buddhism in China, under the reign of Ming-ty of the Han dynasty, about the time of the birth of Christ.

The characteristics of Buddhism may be briefly described as a monkish asceticism in morals, and a philosophical scepticism in religion. The Buddhists in Tibet, China, Mongolia, and Corea, have convents like those of the catholics, occupied by ghostly fathers clad like the Franciscans, and vowed like them to celibacy. They have the tonsure, rosaries, and holy water, and celebrate masses with solemn church music. These points of resemblance struck the jesuit missionaries with such surprise, that one of them, Father Gerbillon, was led to believe that Buddhism was an offshoot of Nestorianism (an anachronism of at least 500 years), whilst Père Grémare, another of the reverend fathers, was convinced that the resemblance was the work of Satan himself.

The grand peculiarity of Buddhism is, that it is not only confessed by the majority of mankind, but that it has also engrafted its dogmas on most other religions.

We have traces of its existence among the ancient Egyptians, whose earliest form of religion was near akin to Brahmaism. We find that it had made its way, long before the promulgation of Christianity, into Chaldæa, Phœnicia, Palestine, Colchis, Greece, Rome, Gaul, and Britain; and again, after the diffusion of Christianity, we see Buddhism penetrating through Asia to the Altai mountains, and through Europe as far as Scandinavia.

"The Samaritans in Aram were Buddhists (see Johann von Müller's *Weltgeschichte*), as were likewise the Essæans in Palestine; at least they were so in their esoteric doctrines, though subsequently they conformed externally to the Mosaic, and afterwards to the Christian system. The Essæans were divided into the *contemplative* and the *practical*, the former inhabiting the hilly country round Nazareth, the latter dwelling in the towns. Both divisions subsequently coalesced with the Gnostics.

"The Gnostics were also divided into two chief sects, each of which had its subordinate ramifications. One of these sects, whose head-quarters were in Meroë in Cæthiopia, was called the Egyptian sect; the other the Asiatic. The adherents of the latter were properly Buddhists, who for the most part adopted the outward forms of Christianity, because, in accordance with their own tenets, they considered Jesus to be a Buddha who had appeared on earth. The Egyptian Gnostics, on the other hand, though they, too, were nominal Christians, made a metaphysical distinction between *Jesus* and *Christ*, regarding the former as a mere man, but the latter as the Holy Spirit, which had become flesh in the man Jesus, to return after his death to the high place whence it had descended. These were the doctrines of the Gnostics, parti-

cularly in the first and second centuries of the Christian era : they afterwards fell into still worse heresies. Simon Magus was an Egyptian Gnostic.

" The Greeco-Roman Olympus seems to be of all the least akin to that of Hindoostan ; nevertheless there are even here some points of resemblance, which have been set forth by Sir William Jones, though, perhaps, he insisted upon them somewhat too strongly. . . .

" The Druids, too, in ancient Britain were Buddhists ; they admitted the metempsychosis, the pre-existence of souls, and their return to the realms of universal space. They had a triad of gods, consisting, like that of the Buddhists, of a creator, a sustainer, and a destroyer. The Druids constituted a sacerdotal order, which reserved to itself the exclusive privilege of expounding the mysteries of religion. Their wisdom was so renowned that Lucan says, in his epic poem, ' If ever the knowledge of the gods has come down to earth, it is to the Druids of Britain.' They afterwards (in Cæsar's time) propagated their doctrines in Gaul, whence they spread among the Celtic tribes in Spain, Germany, and in the Cimbrian peninsula. The ban of the Druids (*heacht*, whence probably the German word *Acht*) was as terrible as that of the Brahmins ; even the king whom it smote, fell, according to the expression of the Druids, ' like grass before the scythe.' The Druids must have obtained their doctrine through the traffic of the Phœnicians with Britain, that people having been, as already stated, of the Buddhist creed.

" Nay, even into the far north did Buddhism make its way ; for it cannot be denied that the doctrine of Odin is an echo of that of Buddha. The mere resemblance in name between the sacred books of both religions (*Veda* and *Edda*) affords substantial grounds for conjecturing that the one creed was derived from the other.

" The name of the founder, *Odin*, is in the older Saxon dialect *Wodan* ; in and *an* are suffixes, *Od* and *Wod* are the root ; but the Saxon W (equivalent to the English V) is a corruption of the sound B ; *Wod* and *Bod* are therefore identical, as are likewise *Bodha* and *Wodha*.

" The fourth day of the week is named after Buddha in the countries where his worship prevails ; in Sweden it bears the name of Odin to this day, [in England that of Wodan.]

" Odin, Wodin, Wodh, Bodh, was the name of the *founder of the religion*, not of him who introduced it into the North ; the latter (as we surmise) was Sigge Fridulfson.

" A comparison between the doctrines of the Vedas and of the Edda, it must be owned, discloses many discrepancies even in the names of the gods, and in the nature of the metaphors employed ; but here, as in other cases, we must break the shell and get at the kernel, and this will be found in many respects similar in both systems. The vast interval of time that elapsed between the composition of the Vedas (1400 B. C.) and of the Edda (A. D. 1200) must necessarily have influenced their contents, and given to each the character of the races for which they were respectively written ; a mild and pacific character to suit the then civilized Hindoos ; a wild and warlike one for the then uncivilized Scandinavians. It was natural, too, that the names of the gods should be adapted to the different natures of the respective languages, and the metaphors to the diversity of the climates, so that elephants, lions, and tigers, should figure in the imagery of the one people, and northern animals in that of the other.

" But this is only the *shell* ; the *kernel* is similar in Brahma's (Buddha's) doctrine, and in Odin's. Both recognise one only, almighty creator ; both admit the immortality of the soul. In the Vedas the angels ask : Who made the world ? Ruder replies, *Bhrim*.

" In the Edda, Gangler asks : Who is the first among the gods ? Har

answers, *Allvater*. Where is this god? asks Gangler, and what has he performed? Har answers, He lives *evermore*, rules his realm, and has sway over all things great and small. Jafnhar adds to this, He has made heaven and earth, and all that therein is; he has made man and given him a spirit, *that shall live and never pass away, even though his body become dust, or be burnt to ashes*.

“Now can it be thought possible that a people so rude as that of Scandinavia then was, should have arrived at such highly metaphysical conceptions, had they not been communicated to it by a people further advanced on the path of civilization?”

“Gangler goes on to ask: How did the world come into existence? What was there before it? Har replies (in the *Völuspá*): It was the beginning of time, when nothing was, no sand, no sea, no cool waves. The earth was not, nor the heavens above; it was an open abyss—but no grass.

“All these questions and answers are put forth in the Vedas, in a manner so exceedingly similar, that we can hardly question the derivation of the Edda from the Vedas. The Brahmins (in like manner as the Buddhists) admit three essential persons in their deity; viz. *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Shiva*, the creator, the sustainer, and the destroyer; just so the Scandinavians, among whom *Allvater* has three designations; viz. *Allfader* (creator), *Fjölner* (sustainer), and *Svidrir* (destroyer). Here then we have exactly the Brahminic or Buddhist *Trimurti*.

“A common emblem of the creator among the Hindoos (from whom it passed into Egypt) was the *scarabæus* or beetle. In Scandinavia likewise the insignificant beetle was holy and bore the name of *Thor*, the god most highly revered. In heathen times it was called in Sweden *Thorbagge* (Thor’s beast), which name, in after-Christian times, when every thing heathenish was to be degraded, was changed into *Thordyfvel* (Thor’s devil). Nay, there is a superstitious belief still existing among the country folks in many provinces, that whoever finds on his path a beetle sprawling on its back and unable to help itself, and sets the creature upon its legs again, thereby atones for his sins, because Thor was the propitiator with *Allvater*.

“In an etymological point of view, there are also some remarkable resemblances between the Hindoo and the Scandinavian mythology. The god of love is called *Kärlekeya* in Bengal;* the abode of the god Indra (heaven) is called *Swerga* in the Hindoo mythology, and is situated near the north pole; *Skand*, the god of war reigns there (hence Scandinavia), and seven steps (zones) lead thither, the most northern of which is *Thule*.

“The similarity between the *Midyads* serpent in the Edda and Vishnu’s serpent in the Vedas is also notable; both are described as encompassing the earth. But what is more deserving of attention, is the agreement between the gates of *Walhalla* and the Indian secular periods or *yugs*. According to the Edda, *Walhalla* has 540 gates: 540 multiplied by 800, the number of *Einherien* that can march together out of each gate, gives 432,000; and this is precisely the *elementary number* for the secular periods or *yugs*, so often mentioned both in the Brahminical and the Buddhist system, according to which the period now current is to last in all 432,000 years, whilst each of the three preceding *yugs* has endured respectively twice, thrice, and four times that number of years.”

* *Kärlek* is Swedish for *love*. If it be objected that *kärlek* is compounded of *kär* (dear) and *lek* (play), the question still remains, whence come these two words so unlike the other Germanic roots?

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

A PLAN has been for some time in contemplation for founding an Academy of Science in Vienna. It was at first intended that this establishment should embrace the study or cultivation of science in general, but it is now determined that it shall be limited to natural science only. A site has been fixed on for the erection of the building, which will be commenced early in the ensuing spring. The splendid cabinet of Natural History in the Imperial Library will be removed to the new academy as soon as a suite of rooms can be prepared for its reception. This collection is allowed to be one of the finest in Europe; and is particularly rich in zoological and botanical specimens. It is proposed to establish the classes gradually, according as the advancement of the building shall enable the scientific collections, books, &c., to be arranged. The classes of botany, physiology, and anatomy, will be first founded.

Some time ago it was currently reported in the literary circles of Vienna, that the late Professor Enk was the real author of the dramatic writings attributed to Frederick Halm (Baron Münch-Bellinghansen). The accuracy of this story always appeared doubtful to those who compared the very different character which marks the genius of the respective writers. The question is now, however, set at rest by a collection of letters addressed by Enk to Halm, which the latter has placed in the hands of Friedrich Witthauer, the editor of the 'Wiener Zeitschrift.' The contents of these documents prove incontrovertibly that Halm is the sole author of the dramas to which his name is attached. It was proposed that these letters should be printed in the 'Wiener Zeitschrift,' but weighty considerations render it advisable to postpone their publication. Their authenticity is certified by the testimony of several of Enk's literary friends.

A new street, the building of which is just completed in Vienna, has received the name of 'Beethovenstrasse' (Beethoven's Street). This circumstance is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is almost a solitary example of a street in the Austrian capital being named after any man eminent in art. The Beethovenstrasse is erected on the site of that locality in which the great composer spent the last years of his life.

The sculptor Pompeo Marchesi, of Milan, is proceeding actively with the colossal monument in honour of the Emperor Francis, to be erected in the inner square of the Imperial Palace. The statue of the monarch, larger than life, stands on an octangular pedestal, which is in its turn supported on a broad base, where four figures rest in a sitting posture. The height of the whole monument will measure about fifty feet. The imperial statue will be sixteen feet high, the sitting figures eight feet, and the figures in the bas-reliefs of the pedestal eight feet and a half. The sovereign, as the last order of emperor of the Roman succession, is clothed in the simple *toga Romana*. He is represented as bending slightly towards the spectator with his arms outstretched, as though in the act of pronouncing a blessing. A beautiful expression of repose and dignified benevolence is diffused over the imperial countenance and figure. A bronze wreath of laurel forms the cornice of the octangular pedestal. The four sitting figures at the base of the monument represent Religion, Justice, Power, and Peace. The figures and groups in the

bas-reliefs, which adorn the eight sides of the pedestal, represent the fruitfulness of the imperial dominions in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; and the progress of science, art, manufactures, and commerce.

BELGIUM.

For several years past particular attention has been directed in Belgium to the study of the old history of the country. The archives of the different provinces have been carefully explored, and many curious manuscript documents, long hidden, have been brought to light. The most active researches in this way have been carried on by the Commission of National History, under whose direction many of the old Belgic chronicles have been revised and printed at the expense of the government. Agents have also been commissioned to examine the correspondence with Belgium, contained in the archives of foreign countries. M. Gachard, whose researches in the libraries of the Hague, Paris, and other places, have already been noticed in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' is at present on a mission to Spain, and an account of his labours in that country will be found in another portion of this article. (See *Spain*.) Some time ago, when examining the state papers in the royal library at the Hague, M. Gachard unexpectedly made the important discovery of a series of letters written by Rubens the painter, during his diplomatic mission from Holland to England. The endeavours previously made at the Hague, at Brussels, in Lille, or in Paris, to find missing fragments of this correspondence, had proved fruitless, and the series of letters attributed to Rubens, and published some years ago, were of very doubtful authenticity. The correspondence recently discovered by M. Gachard exhibits the diplomatic talent of Rubens in a conspicuous point of view.

A colossal equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon is to be erected in a conspicuous part of the city of Brussels. The king has commissioned Eugene Simonis, a sculptor of Brussels, to execute this grand public monument. It is expected that it will not be completed in less than four years, and it is proposed that its inauguration shall take place during the September fêtes of 1847; 90,500 francs is the price allotted for this statue.

DENMARK.

A Danish publication contains the following particulars relative to the journals and other periodical publications of Copenhagen:

The most important journal in the Danish capital is that published by the Brothers Berling ('Berlingske politiske og Avertissements tidende'). This is the government newspaper, the record of all acts of administration, official announcements, &c. This paper alone has the privilege of publishing foreign political news; and it has never incurred condemnation for inserting any thing obnoxious to the government. Nathanson, its editor, is a man of very considerable talent. The journal called 'Fædrelandet' (the Country), is in opposition to the government. It is not, nor are any other journals of the same tendency, permitted to meddle with foreign political intelligence. This paper has frequently been condemned, sometimes to the payment of fines varying from 50 to 300 crowns, and at other times to the supervision of the censorship for an interval of from one to five years. Journals under the control of the censorship must not be published without the *imprimatur* of the police, that is to say, at the head of the paper must appear the permission for printing, signed by the censor, who is usually chosen from among the judges of the police tribunal. Besides the 'Fædrelandet' there are several other journals in opposition to the government: these are

'Den Frisindede' (the Liberal), the 'Morgenblad' (the Morning Journal), the 'Aftenblad' (Evening Journal), the 'Kjøbenhavns Post' (Copenhagen Post), the 'Corsaren' (Corsair). There are some papers which do not meddle with political affairs: such as the journals of commerce,—of navigation, the bulletin of laws, &c. Copenhagen has moreover several periodical publications of the magazine class, such as the 'Scandinavian Museum,' the 'Læsefrugter' (Fruits of Reading), the medical and surgical journals, the naval archives, &c.

The recent death of Dr. Jacobsen has occasioned a severe loss to the University of Copenhagen, and indeed to medical science generally. His works, especially those on anatomy, are highly esteemed. He was first physician to the King of Denmark, and he filled two professorships, one in the University of Copenhagen, and the other in the Academy of Surgery, in the same capital. He was a member of the Jewish persuasion, and his appointment to the professorships above-named is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is customary in Denmark to exclude from such appointments persons not professing the established religion of the country. Dr. Jacobsen died, after a short illness, at the age of 61.

The long-projected monument in honour of Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, is now about to be commenced. According to the description given of the design, it will be exceedingly simple, but, at the same time, novel and appropriate. A large tablet of sand-stone is to be placed perpendicularly in front of the tomb of the celebrated linguist. In order to denote the peculiar literary attainments of Rask, various proverbs will be inscribed on the tablet, in the Arabic, Sanscrit, Icelandic, and Danish languages. The Icelandic inscription will be in Runic characters, and the Danish will be a fac-simile of Rask's handwriting. On an urn at the foot of the tablet will be inscribed in Roman characters the dates of Rask's birth and death; viz. 22d November, 1787, and 14th October, 1832.

FRANCE.

The dispute now pending between the Roman Catholic Church and the University of Paris, on the subject of Education, has become very warm and even threatens to disturb the quiet which the government, doubtless, wishes to preserve between the ecclesiastical and civil institutions;—perhaps we should rather say, associations; for, strictly speaking, there is no legalized institution which can be called the church of France. However, though the Roman Catholic church has received several serious checks since Louis Philippe was raised to the throne by the revolution of 1830, yet it has unceasingly struggled to recover its former ascendancy. During the discussion on the constitution which took place amidst the stormy agitation consequent on the ever-memorable Three Days, an article was added to the document, which may be called the French Magna Charta, declaring that there is no superior religion or established church in France; but, after long discussions, a clause was added setting forth that the majority of the French people are Roman Catholics. This declaration seemed little calculated to produce any mischievous effect, but the priesthood and their party have made use of it very dexterously to serve their purposes. Notwithstanding the violent confusions of opinion which the question of religious liberty has called forth, it seems, at last, to be almost generally admitted in France, that, to enforce a profession of faith is an act of tyranny of the cruelest kind. On the other hand it is contended, that where the doctrines of one sect are professed by a decided majority of the people, some particular privileges or pre-eminence ought to be conceded to

that sect—that it will in the nature of things acquire great power—and that, for the sake of public tranquillity, it ought to constitute what we call the established religion, and be invested with the preponderance and the advantages usually given to such an institution. This principle has been in some measure adopted in our own country by our ancestors, though it certainly has not been very perfectly followed out in each of our three kingdoms. On the question now at issue in France, much liberality is manifested. Many members of the catholic church, distinguished for their piety and the respectability of their stations in society, have become converts to that independent system of religion which in this country is called ‘voluntaryism.’ Lamartine has declared for the complete separation of church and state, and that great question is at present warmly agitated in France; the details of the dispute have, however, already appeared in our daily journals, and to re-insert them here would, perhaps, be to trouble our readers with the repetition of facts with which they are already familiar.

Every reader of Chateaubriand’s writings must be sensible to the harmonious eloquence of his finely-rounded periods, though their force (we speak here of his prose compositions) is often marred by excessive diffuseness. There is, however, a peculiarity in the grammatical construction of Chateaubriand’s sentences which may have escaped general notice, and which is curiously explained in the following anecdote, related in a foreign literary journal: “In the year 1829, Pinard, the eminent printer of Paris, was engaged by the bookseller, Ladvocat, to print the collected works of Chateaubriand. Every one must be aware that in dealing out types for the use of the compositors in a printing office, it is not necessary to supply all the letters of the alphabet in equal numbers. For example, a very few of the letter z will be required in proportion to hundreds of the letters a or e. Being supplied with type, distributed in the usual relative proportions, the compositors in Pinard’s office set to work on the new edition of Chateaubriand. After the lapse of a day or two, one of the compositors applied to the foreman of the office for a fresh supply of letter a. The foreman expressed some surprise, but finding that the man had not a single letter a remaining, he ordered a fresh supply. Presently another compositor, employed on another volume of the work, and in quite a different part of the office, entered the foreman’s room, and declared that he too had used all his letters a. This information created some dismay, and a suspicion arose that a portion of the type must have been stolen; but the compositor declared his conviction that no theft had been committed, and that if the number of a’s in the composed sheets were counted, they would be found to correspond with the number of types distributed to him. Whilst this point was under discussion, a third compositor made his appearance, and announced that he had used all his letters n. Struck with the singularity of these facts, Pinard mentioned the subject to Raymond, who has since then rendered himself eminent by his philological learning. ‘What can be the reason,’ inquired Pinard, ‘that so many letters a and n are required in printing Chateaubriand’s works?’—‘The reason is obvious,’ replied Raymond; ‘and you will find that in proportion as the celebrated writer employs a and n, he spares x and i. For example, Chateaubriand avoids as much as possible the use of the relative pronouns *qui* and *que*, and in their stead employs verbs in the participial form, ending in *ant*. This sufficiently accounts for the speedy consumption of the types a and n in your printing-office.’

Some workmen lately employed in pulling down an old partition in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, discovered on a wall two inscriptions recording several remarkable events in the reign of Louis XIV. The inscriptions are engraven in large letters on tablets of black marble, and are as follow:

“1660. Interview between Louis XIV., King of France, and Phillip IV.,

King of Spain, in the Isle des Faisans, where peace was declared between the two monarchs.—Marriage of the King with Maria Theresa of Austria, Infanta of Spain.—Solemn entry of their majesties into the city of Paris amidst the acclamations of the people.

“1683. The King concludes peace with the Algerines, punishes the Genoese, takes Luxembourg, forces his enemies to agree to a truce of twenty years, and at the prayer of the Spaniards remits 3,300,000 livres of contributions.”

A few years ago, the ‘Telephonie,’ or method of transmitting communication between distant points, by means of musical sounds, of which M. Sudre is the inventor, excited a considerable degree of interest in France. M. Sudre was recently invited to exhibit specimens of his ingenious and useful invention at the maritime Prefecture of Brest. Admiral Grivel was requested by him to write any short sentence on a black tablet, which was placed on a sort of easel in sight of the assembled company. The admiral wrote the following question: ‘How many troops have you?’ M. Sudre then sounded a few notes on his violin, which, being heard by the interpreter who was stationed behind the tablet, and quite out of view of the sentence inscribed on it, he immediately uttered the words: ‘How many troops have you?’ Other trials followed, and all were attended with equal success. M. Sudre declared that the ‘Telephonie’ was capable of communicating at night and during foggy weather all the directions contained in the book of Signals. In proof of this statement, he placed on the easel a book of naval tactics, from which Admiral Grivel selected two or three directions, which were correctly communicated by notes performed on a musical instrument. It was remarked, in course of these experiments, that M. Sudre, in his musical interpretations, never went beyond the combinations of three notes forming a perfect chord. The orders thus communicated were immediately understood and interpreted, to the great astonishment and gratification of all present.

The readers of the ‘Foreign Quarterly Review’ may, perhaps, remember that a few years ago M. Sudre visited London, and gave some interesting examples of his ingenious invention at a concert given by Mr. Moscheles.

Paul Delaroche and Moral Fatio have been commissioned by King Louis Philippe to paint some of the most interesting scenes which occurred during Queen Victoria’s visit to the Château d’Eu. The subjects chosen for the pictures are the landing at Treport, the arrival at the château, the fête in the forest, the review, and the departure. Delaroche is to proceed to London to paint those personages of the queen’s suite who are to be introduced into the pictures, which are destined for the Museum at Versailles.

It is said, that in the circular Place round the Arc de l’Etoile are to be erected twenty-four colossal statues of the most distinguished captains of the empire.

About a month ago two large packages from Athens arrived in Paris, for the royal school of the Fine Arts. They contained portions of the bas-reliefs collected from the ruins of the ancient temple of the Parthenon. A gallery is to be erected expressly for these valuable fragments of antiquity. An architect has been sent to Athens by the French government, for the purpose of collecting objects of art connected with the temple of the Parthenon, and forwarding them to Paris.

Some time ago a plan was proposed for introducing singing classes on Wilhelm’s method into the French army. The idea originated with Marshal Soult, who conceived that nothing could be better calculated to afford rational and agreeable recreation to the soldiery, than the practice of singing, and the study of music. The first trial of the scheme commenced about six months ago, when a thousand men belonging to the eighth regiment of Infantry, forming

part of the garrison of Paris, began to receive instructions under the direction of the superintendent of the singing schools. On the 17th of October (after about four months' tuition) the most advanced pupils, 380 in number, had their first public performance. They sang several choruses with admirable accuracy, and the effect produced by so vast a number of powerful male voices is described to have been truly marvellous. Among other eminent persons, the poet Beranger was present at the performance.

Donizetti's Opera, 'Don Sebastian,' which had been for a long time anxiously looked for, was performed for the first time in Paris, on the 13th of November. The Maestro is accused of having spun out the Opera to a tedious length. It occupied no less than five hours and a half in the performance, having commenced at seven, and ended at half-past twelve o'clock. Two or three *morceaux* are mentioned in terms of high eulogy by the Parisian critics. These are a cavatina for the prima donna, one for the tenor, and a duo for both. The rest of the Opera is described as not rising above mediocrity. The scenery is superb, and there is a view of Lisbon by moonlight which excites universal admiration. The principal parts were supported by Madame Stoltz and Duprez.

The monument to the memory of Molière, which is to ornament the Rue Richelieu, is rapidly advancing towards completion. It is to consist of a fountain and a statue of Molière, with two allegorical figures of comedy. The statue is to be cast in metal from a model by M. Seurre. The figures of comedy are sculptured in Carara marble by Pradier. The architectural ornaments of the fountain are tolerably well advanced; and at present the workmen are employed on the great basin, which is to be composed of the beautiful stone of Château Landon. It is expected that the whole will be finished by the 15th of January, on which day (the anniversary of Molière's birth), the monument will be inaugurated. Directly opposite to the fountain stands the house in which the great dramatic poet breathed his last. It is No. 34, in the Rue Richelieu. Molière's apartments were situated in the *entresol*, and they communicated with those occupied by Armande Bejart, who lodged on the ground floor, now the shop of the shoemaker, Lyons. In the internal fitting up, that is to say, the painting and decoration of the walls, &c., Molière's apartments have undergone but little change, since the great dramatist occupied them: the bedroom, indeed, remains just as it was in his life-time. The painting on the ceiling, which is the work of a pupil of Philip de Champaigne, is almost obliterated. On one side of a small square antechamber are two folding doors with looking-glass panels, opening into a large circular apartment, walled with wainscoat, and painted in a gray tint. The gilding which once adorned the mouldings is now entirely defaced. The room is lighted by three very broad windows, one of which (that facing the door) looks out on the Rue Montpensier, and in Molière's time it commanded a view of the gardens of the Palais Royal. The position of the fireplace has been changed; but its original place is marked by a mirror surmounted by a painting. This picture, which represents a mythological subject, is correctly drawn, and the warmth and force of the colouring prove it to be the work of an able artist. Within the last week or two a marble tablet has been fixed up in front of the house, recording that Molière died there on the 17th of February, 1673, at the age of fifty-one.

GERMANY.

Eugene Sue's popular novel, 'Les Mystères de Paris,' has suggested the idea of a work of a similar kind, which now appears in occasional portions in the 'Hamburger Neue Zeitung.' It is entitled 'Die Geheimnisse von Hamburg.'

In the Prussian capital too 'Die Mysterien von Berlin' are announced. The author of these last-named 'Mysteries' is understood to be a man who has had the opportunity of observing life in the highest circles.

Among the numerous publications which at this season of the year issue from the press of Germany, under the designation of 'Taschenbuecher' (Pocket-books), Almanacs, &c., and which are the parents of our English 'Annuals,' there is one published at Ratisbon, entitled 'Charites.' It is edited by Dr. Darenberger, private secretary to the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The number for the year 1844, which has just made its appearance, contains several poetic effusions of his majesty the King of Bavaria, (among them are distiches on fifteen Bavarian artists,) and also a poem from the pen of the Crown Prince.

Dr. Bohmer has recently returned to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, after a long tour in various parts of Germany and Austria. He has collected a large supply of materials for his historical labours, and has obtained leave to make many copies and extracts from the archives in the Austrian libraries. It is understood to be Dr. Bohmer's intention to publish a second part of his 'Fontes Rerum Germanicarum,' the first part of which appeared at Stuttgart in the beginning of the present year.

A letter from Dresden mentions that the recently-discovered Venus of Titian, which now adorns the picture-gallery, excites the admiration of all true lovers of art. This splendid painting, it appears must have been hidden from view for upwards of a century, and was recently found covered with dust, in a place where it had been deposited among some rubbish. Its recovery is due to the exertions of Mattei, the director of the gallery, and the academic council.

The Feuilleton of a German journal has recently contained, under the title of 'Literarische Silhouetten,' a series of sketches of some of the most popular living writers of Germany. From one of these sketches we extract the following description of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, of whose 'Reise Briefe' a notice lately appeared in this Review.—(See No. LX.) After some smart comments on the lady's writings, the author of the 'Silhouetten' thus proceeds. "I felt some curiosity respecting the personal appearance of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. My imagination had painted her portrait in colours suggested by the tone and character of her writings. I had pictured her as a young, beautiful, and elegant woman. On my introduction to her I discovered my mistake. The countess is a lady about forty years of age, with an exceedingly ruddy complexion. The eye, the loss of which she attributes to Dreffebach's operation, disfigures her very much, as it is overgrown by a sort of thick white film. The other eye has a pleasing goodhumoured expression. Unfortunately her teeth are large and ill-formed; but their defects are lost sight of when she converses. Her figure is slender, but rather too tall. Her hands and feet are elegant, perfectly *aristocratic*. I had expected that the proneness to censure which pervades the writings of the Countess would also prevail in her conversation. Here I was agreeably disappointed. Her words are as soft as the ringlets of fair hair, which flow on her cheeks. Her language and her voice harmonize beautifully together. There is nothing harsh or discordant in either, and both are imbued with a tone of melancholy which seems to spring from a suffering but gentle spirit. Once or twice I said within myself can this be the authoress of the 'Erinnerungen an und aus Frankreich,'—a work which seems to be the mere outpourings of an ill-natured and prejudiced mind, boldly condemning what it does not understand. In the romance of 'Ulrich,' the authoress evinces a more amiable and womanly feeling; though the faults I have just objected to, here and there peep out. In short, the Countess

Hahn-Hahn does not show herself to the best advantage in her writings. She is much more agreeable as a woman than as an authoress."

The official Journal of the Wurtemberg government announces the appointment of Dr. Dinglestedt to the post of librarian to the king.

GREECE.

Letters from Athens mention the death of Professor Ulrichs, of the Otho University. Ulrichs, who was a native of Bremen, was appointed in the year 1834 professor of the Latin language, and at a subsequent period lecturing professor of Latin philology, in the Otho University. His varied knowledge and acquirements, but more especially his profound learning as a philologist and antiquarian, gained for him the esteem and admiration of the professors and students of the Athenian University. One of the consequences of the revolution of September last was the dismissal of all foreigners holding appointments under the Greek government. This measure extended to the foreign professors of the University; and in one day Feder, Hertzog, Ulrichs, Fabritius, Landerer, and Amici, received intimation that their functions had ceased. This was a fatal blow to Ulrichs, who, with his family, depended for support solely on the emoluments derived from his professorship. This misfortune, preying deeply on his mind, increased the feeble state of health under which he had been previously suffering, and speedily terminated his life. He died on the 2d of October last.

Among the German professors who, like Ulrichs, were dismissed from their posts in the University of Athens, was Dr. Ross, the distinguished archæologist. He has been appointed Professor of Archæology in the University of Jena, and is commissioned to pursue his learned researches in Greece and Turkey, for the space of two years, at the expense of the Prussian government.

The treasures of classical literature known to be buried in the convents of Mount Athos have for some time past excited considerable interest. A few years ago M. Minoi de Mynas was sent to Greece on a mission from the French government, for the purpose of exploring the libraries of Mount Athos, and if possible rescuing their contents from destruction. M. Mynas has lately returned to France, carrying with him numerous highly valuable manuscripts. Among them are a collection of Fables in choliambic verse, by Babrias, of which only a few fragments were hitherto known;—a portion of the twentieth book of Polybius;—several writings of Dexippus and Eusebius;—a fragment by the historian Pryseas;—a new set of fables by Æsop, with a life of the author;—a work on Greek Syntax, by Gregory of Corinth;—an unpublished grammar by Theodosius of Alexandria;—a Treatise on Gymnastics, by Philostratus;—some copies of laws;—lexicons and grammars;—comments on the Greek poets, and various other works.

Some violent storms which have recently visited the Carpathian Sea have been attended with circumstances highly interesting to the observers of natural phenomena. The Carpathian Sea, it may be observed, is a name given by some geographers to that part of the Mediterranean which surrounds Candia and extends from that island towards the Nile. It is still what Horace emphatically called it a 'Mare tumultuosum,' and its recent commotions seem to realize the pictures bequeathed to us by the poets of antiquity. From a letter which has appeared in the columns of a continental journal, we extract the following particulars:

"During and after the autumnal months, several shocks of earthquake were felt in the neighbourhood of Crete and Rhodes, particularly to the west and north of the latter island. A gentleman who was in that quarter at the time of the commotions writes that the north wind which prevails in the Ægean Sea

during the summer, commenced this year later than usual, but that it was remarkable for its vehemence and uninterrupted continuance. To the southward, between Melos and Rhodes, the storm was so violent from the 9th to the 15th of September, that no ship could keep the sea. In the evening of the 15th, the force of the wind abated, and early on the 16th there was almost a calm off Casos and Carpathos, and the temperature changed to an oppressive heat. Towards mid-day there appeared in the north, over Calymnos, Cos, and Nisyros, a collection of black clouds, but the north wind again arose, and heavy showers of rain appeared to fall on Casos and the western extremity of Crete, while only a few drops reached Carpathos and Rhodes. Towards the evening of the 16th, the north wind resumed its former vehemence, and continued to blow with equal violence to the 20th. On the 17th it was observed that the degree of cold was quite uncommon for the latitude of these islands. Within the sunny shores of Rhodes, the thermometer fell to 10 degrees of Reaumur. On the night of the 16th, and about daybreak on the 17th, the high calcareous masses of the little island, Chalke, on the north-west coast of Rhodes, experienced their first serious shocks of earthquake known to have occurred; for those with which they were visited in 1822 indicated only a slight commotion. The shocks, the central point of which seemed to be on the southwest coast of the island, were on this occasion so violent that houses of slight construction were thrown down, and large rents appeared in the walls of others. Part of a rock on the south-west of the island broke loose and rolled into the sea. This first shock was felt in all the surrounding islands, and the commotions continued during the whole week in Chalke and Rhodes, but they became gradually more feeble. However, on Sunday, October 1, half an hour before daybreak, a violent commotion agitated all the ships in the port. More than twenty houses in the adjoining village were thrown down, and the walls of all the rest were shattered. The shocks, though in general very slight, recurred almost regularly every quarter of an hour until noon. It was now reported that a column of smoke had been seen behind the promontory whence the mass of rock which rolled into the sea was torn, but no eye-witness verified the phenomenon. Some slight movements were felt on the morning of the 1st of October in Chalke, but soon after midnight a severe and long-continued shock agitated the bastions. On the 6th of October, at two in the morning, a very violent convulsion occurred. The shocks had been felt there from the 17th of September to the 1st of October. On the contrary, no commotion had been felt at Calymnos, except one which occurred several days before the 17th, and which was accompanied by an uncommon vapour and much moisture. The islands of Chalke, Syme, Carpathos, and Casos, consist altogether of masses of calcareous rock. The heart of the island of Rhodes, the lofty Atabyron is also calcareous rock and marble, but the smaller hills and the promontories on the coast are chiefly sandstone. Nisyros is a burnt-out volcano, the crater of which opens into the centre of the island, where it forms a basin containing some pools of sulphur. The highland of Cos, which has sulphurous and other warm springs, is also of volcanic origin. Pathmos is entirely volcanic. The immense calcareous mount on Calymnos, more than 2000 feet high, consists of a conglomeration of substances, the chief material of which is bruised pumice-stone. The little island of Leros, between Calymnos and Pathmos, consists of chalk and slate. The only island not visited by the writer of these observations is Telos, situated between Nisyros and Chalke. It is probably also volcanic."

HOLLAND.

The Rotterdam Musical Association has commissioned the composer Commer, who is now in Berlin, to superintend an edition of the principal works of the old Netherland composers, substituting the modern system of notation for that in which they are written.

At Leyden an association has been formed for the purpose of reprinting some of the most curious and scarce productions of the early literature of the Netherlands.

HUNGARY.

The General Assembly of the Hungarian Academy of Science and Literature held its annual public sitting in Pesth, on the 8th of October last. The plan of this academy was first projected in the year 1825, by Count Szechenyi, who in furtherance of its establishment subscribed a year's amount of his revenues. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and its funds have now attained a very considerable amount. The academy is divided into six principal sections, viz.—Philology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, History, Mathematics and Natural Science. Besides the members forming a directing council, there are honorary members, salaried members, and corresponding members. The sittings are always held in Pesth, where the resident members have weekly meetings for lectures on literary and scientific subjects. There is a general meeting once every year, when prizes are distributed and new members chosen. The lectures delivered in the weekly meetings of the academy at Pesth, afford ample proof that the taste for science and literature is more advanced in Hungary than is generally believed.

ITALY.

ROME.—A work has recently been published in Rome, entitled ‘*Lezioni sulla Divina Commedia, preceduta da un’ Discorso critico sopra tutti i Manoscritti, l’ Edizioni e i Commentatori antichi e moderni di Dante Alighieri,*’ &c. The author of this work is the Advocate Filippo Mercuri, who has already earned reputation by his writings on several subjects connected with ancient art. He is one of those who find allegories in every thing Dante has written, and he explains them by references to historical events. He supports his views by a vast deal of curious and interesting matter which he has found in some old and hitherto unprinted chronicles. It is the author's intention to write a life of Dante from old manuscripts preserved in the library of the Vatican, and in the private collections of several Roman nobles. In this forthcoming work, Mercuri promises to give some specimens of a manuscript commentary on the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, written in Latin, by Franceschino di Poggia Romana, at Faenza, in the year 1412.

Prince Joseph Poniatowsky's romantic opera, ‘*Bonifazio di Geremei*,’ was performed, for the first time, on the 29th of November, at the Teatro Argentini, in Rome. An Italian journal observes, that all the principal Roman nobility (*il fior della nobiltà Romana*) were present, and at the conclusion of the performance the composer was called on the stage times out of number.

Cornelius arrived in Rome from Berlin in the beginning of November. It is his intention to pass the winter there, and to employ himself in making sketches for several new fresco paintings.

On the site of the ancient city of Veii, in Etruria, a curious tomb has recently been discovered. It is built of sandstone, and contains two chambers of an oblong form. The wall of the first chamber, which has an open-

ing communicating with the second apartment, is decorated by painted figures of various kinds, representing sphinxes, lions, and men on horseback and on foot. The style of these paintings very much resembles that of Corneto, only that it is more ancient, and is perfectly in keeping with the style of the ornaments of bronze and clay contained in the tomb. The structure must be anterior to the year 360 B. C., in which year the city of Veii was conquered and destroyed by Camillus, and also anterior to the period when the influence of Greek art was known in Etruria.

Frey, the Russian artist, is at present in Rome. He accompanied the expedition to Egypt, under Dr. Lepsius, and, unfortunately, he had all his drawings stolen by a marauding party of Arabs. His health has been much injured by the Egyptian climate.

The Archæological Academy of Rome gave out for the year 1842 the following prize questions of high interest in relation to Italian antiquities:—1. Is the heavy coin, the *æ s grave*, which is not Roman, and has no inscription, to be attributed to any Italian people, and, among the different nations of antiquity, to which? 2. Is its origin anterior to the fourth century of Rome? 3. What consequences may be deduced from the comparison of this coin with the artistical medals of the people of ancient Italy, or with those of any trans-mediterranean people, with a view to ascertain the rise and progress of the art? Dr. Achille Gennarelli, author of the *Text of the Museo Gregoriano*, obtained the prize, and his Treatise is already published. He ascribes the *æ s grave* to the people of Italy, and, reasoning thereon, he assigns a high degree of civilization to the primitive ages.

An event is on the *tapis* here, which causes much satisfaction amongst the English artists. The English students have hitherto been unable to follow their professional avocations without many disadvantages, as the institutes here have not afforded them facilities to carry out their artistic pursuits; not from want of courtesy, but from actual want of space and accommodation. The British Minister resident at Naples, Sir George Hamilton, has opened a subscription among the English nobility and others, resorting to the Italian States. The fund already amounts to near 3000*l.*, with which it is intended to erect an academy, in which all English students will be enabled to pursue their studies throughout the year, instead of, as heretofore, remaining inactive for months. The establishment is to contain all that is necessary for their use, and also a large and magnificent collection of casts from the antique, and the chief works of the most celebrated modern sculptors, &c.; likewise an extensive library.

Some rich veins of true fossil coal have been discovered in the Maremma.

A hypogeum of considerable extent has been excavated near Cortona. Its construction is Etruscan, not Cyclopean. Eleven rooms have been cleared out, and a number still remain to be explored. Nothing but a few vases have as yet been discovered.

A sketch of the life of Francesco Gianni, the celebrated improvisatore, has been published at Rome, and gives an amusing account enough of his literary life and fortunes, his squabbles with Vincenzo Monti, &c. He was a protégé of Napoleon, who gave him a pension of 6000 francs, a very comfortable income for Italy, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

TURN.—A machine invented by the engraver Giacomo Carelli, for producing exact copies of works in bas-relief, has been attracting considerable attention here. The fidelity and clearness of the impression is such, that even a practised eye can hardly at first glance distinguish the copy of the medal from the medal itself, when placed side by side on paper. The works of A. Collas are well known to most of our readers; it is sufficient therefore to explain that the engravings executed by Signor Carelli's machine closely

resemble those produced by M. Collas' process. In one important respect, however, the Italian invention promises to be of far higher value than its predecessor, inasmuch as it is adapted, not merely for producing exact impressions on steel or copper of the smaller bas-reliefs, such as medals, coins, &c., but it will engrave, in any size which may be required, the largest works of this class, the grandest designs of Ghiberti, Donatello, Canova, &c. A discovery like this is of very great value, diffusing, as it will, at a comparatively low price, exact representations of treasures of art, which are now monopolized by a few wealthy individuals.

NAPLES.—Signor Raphael Liberatore died at Naples on the 2d of June last. He was one of the principal compilers of the '*Vocabolario della Lingua Italiana*.' He was also editor of the '*Annali Civili del Regno delle Due Sicilie*,' and of the '*Lucifero*,' one of the best of the Neapolitan weekly journals. His father, Pasquale Liberatore, author of several works on legislation, &c., died a few months before him.

VENICE.—The '*Enciclopedia Italiana*,' now in course of publication, has lately been enriched with several valuable contributions to philosophical science, from the pen of Professor Rivato. His biographies of Des Cartes and Cassini, and his essay on 'Cause and Causality,' are especially worth the attentive perusal of our metaphysical students, and of the contributors to the current English Encyclopedias and Biographical Dictionaries.

BOLOGNA.—An interesting dissertation has been published from the pen of Professor Sauro, on the portrait of Dante, said to have been discovered among the figures in the fresco crucifixion in San Fermo. The professor is quite certain of the identity of the portrait with the poet, but his proofs are not altogether so convincing as might be desired. Signior Cavaltoni, the bookseller, has written a pamphlet in answer to the professor, which is also well worth a perusal; as, indeed, any thing of the least merit, connected with the great poet, must needs be.

PISA.—Literature and Science have sustained a heavy loss in the death of Ippolito Rosellini, professor of archæology in the university of Pisa, and author of the colossal work on the monuments of Nubia and Egypt. It is some compensation to be able to add, that the great undertaking in question, commenced by Champollion, and continued by Rosellini, will, there is every reason to believe, be adequately completed by Father Ungarelli, the distinguished Orientalist and antiquarian, to whom Rosellini bequeathed his manuscripts.

FLORENCE.—It is announced that the work of Galileo, on the satellites of Jupiter, the discovery of which in the Pitti library we mentioned in our last number, will be published in the early part of next year, under the superintendence of Signior Alberi, to whom the discovery of this manuscript, so long deemed lost, is owing. It seems curious, however, that there should have been such a doubt on the subject, since in the catalogue of the Galilean manuscripts in the library of which it formed part, it is entered and described under three different heads. The work is not wholly Galileo's; for, before he had concluded his observations, blindness came upon him, and he then entrusted the completion of his labours to his friend, Father Raineri, whose portion of the manuscript will, of course, also be printed.

The progress of astronomical inquiry since that period has superseded the treatise in a scientific point of view, but in every other respect the publication will be of the greatest interest.

During the year 1842 there were printed in Italy 3042 books (the number printed in 1841 was 2999). Of these, 1769, or about three-fifths, were published in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; 508 in Piedmont; 235 in Tuscany; 216 in the Papal States; 174 in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies;

19 in the duchy of Modena; and 11 in the state of Lucca. Of these works, a considerable portion were translations.

NORWAY.

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SWEDEN.

The Swedish merchant brig, the Bull, which recently returned to Stockholm, after a voyage of three years, has brought some curious information from the Pacific, having touched at several small islands, which probably have not been visited by any European since Cook's time, besides four other islands, which are not marked in any chart, and of which possession was taken in the name of King Charles John. The natives are a handsome race, and very gentle in disposition and manners. They had never seen iron.

A peasant lately engaged in ploughing in the neighbourhood of Wisby, found an oval-shaped copper box, containing no less than 3350 silver coins, and several pieces of silver. The smaller coins, about 380 in number, are Anglo-Saxon, Danish and Norwegian, of the reigns of Kings Ethelred, Canute, Harold, Hardeknute, Edward, and Sven Grikson. The larger coins bear the names of Cologne, Magdeburg, Mentz, Strasburg, Augsburg, and other German towns. All the coins are of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

On the 11th of November, the Stockholm academy of science gave a grand banquet in celebration of the anniversary of the appointment of the celebrated Berzelius, to the post of secretary to the academy.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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